Accession no 683274
LG 01

ISSUE LABEL

DURATION OF LOAN—Not later than the latest date stamped below.

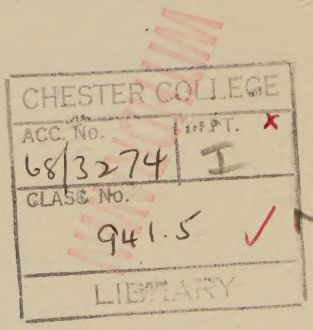
17 OCT 1969
8 OCT 1971
20 JAN 1972
26 NOV 1991
UCC LIBRARY
- 6 NOV 2000
17 NOV 2000
- 4 DEC 2000
27 NOV 2001
21 OCT 2003
- 2 NOV 2003
31 OCT 2006
- 8 JAN 2007

CANCELLED

☘ DUBLIN 1916

DUBLIN
☘ 1916

Edited by ROGER McHUGH



London ARLINGTON BOOKS

DUBLIN 1916
first published 1966 by
Arlington Books
15 Duke Street St James's
London S.W.1.
on the fiftieth anniversary
of the Easter Rising
printed by Hely Thom Ltd Dublin
© Arlington Books 1966

♣ CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS vii

FOREWORD *Roger McHugh* ix

INTRODUCTION xi

ATTEMPT BY SEA

DILEMMA IN BERLIN *from Casement's last diary* 3

CASEMENT'S LAST EXPEDITION
Robert Monteith's Story 17

ARMS OFF THE KERRY COAST
The story of Captain Spindler of the Aud 31

DUBLIN 1916

THE EVENTS OF EASTER WEEK
as summarised by the Irish Times 51

EASTER WEEK DIARY *of Miss Lilly Stokes* 63

DUBLIN REBELLION *from* Preston Herald *May* 6, 1916 80

A NURSE IN DUBLIN CASTLE *by a V.A.D. Nurse* 89

WOMEN IN THE FIGHT *Countess de Markievicz* 122

A STUDENT AND THE RISING *Ernie O'Malley* 126

INNOCENT BYSINGER *Sir Henry Lytton* 145

INSIDE TRINITY COLLEGE *One of the Garrison* 158

ONE MAN'S EASTER WEEK *Commandant Andy McDonnell* 175

TWO PRIESTS *George O'Neill, S.J., John Flanagan C.C.* 183

INSIDE THE G.P.O. *Two participants* 195

THE SURRENDER *Elizabeth O'Farrell* 206

DUBLINERS *Statements concerning civilian deaths* 220

SEAN O'CASEY'S EASTER *from his autobiography* 240

THE EXECUTIONS *Max Caulfield* 259

A PACIFIST DIES *Hannah Sheehy-Skeffington* 276

THE LAST DAYS OF ROGER CASEMENT *Gertrude Parry* 289

THE COUNTESS IN PRISON *Eva Gore-Booth* 306

AFTERMATH *Patricia Lynch* (1916) 316

Sylvia Pankhurst 323

TIDES OF CHANGE

SEVEN POEMS *W. B. Yeats* 331

FOUR ASPECTS OF CHANGE *Lennox Robinson* 338

THREE POEMS *Francis Ledwidge and James Stephens* 350

NEWS IN EXILE *Mary Colum* 355

POSTSCRIPTS I. *George Bernard Shaw*, II. *Frank O'Connor*, III. *Sean Ó Faolain* 360

SEVEN POEMS *Lady Gregory, Eva Gore-Booth, Liam MacGowan, George William Russell (A.E.), Roy McFadden, Donagh MacDonagh, Dorothy Macardle* 387

APPENDIX *Pearse, Connolly, McDonagh* 396

♣ ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FOR PERMISSION TO USE material are hereby made to Mr. J. F. Cronin, Miss Patricia Lynch, Mrs. Andrew McDonnell, Dr. George Maguire and Justice Conor Maguire, M. H. Gill and Son Ltd., Senator Owen Sheehy-Skeffington; and to *Irish Historical Studies*, the *Irish Press*, *Irish Times*, the *Clongownian*, the *Kerryman* and *An Cosantoir*.

My thanks and those of my publishers, are also due to the following copyright holders for the use of material; to Michael F. Moynihan for the extract from *Casement's Last Adventure;* to Anvil Books Ltd. for Captain Spindler's account of The *Aud;* to Doctor Henry Stokes for Miss Lilly Stokes diary; to William Blackwood Ltd. for the V.A.D. and T.C.D. accounts; to The Hutchinson Group for the accounts by Ernie O'Malley and Sir Henry Lytton; to Macmillan and Company Ltd. and The Macmillan Company of New York Inc., for the extract from Sean O'Casey's autobiography; to Frederick Muller Ltd. and Holt, Rinehart and Winston Inc. for an account of The Executions by Max Caulfield; to Macmillan and Company Ltd. and The Macmillan Company of New York Inc., and to Mr. Michael Butler Yeats for Seven Poems by W. B. Yeats; to Curtis Brown Ltd. and Mrs. Lennox Robinson for writings by Lennox Robinson; to Herbert Jenkins Ltd. for Two Poems by Francis Ledwidge; to Macmillan and Company Ltd. and The Macmillan Company of New York Inc. for "Spring 1916" by James Stephens; to Mr. Padraic Colum for an extract from Mary Colum's autobiography; to Mr. Richard C. Gregory for "The Old Lady Remembers" by Lady Gregory; to A. M. Heath and Company Ltd. and Mr. Diarmuid Russell for "Salutation" by G. W. Russell (A.E.); to Sir Paul Gore-Booth, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., and Longmans Green and Company Ltd. for material by Eva Gore-Booth; to Faber and Faber and Mr. Donagh MacDonagh for "Veterans"; to Mr. Roy McFadden for "The Orator"; to Mr. Liam MacGowan for "Connolly"; to the executor of the late Dorothy Macardle for "The City"; to The Society of Authors for an extract from The Prefaces of George Bernard Shaw; to A. D. Peters and Company for an extract from *An Only Child* by Frank O'Connor; and to Rubert Hart-Davies Ltd. for an extract from *Vive Moi!* by Sean O'Faolain. If any copyright material has been inadvertently used without permission, my publishers and I greatly regret it.

♣ FOREWORD

This Anthology is compiled chiefly of contemporary accounts written by a variety of people, whether hostile, neutral or favourable in their reactions to the Easter Rising in Dublin 1916. Most of them, whether active participants or casual witnesses, were Irish or Anglo-Irish; and many of them were writers who have conveyed, factually or artistically, a vivid impression of some aspect of the rising and of its immediate or ultimate effects.

For advice and help I am under a special debt of gratitude to Professor F. X. Martin of University College, Dublin; Miss Louise Gavan Duffy and Mr. Colum Gavan Duffy; Mr. Sean White, Mr. Seamus O Tuathail and Mr. Brendan Cahir; and to the officials of the National Library of Ireland.

ROGER McHUGH,

Editor

Dublin, 1966

☘ INTRODUCTION

THE EASTER RISING OF 1916 WAS CONFINED ALMOST entirely to Dublin and the Irish republican forces engaged in it numbered only some 1,500 men and at most about 100 women. When one considers the comparative strength of British Government forces in Ireland at that time, it seems miraculous that it should have taken place at all. Britain's first line of defence in the whole country consisted of some 9,500 members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, armed with carbines. There were also over 6,000 mobile British troops, of which about 2,500 were in the Dublin area: and within forty-eight hours of the outbreak of the rising 2,000 more landed at Kingstown harbour. Militarily the rising was doomed from the start. Was it, then, a heroic gesture of sacrifice; or had it been planned with some prospects of success? If the former, was it based on instinct or on a patriotic mystique or on something besides these; if the latter, what defeated those prospects, restricted the scene to Dublin, the numbers to so few? And what were the processes of thought moving the men who had to make the vital decisions in the face of rapidly changing events?

I

One must consider, first, the Irish Volunteers, who supplied the bulk of the active republican forces in 1916. They had been founded in November, 1913, partly in reaction to Carson's formation the previous year of the Ulster Volunteers pledged to resist Home Rule and to preserve the privileges of the Ulster Protestants. To this colonial aim, paralleled in recent years by the Rhodesian colonists, the Irish Volunteers opposed a wider

aim; "to do for all Ireland what the Ulster Volunteers sought for Ulster Protestants alone", as Casement, one of their founders, put it; "to defend the rights and liberties common to a whole people, Protestant and Catholic". Their growth was rapid; by the outbreak of war in Europe they numbered about 180,000 men. Then came the pledge by the leader of the Irish Party, John Redmond, that the Irish Volunteers would support the allied cause unconditionally against Germany. This split the Volunteers; the vast majority, renamed the Irish National Volunteers, supported Redmond. In March 1916 the total strength of the Irish Volunteers* under Eoin MacNeill, was between 10,000 and 15,000, of which about 2,500, were in the Dublin area. On St. Patrick's Day, 1916, the day upon which Casement began his last diary in Berlin, the Dublin Battalions of the Irish Volunteers paraded in Dublin, some 2,000 strong. There were by that time 150,000 Irishmen serving in the British Army against Germany, while the roll strength of the pro-Redmondite Irish National Volunteers was over 160,000.

The other armed republican force in Dublin, which was to supply over 200 active participants to the Easter rising, was the Irish Citizen Army. It had been formed in October, 1913, with the immediate aim of disciplining the Dublin workers in the labour unions to protect their interests against the Dublin Metropolitan Police, who had acted with particular brutality against them during the 1913 strike. In 1914, partly through the influence of Jim Larkin and of Sean O'Casey, it adopted a democratic programme of public ownership and of equal rights and opportunities; and, from the time of Larkin's departure for America and of Connolly's succession, it was increasingly in favour of aggressive action. "I will not miss this chance", stated Connolly on the outbreak of the European war. As 1916 approached, his articles in *The Worker's Republic*, repeatedly urged the Irish Volunteers to strike while England was at war, because peace would leave her free to crush them.

The executive of the Irish Volunteers was at that time about equally divided into "moderates", including MacNeill, the O'Rahilly and Bulmer Hobson, and "extremists", including

**Also known as the Sinn Féin Volunteers.*

Pearse, MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett. The policy of the former group was to continue to arm and to organise Irish Volunteers as the best means of winning the postponed Home Rule Bill at the end of the war; and to use force only if the Government moved to disarm or to disband them. The members of the other group were also members of the secret organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which since the outbreak of the war in Europe had been working with John Devoy, Joseph McGarritty and other members of the Clan na Gael in America to plan a rising with German help. Neither group regarded Connolly's pressure with favour; MacNeill because he thought that the Government might move against the Volunteers, Pearse because precipitate action by Connolly might interfere with the plans of the secret Military Council of the I.R.B. In January 1916 Connolly was "kidnapped" by members of the Council and was told that the rising was timed for Easter Sunday. He reached agreement with his captors and became a member of the Council.

II

During February and March, 1916, we can follow with some accuracy the thinking of MacNeill, Pearse and Connolly on the verge of the rising.

In February MacNeill who did not know of the plan of the I.R.B. Military Council but was worried about some of Pearse's expressed opinions about physical force, drafted a memorandum for discussion by his executive. "The only reason that could justify general active military measures – as distinct from military preparations – on the part of the Irish Nationalists would be a reasonably calculated or estimated prospect of success in the military sense", it began: "Without that prospect, military action (not military preparations) would in the first place be morally wrong – and that consideration to my mind is final and decisive." The actuality, MacNeill argued, was that England had ample military power to crush the volunteers; that open revolt might provide her with an excuse for doing so and that one way in which she could do so, with some apparent justification, would

be to embroil the Irish Volunteers with Redmond's Irish National Volunteers and the Ulster Volunteers, then to intervene on the plea of preventing civil war and restoring stable government. Military decisions could be justified only by reasoned judgment: instincts or feelings were unreliable guides, while maxims such as "Ireland has always struck too late" were demonstrably untrue; and it would be stupid to insist on taking the initiative without a complete and phased plan of action. Self-sacrifice in order to sway the nation's conscience might be considered, if there were no other way of saving the vital principle of nationality; but that would not be a military act and in any case there was an alternative. This was to build on the position won; numbers were increasing but outside Dublin the training of officers had barely begun. In this and in the work of arming the Irish Volunteers, there was plenty of scope for courageous men who wished to win Ireland her rights by being ready to fight for them; if they won them without fighting, so much the better, for the volunteers were a military but not a militant force and should await the slow growth of public opinion in their favour, owing to the threat of conscription, rather than ruin by precipitate action the chance of fighting, if they had to fight, in a friendly country.

MacNeill's argument was closely reasoned and logically directed against views which he held to be lacking in careful calculation and preparation. "We have to remember that what we call our country is not a poetical abstraction", he wrote: "There is no such person as Caitlin ni Uallachain or Roisin Dubh or the Sean-bhean Bhocht, who is calling on us to serve her. What we call our country is the Irish Nation, which is a concrete and visible reality . . . As a matter of patriotic principle we should never tire of endeavouring to get our country on our side." As to the conditions under which physical force would be justified, he stated clearly that although he considered an armed revolt to be unpatriotic and criminal under existing circumstances, the case for it was quite different regarding the provision and retention of arms: "I have not the slightest doubt on the point that we are morally and in every way justified in keeping by all necessary force such arms as we have got or can get."

III

MacNeill's memorandum was intended to produce a showdown on the issue of physical force at a meeting of the executive of the Irish Volunteers in February 1916. Pearse avoided this, according to Bulmer Hobson, who was present, by denying that he contemplated an insurrection. He and his friends doubtless felt that this deception of MacNeill was essential to the security of the policy to which they were secretly pledged; but about the same time Pearse set down in three pamphlets the essential theoretical basis upon which he intended to act.

At the end of 1915 in a pamphlet entitled *Ghosts* he had traced Ireland's claim in modern times to separate from England to four men; Wolfe Tone, Thomas Davis, James Fintan Lalor and John Mitchel, the four ghosts whose bidding must be done in the present. Now in *The Separatist Idea*, *The Spiritual Nation* and *The Sovereign People* he developed his doctrine. The first was an elaboration of Tone's principle, to break the connection with England. The second argued that nationhood is a spiritual entity which looks beyond material needs to tradition and to history. The third owed much to Lalor, whom Pearse hailed as "the immediate ancestor of the specifically democratic part of that movement today embodied in the more virile labour organisations." This pamphlet added to the ideas of separation and sovereignty implicit in national freedom the idea that freedom for the men and women of the nation should rest on their effective control of the phyiscal conditions necessary to it: "No private right to property is good as against the public right of the nation," he wrote; "But the nation is under a moral obligation so to exercise its public right as to secure strictly equal rights and liberties to every man and woman within the nation."

His growing emphasis upon public ownership and social justice in these pamphlets was influenced by Connolly, whose *Labour in Irish History* (1910) emphasised that any Irish movement towards national liberty must keep in step with the movement to secure the rights of the Irish working-class. Where Pearse was primarily a nationalist who after 1913 became sympathetic to socialism, Connolly's writings display a reverse process. He had

long been a convinced socialist: in 1896 he had declared in an early manifesto of the Irish Socialist Republican Party that private ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange was the fundamental basis of the oppression of Ireland. "If you remove the English Army tomorrow and hoist the green flag over Dublin Castle," he had warned Irish separatists in 1897; "unless you set about the organisation of the Socialist Republic your efforts would be in vain". The question which he propounded in various forms was; "When you talk of freeing Ireland, do you mean only the chemical elements which compose the soil of Ireland or is it the Irish people you mean, and then, from what do you propose to free them?" One of his last articles in the *Irish Worker* (April 8, 1916) shows the same identification of the nationalist and the socialist causes. "The cause of labour is the cause of Ireland, the cause of Ireland is the cause of labour . . . the working class of Dublin stands for the cause of Ireland, and the cause of Ireland is the cause of a separate and distinct nationality." Thus despite differences of emphasis, Pearse and Connolly shared substantially the same ideas, which were to find common expression in the Proclamation of 1916.

They were also in agreement about physical force. Pearse pointed out that nationhood was rarely achieved otherwise than in arms; "Bloodshed is a cleansing and sanctifying thing," he wrote; "and the nation which regards it as the final horror has lost its manhood. There are many things more horrible than bloodshed; and slavery is one of them". In his article on O'Donovan Rossa, the Fenian leader, Connolly declared that the rule of the conqueror entailed more bloodshed than revolt against it; the Irish Citizen Army was pledged to fight for a republican freedom, he wrote; and its members believed that at the worst the sacrifice of their lives would keep alive the soul of the nation. Pearse's famous oration at Rossa's graveside echoes the same idea; "Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations." For both, bloodshed was inevitable in any real assertion of freedom and, even when the prospects of success were negligible, might succeed ultimately in awakening the moral conscience of the nation. This theme runs through Pearse's plays and poems; MacDonagh

expressed it many times. "If we hold Dublin for a week, we'll save Ireland's soul," their colleague, Sean MacDiarmada, told a friend before the rising.

IV

To all three nationalist groups, the Irish Vounteers, the Irish Republican Brotherhood and the Irish Citizen Army, the question of the possession of arms was a dominant one. Through pre-war landings of arms at Howth and at Kilcoole, the Dublin battalions were twice as well armed as the provincial battalions; even then, less than half of them had rifles, while most of their country comrades were sparsely equipped with shotguns, revolvers or even pikes. Slightly over half of the Irish Citizen Army had rifles but they were perhaps more strongly equipped with explosives, through successful raids on gelignite supplies. From a military point of view, therefore, MacNeill's reasoning was accurate; the British Government, which could count on 2,500 troops in the Dublin area, who could be reinforced from the Curragh and from England, several thousand troops in the provinces and nearly 10,000 R.I.C., all well armed and strengthened by artillery, had ample force to crush the Volunteers.

Pearse and his companions in Ireland and in America, however, counted on German help. At the beginning of the war, when matters were going badly for the allies on the western front, it looked as if a German break-through to the Channel ports and a German landing in Ireland in strength might be feasible. After the second battle of the Marne, that hope faded; but at any time thereafter a successful landing of arms in Ireland could have had important effects. MacNeill's memorandum of February 1916 had committed him to the use of force to protect such arms as had been or might be obtained. The secret Military Council had reached agreement with the German General Staff by mid-March 1916 that 20,000 rifles, with ammunition and machine-guns would be despatched to reach Fenit pier in Co. Kerry between April 20 and April 23. If these arms were in fact landed, Pearse probably calculated, a clash between the military or police and the Irish Volunteers for their possession would be

inevitable, the moderates in the Volunteers would be at one with the extremists, and a considerable military force of nationalists would take the field.

To prepare the ground for such a development, the extremists printed and made public on April 19 a document alleged to contain secret instructions from Dublin Castle for the suppression of the Irish Volunteers. Birrell, the Chief Secretary, and Lord Wimborne, the Viceroy, despite pressure from the R.I.C. and the Unionists, were in fact opposed to such a move at that time and the government immediately denied the authenticity of the document. MacNeill believed it and circulated it widely through the country as a warning of the government's intentions. Thus a situation favourable to united volunteer resistance to the military and to the R.I.C., should the arms be landed, had been created.

In the attempt to land arms Casement was finally involved. After helping to found the Irish Volunteers in 1913 and to prepare the Howth gun-running in 1914, he had gone to America, just before the outbreak of war, in order to raise funds to provide them with more arms. He had then gone to Germany as the accredited envoy of John Devoy and the Clan na Gael in order to secure a declaration from Germany that she would respect and support Ireland's independence; Casement in return was to form an Irish Brigade from Irish prisoners-of-war in Germany. These points were incorporated in an agreement signed by Casement and the German Under-Secretary of State in December 1914. Casement's hopes had been high then but by March 1916 they were frustrated; Germany had not broken through on the Western front, and recruiting for the Irish Brigade had met with a very poor response. While Devoy had felt that Casement might be useful on the diplomatic front, he had not confided to him the military plan and it was only on March 13 that Casement learned of the proposed expedition. It will be clear from his last diary that he agreed with MacNeill about the use of force by the volunteers; by the irony of circumstances he was to find himself involved in the matter of getting arms from Germany to Ireland. Thus the attempt by sea was to display a pattern of divided aims and of cross-purposes in war. It was also to influence the nature

of the rising itself, through decisions of the moderate and the extreme groups which affected the members, armaments and tactics of those actively engaged. For if the arms could be landed, a considerable and comparatively well-armed nationalist force would become engaged; and if, as planned, they were landed in Kerry, Plunkett's original plan of guerilla warfare in the provinces would support a rising in strength in Dublin. Without them there were only three alternatives, all of which lay under the shadow of the possibility that the government might decide to arrest the leaders; the first, to follow the policy of MacNeill and The O'Rahilly; the second, to postpone the rising; the third, to make a self-sacrificial stand in Dublin, hoping to wrest moral victory from military defeat.

☘ ATTEMPT BY SEA

☘ DILEMMA IN BERLIN

*From Casement's last diary**

St. Patrick's Day
March 17, 1916
Berlin

A Page of My Diary

I WRITE THIS BEGINNING OF WHAT I FEEL IS A LAST CHAPTER on Patrick's Day in Berlin this year of war 1916. Last year on Patrick's Day I was also in Berlin, ill in bed, in the house of the Baroness von Nordenflycht.

Even then hope had gone from me – for I realized then, already, that those I trusted here were little to be trusted and that their only interest in me lay in exploiting me and the Irish Cause, in their own supposed interests.

Since then a number of added proofs have accumulated – and yesterday the climax came, and as but little time is left I begin, today, a hurried record of things that must be stated in order that someday the truth may be known

In three weeks from today I shall probably be at sea in the maddest and most ill-planned enterprise that the history of Irish revolutionary efforts offers.

But it is not of my choosing, or my planning, or undertaken with my approval. I go because honour calls me to go – and because to stop it now (even if I could stop it) would involve others and perhaps bring greater grief.

Moreover by going with this tiny band (twelve men probably) that is to sail on April 8 I *may* save them – and perhaps Ireland too from a dreadful fate. To stay here, in safety, while those others go, would do no good to Ireland – and would leave me a prey to eternal regret.

**In National Library of Ireland.*

Thus while I strongly disapprove what is being attempted, and so wretchedly attempted, with a foregone assurance of failure, I *must* lend it my countenance and accompany the forlorn hope.

And now to make a little daylight for the hereafter.

I will confine myself today to dealing with points only since the beginning of this year, trusting to the few days of quiet I hope still to get at Riederau a/ Ammersee to put down earlier happenings, since I stopped keeping a regular diary at the beginning of February last year.

I stopped that diary when I became clear that I was being played with, fooled and used by a most selfish and unscrupulous government for its own sole petty interests. I did not wish to record the misery I felt or to say the things my heart prompted. But today it is my head compels me to the unwelcome task.

After a detailed review of events prior to March 17, Casement set out his immediate purpose; to prevent the despatch of members of the small Irish Brigade, then at Zossen camp, on board the arms-ship. The agreement which he and the German Under Secretary for State, Zimmermann, had signed in December 1914 had stipulated that members of the Brigade should be landed in Ireland only with effective German troop-support. By April 3, 1916, this issue was knit between Casement and Monteith, for Ireland, and Captains Naldony, von Haugwitz and von Huelson of the German General Staff.—EDITOR.

APRIL 3, 1916

V. Haugwitz begged me by phone to go to the German General Staff this afternoon – very important . . . I arrived at 3 p.m. I found him and von Huelson there. The first thing they did was to show me a typed paper with the names cut out, signed John Devoy, recording Christensen's perfidy in U.S.A. dated December 1915. It had been brought by von Papen, they said. I nearly laughed – and asked why they had not shown it earlier. What their idea was in now showing me this paper I can scarcely conceive, except that they stupidly thought it would intimidate me to see that Christensen, the man I had trusted and sent to America, had turned into a ruffian and was found out by Devoy. I read the paper smiling and told them I was already perfectly

aware of the whole of the facts there recorded. This preliminary settled, they began telling me of the plans made and what had already been done in the way of getting the rifles, ammunition etc. ready.

Finally there was a lull and it came to my turn to say that I had made up my mind *not* to take the men. From the way they received it, I could see they were perfectly aware of my letter to Wedel and knew well my whole point of view. They argued and expostulated civilly and nicely, pointing out the need of the men until about 4 p.m. Nadolny came in. They explained to him my "new departure" over the men, and immediately the issue was joined. Nadolny began by disputing entirely my right to regard the men as in any way under my power – and said he quite refused to recognise my right to interfere as the Agreement was "dead"!

The conversation this afternoon, on Nadolny's part was even more infamous than before. He insisted first:

That the Agreement of December 23–28, 1914, was now null and void, and he declined to recognize my right to interfere in any way in regard to the Irish soldiers at Zossen. The "Irish Brigade" had not materialized and therefore the Agreement had not come into existence! He could do as he pleased with the soldiers at Zossen and send them to Ireland if he chose and they agreed. I said laconically "Try it". I pointed out that while the purpose of the agreement had not been attained the pledges of the men certainly held good if the German Government regarded its honour. He called the agreement a Contract – very well, a contract between two parties. One party could not interpret it as he pleased. I had as much right as the German Government in the matter to put my interpretation on it – and this was clear, that the pledge of the German Government applied as freely to *one* Irish soldier who had come at my call on faith of that agreement as to 500 or 5,000. If this agreement were dead, non-existent, I asked him what then was the status of these men at Zossen?

"Oh!" he said – "Deserters"!

"Deserters!" I exclaimed – "and *who* made them desert, you? I? – did the Imperial German Government actually descend to

tempting men to desert? – and does it now propose to despatch deserters to Ireland against their will – or *with* their will for that matter? And if they are deserters, *what* is Lt. Monteith, the Officer in Command, with the sanction of your War Office?"

I had the cad there. He blurted, looked down and stopped.

"Oh, well", he said – "let us view it this way – those men are Irish patriots they wish to fight for their country, we offer them a chance. We are sending help to Ireland and they are vitally necessary to the success of the undertaking to man the machine guns ready for instant use on landing. You are not a soldier. You oppose this vital military requirement on a theory, a doctrine – we shall appeal to the men directly over your head and ask them if they are willing to go to Ireland under these circumstances.

I said I could not prevent him doing so if he insisted, since I was so obviously a prisoner here in Germany. (I did not say in the coils of the serpent!) but that I could and should still prevent him getting the men, unless he took them by force and as prisoners on board.

He said "How?"

I said "Because you do not understand the minds of free men! The men will respond to your appeal to fight for Ireland with alacrity I know – and then they will ask – the first question – what about Sir Roger and Lt. Monteith, our officer – where are they? are they not coming? And if you do that, and try by this method to entrap these men against my will, then I don't go – and Lt. Monteith does not go – and once the men know our view, *they* will not go – unless you kidnap them."

He glared, and bit his lips – "Then", he said, "I shall telegraph to the Irish Committee in America and ask them if they will require the men to go?" I said again – "You may do so – but I should demand the right to telegraph too and put my views forward." "No", he said – "You shall not telegraph." "Very well", I said, "try that course if you like – but I don't think it will succeed either, for you will surely find that in anything you try to do with these men, you will have to come back to me, and my mind is made up. Nothing you can say or do will alter it or budge me one inch. You may take me out there and shoot me" and I pointed to the Spree bank outside the window of Zimmer

178[III] – "but I'll never agree to those young men going. They trusted in my honour and good faith – as I in yours – or that of the German Government – and while I am not responsible for *your* point of view, I am for mine."

The only gentleman on their side was young von Haugwitz. He agreed with me on all points, except that the military necessity of the case required the men as gunners.

I said I should let no plea of military necessity or any other necessity override my sense of honour. They said – collectively – "you argue for a theory – a principle – we, as soldiers, for a vital military need. Do you wish the thing to succeed or fail?"

I said I should not wish for any success founded on a dishonourable and cowardly act and that I found we had "been brought up in two different schools of thought." I said this to Nadolny. It was impossible to agree, I knew – our respective views were grounded in wholly different personal regard for certain things and different estimation of their value.

The fight had been long and exhausting, but I saw I had won. . . .

Two days later Casement set down in his diary a detailed exposé of the modified German plan, which at this stage was to send himself, Monteith and another member of the Irish Brigade with the arms-ship. His writing shows the strain of prolonged illness and of uncertainty as to the exact plans of Devoy and of the Irish revolutionaries but accurately forecasts several subsequent events.—EDITOR.

APRIL 5

Another day gone; and another last page to my Diary. Today I went to Zossen, ostensibly with the Priest who confessed the men, really to bid them goodbye. At least I have saved them! The whole thing appals me as a piece of the most ghastly folly – or rather one of the most criminal attempts ever perpetrated. And I am debarred from saying so and taking the needed steps to prevent it by fear of incurring a personal reproach of cowardice (already grossly implied by some of those who are handling the matter at the G.G. Staff) or worse still of perhaps not preventing it but only depriving them of the arms at the critical moment.

Am I not, perhaps, a greater coward in fearing to incur this

reproach, or any reproach rather than take the wholly courageous step of protesting in the highest quarter against a scheme that has been considered, I fear, only by underlings and is being rushed to certain failure by men of inferior intelligence at the best, and in this particular matter (Ireland) of no understanding. How can a scheme so launched and by such methods as those I have had witness of the last week succeed?

On all grounds by which we may consider it, it is a scheme that can only bring failure – and probably something far worse than failure – disaster: Let us – let me put down these grounds as I perceive them –

This is a record of my mind and understanding – and I want it to live after me.

EXPOSÉ

1ST. MILITARY

On military grounds the project is beneath contempt. To begin with it is *not* a military enterprise at all – but a piece of gun-running.

It has no military element about it, except poor Lt. Monteith! He, I (and perhaps one young soldier), disguised as sailors (each with a bottle of poison kindly supplied us!), are to invade a Kingdom – bringing with us 20,000 rifles and some cartridges.

As a gun-running enterprise or effort it might pass if attempted, say by Walford & Co. of Antwerp or some of the notorious firms of that character who make a living by supplying arms to irate savages and semi-civilized South American republics.

But for the G.G. Staff of the greatest military power in the world it is an astounding adventure – and as an episode in this world war it will surely be without parallel. I say nothing of the Navy, because I am convinced they are doing this thing as well as it can be done and that from the naval point of view, as a "job" entrusted to them for execution, they will do everything they can to carry it through successfully. But on all other grounds of a military character it has not been properly approached and none of the essentials to success are even being applied.

I will not discuss here, tonight, these shortcomings – they

must be apparent to any soldier who is given the rudiments of the proposal to consider.

On military grounds I am convinced, I could damn it before any staff college in the world.

The dangers I foresee are far less from the obvious military shortcomings than due to the absence of political intelligence.

Let us consider it on political grounds.

2. POLITICAL

On political grounds (even if the scheme were susceptible of sound military handling), it involves the greatest dangers to Germany – perhaps far greater than to Ireland.

I see dangers enough to Ireland in it at the best. The *only* reason that justifies it at all on Irish grounds is the argument put forward by John Devoy in his speech on March 4–5, in New York – viz. that the Irish Volunteers were going to resist disbandment by force, and this being so their friends in America should help them. That a fight could come in any case – only a scuffle really – and it would be only chivalrous to help them to put up a better fight.

But the political dangers are so tremendous, when I put aside the natural sentiment of desire to help these young men if they *do* fight, that I think they far outweigh the possible gain that might come from a successful street scuffle that deferred or hindered greatly the possible recruitment of these young men.

Here are a few of these dangers. The vast bulk of Irishmen are law abiding and peace-loving. They will bitterly resent bloodshed and civil strife in Ireland – forced on, as will then seem apparent, by a filibustering expedition launched from Germany for that purpose. And in truth that is just what it is being sent for. Nadolny confessed quite frankly to me that what the German Staff wanted was bloodshed in Ireland – a "diversion" there that might help Germany. The diversion may indeed come! But it will not help Germany, I fancy.

It may be a last straw the other way.

And if it becomes clear – as it surely will become clear – that Germany tried to incite a revolt or "rising" in Ireland by a paltry gift of second-hand rifles put in the hands of excitable

young men, all that is solid and respectable in Ireland will be moved to the deepest resentment – "pro-German" feeling of today will be changed into wrath and contempt.

The object of Asquith's visit to Rome, I believe (or one of the objects), was to get the Pope to move the Irish Clergy to an anti-German attitude. He failed, I feel sure – but this "anti-Irish attempt" of the German Government to embroil Irishmen on their own soil, so that Germany might reap some trifling military advantage from bloodshed in Ireland can redound only to the extreme discredit of Germany, and may easily secure from the Irish Bishops a declaration that Mr. Asquith failed to obtain from an appeal to the Holy See.

Once the Bishops (who, with the exception of the Archbishop of Tuam, have been very fair and just) are moved to denounce a "German plot" against the internal peace of Ireland, then we may find public feeling in Ireland change to the complete detriment of Germany and leave her with no shred of Irish goodwill. The British recruiting sergeant will get the reward – not the German military machine.

And certainly that machine does not deserve to get anything but a kick for the way it has tackled the problem.

The political results will not be confined to a mere increase of ill-feeling in Ireland against Germany – they would, I feel confident, in the end, be of a far more widespread character and would probably cross the Atlantic and sway Irish feeling in America first, in the opposite way to that hoped for. The *inadequacy*, the hopeless inadequacy of the means employed and the absence of any prior precautions to ensure success will convince all thinking Irishmen that the project was not inspired by goodwill to Ireland at all, but sprang solely from a desire to secure profit from *any* sort of blood-letting in Ireland. . . .

3. MORAL

. . . Let us look at it on "moral" grounds. These are closely associated with the political aspects of the affair – they cannot be dissociated from the political. On moral grounds I think nothing *can be* said for this thing, *as it is being worked.*

Advantage is certainly being taken of me in a wholly unfair

and even cowardly way, and if (the inevitable!) I am captured by the British, this will be made clear.

It *must* be made clear. Nothing I may do, or abstain from doing, can then save this character of the German Government. Most men will charge them with putting me in a dreadful position – with running me into the hands of my enemies – some, even, with deliberately handing me over to the British Government!

All the circumstances connected with this agreement the German Government made concerning the ill-fated "Irish Brigade" will come to light.

They are, already, fairly well known in England – and while it suits the English Government *today* to vilify me as "a traitor" – it will suit them far better, once I am safe in their hands, to vilify the German Government for having actually betrayed me as they will say, their poor dupe, into the very hands of the Government I had defied with the concurrence and support of the German Government. Whatever wrong I, the individual Irish rebel, may have attempted will be swallowed up in the far graver charge of treachery the British Government (through its press) will bring against Germany.

"Why" – they will say "they couldn't be loyal even to the wretched man who had sold himself to them." And the world will support the charge. I, the "traitor" of today will become the "sacrificed dupe" of tomorrow. . . .

. . . I see what should be done – and I have said so. My clear statement in the two memoranda I gave the General Staff has not been acted upon. I am told it cannot be – for "technical reasons". If technical reasons prohibit the preliminary steps that are essential from being taken, then this thing should not be attempted at all. That is clear. But I am told it must go on in spite of the absence of these essential precautions, and I am forced to assent or incur a shameful reproach. I go on – because I am fool enough, or brave enough or coward enough – I know not which – while I know it is hopeless.

Like Francis I, I say "All is lost but honour". The *right* thing to do even now would be to stop the whole thing – to delay it, until we are quite sure of the condition of things in Ireland, of

the means at the disposal of our friends there, both for resistance and for the immediate landing of the arms – and until adequate steps had been taken at this end to afford sufficient help.

That is the right thing to do – obviously. I ought to insist on that. And yet I dare not. If I do – God knows what may be the result.

I am so completely in the dark as to what is being really planned in Ireland, in America, that I dare not accept the responsibility – And no one here will accept any responsibility. They put it all on me. And threaten me, in an infamous way, with responsibility for betraying my friends, if I don't fully accept what I know is a half-digested project. I must swallow it at all costs. . . .

. . . The whole thing is appalling – and as Saturday approaches and the irreparable step is taken – I feel like a man *already* damned.

All I can hope for is that, later on, my part will be made clear – and it will be seen how great a victim I was.

Pray God, that Germany be not the far greater victim for the sins of her military counsellors.

They have usurped the place of her political advisers in this matter at all events – and I think she will pay bitterly for the exchange.

I have no time for more than these crude fears tonight – tomorrow is already here – it is 1 a.m. – and I have much to write.

I *must* write Zimmerman or the Chancellor maybe, as the fate of the Irish soldiers left behind at Zossen and insist that, as Wedel promised me formally in writing last June, apart from the clear terms of the Agreement itself, they shall not be the victims of the General Staff – even as I am – but that the promises of the German Government shall be strictly and honourably fulfilled in this regard – after I am gone. This morning when I spoke to them and pretended I was just going ahead of them on a journey to clear the way for their employment in the East, as they think, I could scarcely refrain from crying.

I felt that I was leaving them to deception and misery – they who have already sacrificed so much – to be treated as "deserters"

– or disgraced "prisoners of war". It is time I died – for if I looked them in the face again I could not say what I wrote just now – "all is lost but honour". I feel that *all* is indeed lost and the sooner my life is taken from me the better.

This exposé proved important in the final stages of German planning for the arms expedition. From mid-March, 1916, Casement had vainly pressed the German General Staff, orally and in memoranda, to send him to Ireland by submarine ahead of the arms-ship. His secret purpose was to counsel postponement of the rising; his secondary and open purpose to ensure that, rising or no rising, the arms should be landed safely. To the last, Casement kept up pressure on his friend Noeggerath of the Foreign Office, to whom he showed his exposé in order to force him to a last-minute intervention with Zimmermann and the German Admiralty. Meanwhile Count Plunkett had arrived in Berne as a delegate from Ireland.—EDITOR.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 7

Tomorrow is the last day. Today there will be a last fight for the submarine. I know it is futile. Then clothes to bring – a long letter to the Chancellor about the fate of the Irish soldiers at Zossen, to see that Nadolny's infamous intentions are not executed. I can only plead. I dare not threaten – it is not fair to the Chancellor either – yet I know that the Machine (he hates it too, I fancy) responds only to pressure and fear. . . .

Today is really my last day – and I shall be hunted and driven all day. It is still early. I told that faithful, splendid Monteith last night that I should be glad to go even to death on the scaffold – to an English jail, to get away from Germany and these people I despise so much. He said "Indeed I think I would, too". He and Beverly slept here last night. Latter is an old friend of mine. If my papers survive and above all the Treaty and some kind friend of former years, say E. D. M[orel] should edit them, there may yet be told a strange chapter of Irish history. In any case it will be shown that I was only a fool to trust German honour, or good will – and never a rogue.

The picture of me in "Justice" of February 26 "The Voice of the Traitor", Fr. Crotty tells me, was sent to many of the soldiers in Limburg. The Kommandantur there asked the N.C.O's to state an oath that it was false. They refused – altho', as Fr. Crotty said, everyone knew it to be a lie. He said that young Nussing

(Brother Canethus Warren) is now a Nationalist and said it was a horrid lie against me.

Of course, we all know that. Fr. Crotty promised to contradict it in writing. I hope he may, dear old soul.

I must get ready for the ordeal of this last awful day.

God keep me straight and help me to go right for Ireland's sake. That is all now I can hope to do.

BERLIN, FRIDAY APRIL 7, 1916 [*continued*]

Monteith went to Zossen to pay the poor boys and clear account from bank there. At 10 a.m. I got a message from van Haugwitz asking me to go to German General Staff. I went and found the trio – von Huelson, Nadolny and the young Count – he is always nice and sincere.

Nadolny produced the letter of the Delegate from Berne and we discussed it. They seemed suspicious at first – as usual – but I was able to assure them it came from the right quarter.*

I telegraphed from G.G.S. as follows:

"When did you leave Dublin?

(2) Steamer with *so much* ammunition and rifles (stating quantities) will be off Inishtooskert rock, N.W. Hags, on Easter Monday Dawn.

(3) No officers can be sent.

(4) No submarine going.

(5) When can you return to Dublin?"

I gave von Haugwitz a long letter to follow by the special courier leaving today for Berne. It was brought back at 7.45 p.m. in the evening.

Then von Haugwitz brought me back to Hotel in his car after describing all about our departure tomorrow night. We three are to go to the G.G.S. in afternoon – change there into other (sailors') things. I get shaved and then we go off to Hamburg (I fancy) in a special coupé. Nadolny was very cheery. He said it was impossible to get a submarine, and he was sure that this

**It stated that the Rising was timed for Easter Sunday night, that arms should be landed not later than dawn, Easter Monday, and it requested that German officers be sent with the arms-ship and that a submarine be despatched to Dublin Bay, presumably to prevent the arrival of British reinforcements. Editor.*

way was alright. He asked after Noeggerath, putting many questions, saying that I had sent him to Zimmerman, and the Admiralty and latter were very angry, and charged them (G.G.S.) with breach of faith. I said put it all on me: "I am responsible for telling N. (Noeggerath) and invoking his aid to try and get a submarine, since all other means had failed." I explained who Noeggerath was – a confidential agent of the F.O. and entirely in their confidence and they might rest assured that there was no danger from his being brought into my confidence.

I added I had told Gaffney a little only, as I was leaving him to look after the interests of the Irish soldiers at Zossen and that I was writing to the Chancellor on that subject. They were very anxious to know if I had told anyone else – but I evaded that by talking on Gaffney's share. I was sorry to deceive them, but could not help it.

Noeggerath come to Hotel on my return. He had no news from Admiralty or F.O. and asked if I had. I had none. Very soon after, I got a 'phone call from Assessor Meyer asking the name of the marine officer I had seen at the Admiralty. I said Heydell and he said "all right".

Soon after I got a 'phone call from Heydell asking me to go around to the Admiralty at 4 p.m., adding it was "over the submarine". I went and he left me with a Junior nice young Kordetten Kapitan – where I stayed till 6.30 p.m., reading back numbers of English papers.

Then came Heydell in great excitement to say they had had a full dress debate and the thing was settled. I was to go by submarine. Details would be arranged later. I said "but you must promise to land me in time for any fight – in good time", and he promised. Captain Stoelzel came breathless from running upstairs and told me it was settled – and repeated the positive assurance I should be landed in good time, I was to return at 1 p.m. tomorrow. I left feeling another victory! Noeggerath I had seen going into the Admiralty just before I did – but we did not greet each other.

When I got to the Hotel, I told Monteith in a whisper – and then came Noeggerath. He had been present all through the

debate and it was his arguments had swayed them, but they had not told him the decision come to. He wormed it only from me and was delighted. While we were talking, young von Haugwitz came, bringing me back my letter to the Delegate at Berne, saying it was no use sending it now and he had stopped it. The telegram had gone, he assured me.* I discussed what to do with the delegate and said, "I'd like to get him here – or if not, send him back to Dublin post-haste" – but he demurred and said it was better to wait – until tomorrow at any rate. He congratulated me warmly on the change of plan and said he had been very unhappy about the steamer and that he was delighted I had got the submarine. He added – "I will bring the poison all the same." He begged me to keep out of danger in Ireland and said many kind things.

Gaffney came many times during the day and I told him only that there was a delay, no more, and that we should have more time to arrange things and talk over the proper line for him to take about the affairs of the men at Zossen after I was gone and that I was naming him in my letter to the Chancellor as my representative in their regard.

I dined with Frau Remy-Barsch and Krebs and turned in at 10 p.m. Monteith, I forgot to say, had been sent for to F.O. by Meyer today at 8 p.m. who asked him many questions about the "rising", and what prospect of success there might be – Monteith had replied that he regarded it as quite hopeless and impossible of success.

I am in further distress about the man at Berne. It *may* be J. P. [Joseph Plunkett] – but I think not. I know the writing – but cannot remember its owner at the moment. It is perhaps T. MacDonagh. Were these people or this Government inspired by any sense of decency and fair play or gentleness of soul, they would at once have brought him here – or permit me to communicate frankly with him. They do neither – but carefully keep us apart – at this crisis in our country's affairs! – and it is doubtful if he will be told anything sure at all – or if he will be told I have gone away to Erin.

**Count Plunkett had left for Rome and did not receive it. Editor.*

♣ CASEMENT'S LAST EXPEDITION

Robert Monteith's Story

On the evening of April 7, Casement was asked to call at the General Staff. I waited for him at the Hotel Saxonia, he came back with the news that it had been decided to send him, Beverley and myself to Ireland by submarine. This, to my mind, was an indication that there was a doubt as to the possibility of the arms ship successfully running the blockade. I was glad, however, for Casement's sake, and also for the good of our cause, that the Admiralty had taken this course. Had they only done so, in the first case, some definite plans for the landing of the arms would have been made, and this story and the results of the gun-running would have been very different.

At my last interview at the Admiralty, I was informed that our people had been notified that the arms ship would be north of Innishtooskert Island, after ten o'clock at night, on a date which could not be fixed, but during the period of 20 April to 23, inclusive. Here we were to be met by a pilot boat, which, for identification purposes, would show two green lights.

Casement spent the few days before we sailed in writing; putting on record his opinion of the situation at that critical moment. On the night of April 11, he, Beverley and I drove to the General Staff for a last talk about our plans. There we received the code which was found on Casement after his capture. The code, as the photograph shows, was devised in order that we might communicate with the Germans should operations be prolonged, necessitating further supplies of ammunition and material. It is self explanatory. Certain numbers stood for complete messages. The word "Sectpol" was our calling-up signal. Any message with this prefix, picked up by a

German operator, would be transmitted immediately to the General Staff in Berlin. Messages from us would be awaited after 2.00 a.m., middle Greenwich time, from 22 April to 20 May, 1916. Should no communications be received between these dates, our line would be considered closed.

On leaving we went to the railway station near Kurfurstendam, and entrained for Wilhelmshaven. On our train we were each accommodated with a separate sleeping compartment. If we met each other anywhere on the train, in the corridor or washrooms, we were to give no sign of recognition, nor were we to hold any conversation. Casement, through some oversight, retained the ticket of his berth; it was found on him after his arrest. It was a flimsy piece of paper, and must have escaped his notice when we emptied our pockets and destroyed everything in writing before leaving the submarine.

We arrived at Wilhelmshaven the following morning, and went immediately to the landing stage, where a steam cutter awaited us. This boat took us to the submarine U. 20, which was lying about half-a-mile out. Whilst going on board the officers took photographs of us. Casement had shaved off his beard and is scarcely recognizable in the picture. They gave us a very cordial welcome. Breakfast had been held over for our arrival, and we sat down to it at once. This was the last substantial meal we had until we reached Ireland. The crew was busy taking some stores on board, and, when breakfast was finished, the hatches were fastened down and we put to sea.

All of the officers and most of the crew of the U. 20 spoke English, and they did all in their power to make us comfortable and happy. The crew mustered about thirty officers and men. The boat had a speed of about eight or nine knots an hour submerged, and twelve knots on the surface. Heavy oil engines were used on the surface, electric power when submerged. Four torpedoes were carried in the forward torpedo room, where the ship was fitted with two torpedo tubes. Two torpedoes were in the tubes, and two slung overhead in travelling carriages. There were also torpedo tubes aft. We were equipped with wireless. Two collapsible masts were fitted on the port side of the boat to

support the aerials; in rough weather, these were lowered and secured to the deck, in such case messages could be received on wires to the conning-tower. Two periscopes were constantly in use. Forward of the conning-tower, on the deck, was mounted a light gun of about three-inch calibre. The U.20 had been in commission for some time, and appeared to be in excellent trim. The crew was the last word in efficiency. It was good to see those boys move, when submerging or rising to the surface. They were all young men. I learned while on board that no man over thirty years of age was accepted for the submarine service. What struck me most on board this boat was the good fellowship existing between officers and men. Good fellowship and perfect discipline—a perfect combination. Our quarters were very small. We slept in the officers' room with our heads under the torpedo tubes. The room was built to accommodate four; the congestion, with three additional men crowded in, can easily be imagined.

It is hard to describe my sensations, when we first submerged. On the signal to submerge, we were directed to take position in the captain's cabin, a small room in the centre of the ship. From this point we had a good view of the work of the crew. The signal was given by means of a bell – one long peal. At the sound of the bell, all hands on duty as well as those off duty, ran to quarters. Six or eight men ran into the forward torpedo room, and two leading hands stationed themselves at the speaking tubes. These men repeated orders as received from the conning-tower; the orders were executed by the other men, who operated the necessary valves to fill or empty the water tanks. The crew changed positions at times to help in the balancing of the boat.

As we submerged, I noticed the expressions on the faces of Casement and Beverley. They sat like wondering children, and looked at each other without speaking, held by the majesty of the silence – silence that could be felt. Then the stillness was broken by a little rattling noise, made by the diving fin connections, and the faint swirl of water, as it rushed into the tanks, and the sharply uttered "Achtung" of the leading seamen as they answered the commands from the conning-tower. Down,

down, down we went. We realized that we were well below the surface, but enclosed in these walls of steel; although we could not see into the mighty deep, we knew that smooth-running machinery, electricity and oil kept this mechanical wonder of the age travelling towards our destination. Then, when the boat was on an even keel, perfect silence, no sound, no vibration, a feeling of absolute helplessness, as the increased pressure on our ear drums affected one physically.

Sir Roger welcomed these moments, as for the time being they gave him relief from his sickness. An analysis of my own feelings was impossible, the predominating emotion was of awe. It was a matter of pride to us that, though this boat was built by German hands, it was merely an improvement on the invention of an Irishman, John P. Holland, who brought the submarine into being for the express purpose of accomplishing the freedom of Ireland by the destruction of the English fleet.

We were not to remain on the U. 20 very long. When we were a day and a half out to sea, the crank actuating the diving fins broke, and we had to put into Heligoland for repairs. Upon arrival it was found the repairs would take some time, and as our business was urgent, another submarine was requisitioned. In a couple of hours the U. 19 came alongside and we were transferred.

Before going on board the U. 19, I had a lesson in the harbour in the handling of a small motor boat. *It was explained to me that this was necessary in case we might have to go ashore without meeting the pilot boat.* This boat was given to me as my own personal property, and was afterwards stowed away in the U. 19. During my practice run in the little boat, I stopped and started the outboard motor a number of times. Once, when starting the engine, it backfired and wrenched my wrist and hand badly. In a few hours my hand had swollen up to a frightful shape and was very painful. Sir Roger was much concerned about it, as he feared I might not be able to handle a machine gun, if its use were necessary while unloading the guns. For the remainder of our time on board he did all he could to help me, even to cutting my bread at meal times.

About four hours after our arrival at Heligoland we pulled

out again in our new ship. We ran into a rough, heavy sea. Sir Roger again became very seasick. The U. 19 was not so comfortable as the U. 20; the quarters were smaller, and the supply of food not so abundant, nor so varied. None of us could eat; our diet consisted of coffee and war bread, as we could not eat anything else served to us.

So many erroneous statements have been given to the public by word of mouth, and through the imaginative pens of emotional journalists, as to our trip from Germany to Ireland, that I declare in favour of compulsory education for so-called historical writers. Geography and elementary arithmetic suffer much through their figures of speech and flights of imagination.

During our trip we submerged once or twice daily for practice and test purposes, but on no one occasion did we submerge because of hostile cruisers or patrol craft. One day I commented on this to the officer of the watch. He said: "We do not see them often. They are all under cover at Scapa Flow or elsewhere."

Later, as we were passing some Scandinavian ships, this same officer told me the English kept men on those ships permanently to ascertain the movements of the German fleet on the high seas. He stated that English patrols kept close to the British coast.

When meeting neutral ships, the submarine commander always put about, and steered a different course, until the merchantmen had crossed the horizon. This was done with the intention of deceiving spies aboard the neutral ship as to our probable route. That these ships had a full and proper respect, or dread, of the undersea boats, was evidenced by the obvious excitement on board. Signal pennants flew to the mastheads, and invariably the white flag was hoisted. None of these ships was interfered with in any way whatever.

The trip from Heligoland to Tralee lasted five days, and we had rough weather until we rounded the North of Ireland on the home run. One of the officers supplied me with a suit of oilskins, which enabled me to keep to the conning-tower during the major part of the voyage. Casement spent nearly all the time below. It was quite cold on top, and, in any case, he was too ill to climb through the small manholes.

Speaking to a quartermaster on watch one day, he remarked:

"Why don't you run arms to Ireland as we did to the Senussi?" When I inquired: "In what manner do you mean?" he informed me: "We had special submarines for that purpose." This was news in view of the fact that in Berlin I had repeatedly asked that arms be shipped to Ireland that way. This man had spent years in England and on the night we left the submarine he had a special message: "Should you see 'Winny' (Winston Churchill), please say to him: 'The North Sea Rats are raiding your corn bins, why don't you dig them out?' "

At noon on the fifth day, we packed our kits and made ready to go ashore. It gave me a feeling of exhilaration. Thirteen years before, Good Friday, 1903, I landed from South Africa, a soldier of England. On the morrow I was to land – A Soldier of Ireland.

As we pounded our way down the west coast of Ireland, Casement and I talked of the various expeditions which had, from time to time, landed or attempted to land in the past four centuries. Fitzmaurice, Don Juan del Aguila, Owen Roe O'Neill, Thurot, Hoche, Humbert. Malignant fate had waited on every one of them, and we wondered what was in store for our expedition – the smallest of them all.

As to the possible outcome we could only speculate. We knew nothing of the progresss of the organization in Ireland since my departure seven months earlier. We thought and hoped that some substantial help had arrived from the Irish in America and elsewhere. Proceeding on the assumption that no news is good news, we hoped for the best. We were not certain that the Rising would take place in the event of our failure to land the arms, and we discussed our course of action. Sir Roger jocularly observed it would be well, if contingencies arose, for each of us to obtain a pair of seven league boots, because we would surely have to travel – and swiftly. We joked about this for a time, and I remarked that Synge, had he been alive, would have good material for a play, could he see Sir Roger bounding from peak to peak of the Galtee Mountains with a bloodthirsty pack of Royal Irish Constabulary at his heels.

On that evening, April 20, 1916, shortly after dark, we passed the mouth of the Shannon, about five miles off the coast. The

Loop Head light was barely visible on the port side. From there to the northern point of Innishtooskert Island, the commander of the submarine anticipated meeting British patrol craft, but they did not show up however. We reached the spot where he judged the pilot boat should be waiting. The captain said nothing of trying to find the arms ship, although we had sighted her before dark about two miles on our starboard beam. We cruised around for about an hour and a half, searching for the pilot boat, watching for the two green lights, the signal which had been agreed upon with the German Admiralty. These lights were to have been shown intermittently to the west and north-west, the direction from which we would probably come.*

Casement and Beverley came up on the conning-tower, and we all strained our eyes looking for the pilot boat which never came. This was the beginning of the great tragedy. The moment was tense with suppressed excitement. Each of us tried to look in all directions at once, and hoped to be the first to sight the signal lights. I grudged the moment necessary to wipe the moisture from my eyes. I could plainly hear the beating of Beverley's heart, as we stood side by side at the rail. The night was murky with an almost smooth sea, the water whispering as it slid gently past our side, an ideal night to run guns ashore. Even a white-capped wave, breaking in the line of sight, brought subdued exclamations from our eager lips. Time and again I saw lights none of which stayed longer than the flash of my imagination and none of them was green. Our boat always seemed to me to be going in the wrong direction. If it would only turn, I thought, it would bring us head on to the lights. We had no idea of the direction in which we were travelling. The compass was below in the conning-tower and no stars were visible. For a time we fought disappointment with cheery words; desperately we tried to deceive ourselves, and to deceive each other – but disappointment won.

An ugly thought forced itself on our minds. Was the whole thing but a subterfuge on the part of the German government to get rid of us? We could not imagine our own people as

**The amended Irish plan, restricting the date of the landing to Easter Sunday night, did not reach the Germans until after the arms-ship had sailed but the Irish leaders acted upon the contrary assumption. Editor.*

being so careless and indifferent in not having a pilot on the spot to take in such a valuable shipload of munitions. Meanwhile, in most forcible German, the officers expressed their opinions, As I listened to them, I noticed the cold, drawn, hopeless look on Casement's face. An indescribable feeling of shame swept over me, a feeling I never before experienced. Perhaps one might call it vicarious. My spine seemed to stiffen as though made of cement, cold and hard. A slight numbness crept over my whole body. My brain alone was active, too active – it just whirled. There was no sense of personal shame. Casement had done his best, and a splendid best it was; we had all done our share. But to think that our boys had failed us: Great God, it was maddening! I wanted to tear something, to fight someone. Those officers with their set faces, so calmly swearing, I could have thrown overboard. As we cruised round and round in search of the pilot boat, it seemed to me that the U. boat took the semblance of the grey ghost of hope adrift on the sea of ineptitude.

This feeling was only dispelled when the submarine commander announced that he could not risk the loss of his ship by remaining in the same locality any longer. We therefore headed for Tralee Bay at about fourteen knots an hour; all the speed the boat was capable of on the surface.

We went below, sick at heart. Here we discussed the matter. Our kits were already packed. We knew that we would have to depend upon our own efforts to get ashore and across country to Tralee. I got out our pistols and while loading mine said to Sir Roger: "Do you understand the loading of these Mauser pistols?" To my question he answered: "No, I have never loaded one. I have never killed anything in my life." "Well, Sir Roger," I replied, "You may have to start very soon. It is quite possible that we may either kill or be killed."

I crossed to where he sat, explained the method of loading, and then by opening and closing the breech ejected the charge, cartridge by cartridge, handing him the empty pistol. I then procured another clip and asked him to practice loading. He held the pistol and clip a moment, one in each hand, then shook his head as he returned them to me.

"I know how to do it now," he said, "but will you please load it for me now?" I took the pistol, charged it, set it at safety, placed it in the holster and gave it to him, together with his cartridge belt and sheath knife. As he took them from me an expression of intense pain and loathing crossed his face. I thought at that moment that he hated me and despised me as I handed him those weapons – that is, if he were capable of hating anyone. Later as I recharged the pistol, I caught the same look of abhorrence, and realized the detestation with which he viewed these triumphs of the gunsmith's art. Conversation soon lagged, we were sitting silent, each absorbed in his own thoughts. We stared into the dark corners of the little cabin, afraid to meet each other's eyes. Who had made the error, who was to blame?

Casement was a sick man. Fearful he might collapse, I suggested that he try to get a little sleep. He leaned back upon the locker and closed his eyes, but I know he did not sleep. Half an hour later he started up, and said in his usual calm way: "Well, it does not matter so much about us, but the English patrols are almost sure to get the arms ship tomorrow – the pity of it!" This opened the conversation again and we talked of what would probably happen if the *Aud* were captured. It was obvious that the moral effect would be disheartening to our men. They naturally expected to go into the fight with rifles in their hands. But if the arms ship were captured, they would have to wait for a gun taken from a captured enemy or one taken from a fallen comrade. Moreover, the capture of the ship would put the English on their guard and probably cause the arrest of the Volunteer leaders, on suspicion of being implicated in the matter. Whether the Volunteers were prepared to fight without the arms from Germany, *we did not know*, we had not been supplied with any information on this point.

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an officer with word that we should prepare to go ashore. We bundled our things on deck and stood shivering in the chill of the morning. The weather was now thick and hazy, although the sea was very calm. As the submarine moved slowly towards the shore she rolled lazily in the swell.

A small boat was lifted from the forward hatch, the same boat I had used at Heligoland. It looked so small in the half light, that I thought it would not carry us with our kits. Because of this I asked the captain for three life belts. These were at once forthcoming. We put them on and waited for the submarine to stop.

As preparations were being made to lower the boat on the port side, I said to Casement: "Good Lord, they are going to run a revolution and cannot have a pilot boat out for a shipload of arms." "Hush", he replied, "it will be a much greater adventure going ashore in this cockle shell." The submarine stopped, the boat was quietly lowered into the water. We shook hands all round and amid whispered "Good-byes and good lucks" got into it, Beverley in the centre, Casement in the stern while I took my place in the bow.

The boat did not seem to me to be collapsible as has been stated in the English press, although it may have been so. It was short and broad and lay like a tub upon the water. Around the side ran a tubular jacket, which was used as a gasoline tank, when the boat was propelled by motor. The motor was now detached and stored in the submarine. I asked the captain for it, but he refused, stating that the noise of the motor would be heard by the coastguard on shore and might lead to our capture. It appeared to me that he was afraid of attracting attention to his ship. I gave him my word that I would not start the motor until his ship was well out of sight, or for any period he might stipulate. My appeal was in vain. Casement discussed it, backed the commander, and as he had already taken his boat in beyond sinking depth, I had to give in.

The submarine slipped away into darkness, leaving our boat rising and falling in the swell. As the black hull turned to shadow and from shadow to nothingness, it seemed to me that we were being deserted. My first feeling was one of resentment. This changed to one of horror, as the feeling crept over me, that I was being forced, personally, to ferry Casement to certain death. It seemed so unnecessary that he had to come with us. Beverley and I could have done the work alone. Had Casement

been well and active it would not have been so bad, but weak and ill as he was, the heartlessness of it appalled me. Appalled is a poor word – I was stupefied. The sending of Casement ashore was an inhumane act of inexcusable stupidity.

Before moving off we took the precaution of strapping our coats and kits to the seats of the boat in case of an upset in landing. Each of us carried a 37 calibre Mauser pistol in a wooden case. This case, when the pistol was withdrawn, formed a stock which transferred the pistol into a serviceable short rifle, with an accurate range of 1,000 metres. We also carried 1,000 rounds of this pistol ammunition in a tin box. In addition to this each of us had an overcoat, a handbag with a change of underwear, flash lamps, notebooks, etc., a pair of Zeiss binoculars and a sheath knife – in short, a soldier's usual equipment. We carried as little as possible on our persons, fearing destruction or loss should the sea become heavy.

We found three oars in the boat, I presume one was intended as a steering oar. There was no rudder. Neither Casement nor Beverley knew anything about pulling. I had not pulled an oar since 1896, so there we were, three men in a boat – the smallest invading party known to history. Our position might be called funny were it not for the fact that our lives depended upon the outcome. Casement took the steering oar, Beverley and I pulled. Something was wrong; that oar astern did not seem to work, we were moving in wide circles. Casement unshipped his oar, we stopped and tried to find the reason. We tried again, making an effort to equalize our strokes, but all to no purpose. All this time we were steadily drifting towards some wicked looking, sharp-pointed rocks rising from the sea on our right front. Beverley eventually got disgusted and started to grumble and in a reply to a question from Casement said: "The captain is not pulling hard enough." Casement spoke sharply: "I am in command here, stop talking and pull." On this, at the risk of upsetting the boat, I reached over and took Beverley's oar. When I started with both oars I found out why we were moving in circles. The oars were apparently not a pair. Beverley's oar seemed heavier and longer than mine. By shortening my grip on one oar we made much better way. I pulled for about an

hour trying to keep a course parallel with a bluff, which ran out to sea on our left. The boat had a tendency to drift southwards despite my best efforts. Had it not been for those dangerous rocks I would have let her drift and rested my wounded hand.

At last Casement announced that the outline of the beach was discernible, marked by a line of white foam. The thunder of the breaking waves came faintly to our ears. Strange to us, the nearer we came to the shore, the rougher became the sea. At times we found our little boat perched as it were, on the peak of a wave, or swirled down into a hissing cavern of water. All this time I could see the grey foam-topped waves rising behind Casement's shoulders, like the swaying head of the deadly cobra about to strike. It was with the utmost difficulty we managed to keep our small craft right side up.

Casement gave me my direction, I was too busy to look ahead. His every word was an encouragement. "Only two hundred yards more." At this point I was more than tired and gave Beverley back his oar. My right hand was swollen to an enormous size, it was numb and quite useless. I turned to look for the shore and as I was about to resume my position, I saw a wall of water at least six feet above and behind Casement's head coming forward on top of us. Crash! It broke, knocking Casement and Beverley on top of me. W were struggling back to our places when another wave smashed over us, upsetting the boat, sweeping us into the water.

We then had a practical demonstration of the utility of a life belt. Even though wearing it I sank, the water roaring in my ears. However, I came to the surface immediately, and made a grab for the boat which was floating upside down. She righted immediately I touched her, without any apparent effort on my part. The gasoline tank was empty and airtight and may have had something to do with this. Beverley got hold of the boat at one side while I held on to the front end. Casement climbed in at the stern, in turn steadying the boat while we got aboard. Fortunately the oars were secured to the rowlocks by cords, so we had no difficulty recovering them.

We started off again, but before we had pulled very far we stuck on a sand bank. As the big rollers swept over us we tried

to pull off but it was no use. The side of the boat was gradually turning towards the sea. It looked as though we would be pounded to pieces. The smashing of the waves was steadily sapping what strength we had left. Nothing else can deal the stunning blow of a sea wave. It hits you all over at the same time. It feels as though one were slammed from head to foot with a sheet of soft lead twelve inches thick. You have no defence, a rough sea keeps on hitting you until you get out of it. Eventually I was able to free my oar. I shoved it downwards in an effort to push the boat off the sandbank, but I happened to push just where there was no sandbank, and followed it overboard. Down I went, head foremost, coming quickly to the surface, but I managed to keep hold of my oar. Beverley hauled me into the boat, feeling like a drowned rat. We again got our oars into position and watched our chance. When the next big wave came we got the boat into deep water, headed for the beach, which we reached in a few minutes. It gave me much satisfaction to feel the boat's nose stick in the soft sand on the shores of old Ireland.

We got out of the boat. I suppose I should say we leaped ashore. Well, we did not leap, we simply crawled out, it was all we were able to do. I had all of the bounding deep and raging main I wanted for years to come. I know the others shared my feelings.

Standing up to my waist in water, I held on to the boat while Beverley unstrapped our kits and carried them ashore. Casement was unable to help, in fact he was helped up the beach by Beverley. When our traps were ashore I drew my dagger and tried to make a hole in the bottom to scuttle the boat, but could not, the material was too hard. My right hand was useless, the tide was running in with great speed, the waves were continually shifting the position of the boat which was half filled with water, so I gave it up. But that old tub was not finished with me. As I was about to leave, a wave struck it and drove it sideways on top of my right foot. This wrenched my ankle, adding a little to my general discomfort. I scrambled away and went up the beach.

There I found my companions stretched upon the sand, weary

and exhausted. I do not think Casement was even conscious. He was lying away below high water mark, the sea lapping his body from head to foot, the bigger waves splashing all over him. His eyes were closed and in the dim moonlight his face resembled that of a sleeping child. I dragged him to his feet, chafing his legs and body as best I could, while the water ran from his hair and clothing. Then I made him move about to restore his blood circulation.

Beverley was also in a bad way. Poor fellow, eighteen months of privation and hardship had played havoc with his power of endurance. It must be remembered that none of us had eaten much on our trip from Wilhelmshaven. The food served, though good, was not to our liking. Raw smoked ham and salmon were the principal dishes, and any one who has been to sea will know how such food appeals to a seasick man. We had been without sleep for more than twenty-four hours; this coupled with the physical and nervous strain made us a very weak army of invasion.

When we had warmed up a little, we wrung out our clothing and felt more comfortable. I said to Casement, with as much cheerfulness as I could muster: "Well, Sir Roger, we have had the little adventure and got through it all right." He patted me on the shoulder as was his way, and answered: "Yes, Captain Monteith, we've had the little adventure and are much nearer the end of the chapter."

Had I known the ending of the chapter, I would surely have let him sleep into eternity in the foaming water on Banna Strand, the water that had tried to be kind to one of Ireland's heroes.

♣ ARMS OFF THE KERRY COAST

The story of Captain Spindler of the Aud

It was Thursday, April 20. A fresh, glorious morning. During the night the wind had died away. The air was still, and the broad, regular undulations of a north-westerly swell made the only movement on the water.

During the night the false casing round the funnel had been completed.

In order to have everything ready for the landing when we reached Tralee bay, the camouflage cargo, of course, had to be removed from above the munitions. This proved to be no light task as the pit-props were rather green and consequently heavy which delayed the unloading a good deal. All hands had to turn to, open hatches and throw the whole of the false cargo overboard. In half an hour's time the upper deck looked like a packing department at one of the big stores. Window-frames, door-frames, tinware, zinc buckets, tin baths, and the like were sent up in a steady stream from the hold and piled upon the deck. Boxes and straw went into the furnaces. The rest was heaved overboard. Before long our course was marked by a trail of flotsam and jetsam that stretched to the horizon. With a vague instinct that it might come in useful, I retained on board a small quantity of the pit props – a precaution which was well repaid on the following day.

While we were at this work an armed motorship passed us within six miles and gave us some anxious moments. We had been so busy at work that we did not look to see whether the tin baths and other things we jettisoned had really sank.

* *The* Aud *had left Lubeck on April 9, disguised as a Norwegian freighter. Having sailed between Norway and the Shetlands to the edge of the Arctic Sea, she had turned down between Iceland and the Faroes and was nearing Tralee Bay. Editor.*

Our astonished eyes noticed the long trail of tin baths, coffee cans and pails only half an hour later. But fortunately the motor-ship took no notice of us.

The noon observation made our position 52 N. 11 W – a bare forty-five miles from Tralee. In about four hours we should have reached our goal. Unfortunately, I had to give up my plan of proceeding in under the Spanish flag, as it had taken us longer than we calculated to jettison the cargo and there was not enough time left to make the necessary alterations to our appearance. What troubled me most was that it would be full moon that night, and the bright moonlight might easily prove our undoing.

The noon eight-bells had just been struck when the engine room telegraph rang for "full speed ahead", and the *Aud* pointed her nose for Tralee bay.

The next two hours were occupied with the final preparations for the landing. There was still a mass of things to get done. Steam winches and unloading tackle were made ready, the hatches uncovered and in every hold the top cases were placed in the slings ready for immediate landing. I had a supply of pocket electric-lamps and tools for opening the cases put in small bags so that they could be passed ashore at once; for, from the moment we got alongside, the unloading must go with a rush in order to be finished before the British got wind of it. If all went without a hitch, I hoped to have the ship emptied in seven to eight hours. If – that was the crux. It was quite possible that it might come to bloody hand-to-hand fighting before all was done.

There could be no doubt that the harbour authorities and, perhaps, the military authorities also, would come on board, as soon as we got in, to examine the ship and her papers. Their questions as to where we came from and so forth must be answered in such a way that they should have no desire to ask any more – that is to say they must be rendered harmless, in case the Irish had not already provided for that.

It was clear that, even with the greatest caution, something might leak out about our sudden arrival and our suspicious nocturnal operations. Casement himself had told me that even

in Tralee there were a good many people of British sympathies.

The town of Tralee lies about seven miles from the harbour pier. The harbour proper, which is in a place called Fenit, is connected with Tralee by a railway and that might be very awkward for us, for if an alarm was given in Fenit we should have to reckon on the arrival of the military within half an hour. As our main protection against hostile forces we should have to trust to the machine-guns which formed a portion of our cargo, packed in cases and ready for use. These, therefore, must be landed first of all.

The men to serve the machine-guns ought to be standing ready on the quay. I made sure once more that the explosives and incendiary bombs were ready, and the German naval ensign was at hand. To make assurance doubly sure, I had two additional masses of explosive placed in the forward part of the ship so that, if needs be, nothing of my ship should be left. I then ordered, "Hands wash and clean into No. 2's", that is to clean up and put on uniform. Only our caps, which for the moment we could not put on, we hid where we could get at them easily. Over our uniforms we pulled on our old Norwegian kits. Each man wore a dagger and pistol in his belt under his jacket.

Shortly after one o'clock the first signs of land appeared; long, low-lying, bluish cloud-banks on the horizon which, little by little, assumed a definite form – the Irish coast!

There was not a ship in sight. I called up my men and gave them the last explanations. Hitherto they had known nothing definite though, of course, they had long guessed that they were *not* bound for Libau. It was good to see their grim but well-pleased smiles when I told them that now it was up to us to make good, and every man must do his best. I told them that even their uniforms might not save them from being shot if caught. They grinned knowingly, as much as to say they've got to catch us first! Splendid fellows! I knew that I could trust them.

I explained my plans to the last detail. Every man had his allotted task. The engineers, for instance, were told that they must be ready to pump out the water-tanks to lighten the ship

and enable her to get up the shallow channel leading to Fenit.

As the last touch, the surgical dressings were served out and the big medicine chest, with all necessary materials, was placed in the mess-room. Then I gave the order, "Every man to his post".

The coast lay before us in brilliant sunshine. High, bare mountains, seamed with clefts and gullies, with steep, overhanging cliffs which assuredly have never been trodden by the foot of man. Only at the base of the cliffs, to a height of perhaps 150 yards above the water, we saw a few green patches of grass and low shrubs. What struck us particularly were the jagged, deeply indented ridges of the long ranges of mountains. Gradually the numerous islands and rocks that lay off the shore came into view. It was no very inviting picture. There are, in fact, few coasts more inhospitable and more dangerous because of their numerous reefs than the Irish. We sought persistently with our glasses for any sign of life; any house or lighthouse along the coast. In vain. There was nothing to be seen but naked rocks. Here and there the coastline was a little withdrawn, so that we thought more than once "this must be Tralee bay". But there appeared on either side of it so many other similar openings between the high cliffs that we became confused. That was a decidedly unpleasant surprise. In point of fact, we were off the area between Ballydavid and Brandon, but we did not realise it at the time.

Relying on my excellent noon observation which could not be much out, I held on for some way farther. "Steep shore, deep water", is a pretty sound rule, so we could safely stand close in. With the chart and the sailing directions open before us, we searched for the entrance. In a quarter of an hour we had found it; having picked up the "Three Sisters", as three hills in Smerwick harbour are known. The coast here bends sharply, first to the north-east, then to the east, and then, in a wide curve, back to the north-west again. The result is that in approaching from the sea, one at first sees only a long stretch of coastline while the bay lies concealed behind it.

I immediately altered course, having taken my bearings for negotiating the entrance. There is a lighthouse at Loop

head on the north side of the estuary, and I wanted to give it as wide a berth as possible. During the war, this innocent lighthouse might well have developed into a grim monster bristling with guns. Certainly the lighthouse would be under naval or military control. Just as we were getting a four-point bearing of the "Three Sisters", there appeared over the water on our port bow a small triangular patch of gleaming white that looked for all the world like a distant sail. Surely it must be the pilot cutter already on the look-out for us? I could have shouted for joy. A few minutes later, however, I made the unwelcome discovery that the supposed sail was assuming improbable dimensions, and it finally revealed itself as the actual Loop head lighthouse which I had supposed to be farther north. The sun had played a trick on us, illuminating the western trapeze-shaped point of the land so brightly that it looked in the distance like a large white sail. Disappointment number one.

As soon as I recognised my mistake I altered course to starboard from which direction there was no danger to be anticipated for the present, at least so far as we could see, for only naked rocks frowned down on us. Slowly we worked our way into the bay, anxiously scanning with our glasses every hill, cliff and gully, but especially the surface of the water ahead. The current, which set strongly southward, tended to force us inshore and necessitated constant small alterations of course. By 3.30 p.m. we had the "Three Sisters" two miles on our starboard beam. Loop head was now clearly visible. Except for the lighthouse and a few small buildings, nothing else was to be seen upon the coast.

But – what was that to starboard? On a broad-topped cliff, some two hundred feet above the water, stood a high signal mast with wireless aerials, and to right and left of it a number of British marines or coast watchers were busy observing us through glasses.

Damnation! I had not been reckoning on this. I at once sent below all the men whose presence was not required on deck, and the oft-played comedy began once more.

Under the observation of the British field-glasses, which

were now being directed on us at short range, it was highly important to appear as unconcerned as possible. Scarcely honouring the British with a glance, we tramped solemnly up and down the bridge in the usual manner, six paces to starboard and then stolidly six paces to port again – all the while pulling at our pipes and spitting to the wide in the most approved fashion. Meanwhile we steered slightly to the north, in order to get away as soon as possible from the neighbourhood of the coastal wireless station. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the station had done nothing to make itself objectionable in the way of shot or signal, we concluded that the danger was over for the moment. Only for the moment, of course. To-day it was likely to be a case of "out of the frying-pan and into the fire".

Meanwhile, ahead of us, the little group of Maharees islands was gradually rising out of the water, while on the southern and eastern sides of the bay a number of wretched-looking fishermen's huts came into view.

The nearest of the islands was Inishtooskert, one of the Hag islands, and our rendezvous with Sir Roger Casement.

The die must soon be cast. With a keener anxiety than we had yet known, we directed our glasses ahead. If everything continued to go as well as it had done hitherto, then within half an hour at the latest the pilot-boat must make her appearance, with the recognition marks that had been agreed upon – a green flag at the mast-head and a man with a green jersey in the bows.

On our starboard hand, almost on the sky-line of the hills, a light-coloured building became visible, looking like an ancient castle, with a long flagpole on the tower. Whether the pole was connected with a wireless installation, we could not tell. This was Barrow castle, and it was screened from the north side of the bay by a high wall of rock near Barrow harbour, which soon hid it from us again.

We were drawing nearer and nearer to our goal. Now only a mile – now half a mile – and we should be there. . . .

By 4.15 p.m. we were at the very spot – exactly a mile north-west of Inishtooskert, a long, low-lying island which was entirely uninhabited.

Now for it! With eager expectation we awaited the men who were to meet us here, and on whom the successful conclusion of our mission now depended. For the last half-hour we had had hanging from our bridgerail the signal agreed upon with Casement.

Now with the naked eye and then with our glasses, we scanned the surroundings. Nothing to be seen. Nothing moving in any direction. Not a boat on the water or any sign of life. The whole neighbourhood seemed to be dead. As there was no appreciable current here in the inner part of the bay, I lay-to temporarily with the engines stopped. When another ten minutes had elapsed and still nothing was to be seen, I began to feel a little uneasy. A quarter of an hour went by, and from moment to moment our anxiety increased. We waited and waited with beating hearts, silently hoping that the next few seconds would see our wishes fulfilled. In vain. The stillness remained absolute.

Slowly the minutes slid away. The half-hour's grace agreed upon was nearly up. I got out my secret orders and read them through once more. There could be no doubt; I was at the right spot and exactly at the right time. But where were the Irish? My orders were: "If, after half an hour's wait, none of the aforesaid vessels or persons are at the rendezvous, and there does not appear to be any possibility of communication with them, you are to use your own judgement as to whether to proceed in or to turn back".

The half-hour was up. I considered for a few moments what I should do.

Turn back? No. Under no circumstances would I give up the game so long as any possibility remained of carrying out a landing. But how to carry it out? To run in, in full daylight, without having established communication with Casement or any of his people would be foolish. I might just as well make the British a present of the munitions. Another point was that, according to my chart, the channel beside the pier was only six feet deep at low tide, so that if I were obliged to blow up the ship to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, hardly half of her hull would be under water! I had no way of knowing then that my chart was not correct, and that the

channel was, in fact, nearer sixteen feet deep at low water.

It looked, too, as if something had gone wrong. On the slopes of Kerry head, the northern buttress of Tralee bay, and in several other places, clouds of smoke were rising from the hills. Could these be warnings intended for us? But if so, where the deuce were the men who had lit them. How could I know then that it was the practice to burn furze bushes at that time of year!

My entire crew had now gathered on deck, and as we were all taking the same risk I had the whole ship's company up to the bridge to confer on the situation. To my delight none of them thought of turning back so long as there was any hope whatever of carrying out our mission. As we talked things over we came more and more to the conclusion that the British had got wind of our enterprise

The absence of the Irish, of course, might be due to various reasons. It was quite possible that the wireless message announcing our coming had arrived in a mutilated condition, or that it had been badly deciphered, and that either for this or for the previous reason it had been obscure if not wholly unintelligible. It was also possible that the code-word which, it had been agreed, would be inserted in the German wireless news, just before the evening military communique, as a sign to the Irish that our expedition had started, had been accidentally omitted, and the Irish had consequently thought that something had occurred to prevent our coming. But it seemed to me, on the whole, to be much more probable that the Irish of the west had not been content to look on idly at the activity of their brethren on the east coast, and had themselves also started disturbances which had led to the extension of martial law to the west coast. As I have mentioned earlier, this had been suggested to me by the untrue report in the papers before I left Berlin.

If the Irish had really committed this folly, my task would be rendered immensely more difficult, if not impossible, for it might be taken as certain that a number of the Sinn Feiners concerned would be already under arrest, and that the British would at least have got wind of our intended landing.

But where was Casement all this time? Was he already in

Ireland and perhaps already arrested, or was he still on a submarine which had not yet arrived? Here, too, there were all kinds of possibilities. The submarine might have had an accident and turned back; or bad weather, or engine trouble might have delayed the voyage. Again it was not impossible that the submarine with Casement on board had already been here, and, after finding how the land lay, had gone back some distance to meet us – perhaps to warn us. In the latter case it might be assumed that towards evening the submarine would again return to the rendezvous.

There were certainly possibilities enough to keep one guessing, but I felt pretty sure that the Irish in the west had broken out prematurely, and the British, in consequence, had taken measures to deal with our plan as well as with the Irish rising. If only I had wireless on board!

Assuming, then, as the most probable hypothesis, that the principal leaders and, perhaps, Casement also, had been arrested, but that those who remained would make an effort to carry out the plan as best they could, it seemed most likely that they would wait for nightfall before attempting to communicate with me.

I had abandoned the idea of leaving the bay again and returning after dark as being too suspicious a manoeuvre. On the other hand, to continue to lie here indefinitely would also be likely to awaken suspicion. I, therefore, decided to explore the inner part of the bay.

At half-speed I headed for the shore between Fenit and the Hag islands. While working slowly round the north point of Inishtooskert some of these smaller islands lying behind it came into view. Some of these seemed to be inhabited, but none of the inhabitants was to be seen. We could now see also the first signs of Fenit, a little pier with a lighthouse. Behind it rose the masts of one or two small sailing vessels, and to one side a number of brick buildings – the village. The whole thing had a depressing look for us. The only imposing feature in the picture was the ring of high, bare hills which surrounded the bay. Nothing whatever to attract our interest – Stay, what was that? Was not there a man standing on the pier? There certainly

was! At the base of the flagstaff, from which hung the folds of the British ensign, stood a marine with his rifle over his shoulder.

In striking contrast to his warlike exterior, the marine seemed to take no notice whatever of us, though we were now lying as large as life only a few hundred yards before him.

We looked in vain for further marines, or any indication of the proximity of a large military force. Did they want to lure us into a trap?

The pier was now so close to us that with the glasses we could make out every object upon it; so, of course, everything on board could be seen also with equal clarity, if anyone was watching us. I, therefore, turned gradually away towards the north, to have a look at the flat coast below Kerry head. Perhaps I might there find an opportunity to get in touch with the Sinn Feiners. After we had steamed all round the upper part of the bay, however, all hope of this kind had to be abandoned. Though we showed our signals more and more boldly as time went on, no one took the slightest notice of us. The situation became more and more extraordinary. For two solid hours we had been cruising about in the bay. It was beginning to grow dusk and there had not been the slightest sign from the land. The fact that no one had taken the slightest notice of our presence, or of our peculiar behaviour, confirmed me more and more in the theory that there was some kind of a concealed trap. Neither I nor any of my men found it possible to believe that the British really took us for a harmless trader – *as afterwards proved to be the case*. Such carelessness was so utterly contrary to our German ideas of duty and discipline that we supposed this possibility to be entirely excluded.

With these unpleasant thoughts running through our minds, we were glad when night fell and darkness shielded us from inquisitive glances. Instead of flags we now used a green light which we showed at short intervals both towards land and sea. Hour after hour passed and nothing happened. Darkness reigned everywhere, even in the village. Only on the pier there burned a small green light – the pierhead light intended to show incoming vessels the entrance to the harbour. From time to time

we imagined we saw a signal light in one of the houses to the south-east; but always the glasses showed that we were mistaken.

As midnight drew near, it became noticeably brighter – no wonder, for towards one o'clock the moon would rise. I approached the pier once more, this time to within six hundred yards, and, at the risk of discovery, showed my green light once again. Then, when this last attempt proved fruitless, I steamed slowly back to the rendezvous off Inishtooskert. Cautiously we felt our way along the cliffs to the anchorage. So still was the night that even on the forecastle the stroke of our propeller-blades could be clearly heard. It must have been an hour and a half after midnight when the anchor rattled down into the depths and we brought up in the shadow of Inishtooskert, in what seemed to us a hiding-place well screened in every direction.

The moon had meanwhile risen, but as we lay close under the west side of the island we could count on being in deep shadow till close on the dawn. Hour after hour passed, and as morning approached my hope that the Irish would manage to communicate with us during the night gradually faded away. When at last day dawned, I gave up the game for lost. Useless to run boldly alongside Fenit pier, for who could suppose we should be allowed to unload our munitions unmolested; useless to pretend an accident to the machinery, for at once we should have a swarm of officials on board; impracticable to send men ashore in a boat at some outlying spot to make inquiries, for I could not spare a man, in view of future eventualities.

And yet I hated to turn back. The one thing that gave me some small consolation was to find that all my men were equally unwilling to do so. But if we stay, how long will they let us lie here? We had not long to wait for an answer. I was just discussing the question with my second, when suddenly we were startled by a shout from the look-out man: "Steamer on the starboard bow" . . . "The pilot steamer!"

With all our thoughts concentrated for so long on the coming of the pilot, it was small wonder if, electrified by this shout, we leapt to the conclusion that the small steamer which was now

rounding Kerry head was actually bringing the pilot to us. I myself sprang to the signal halliards prepared to hoist our recognition signal; but, as I did so, I kept an eye fixed on the steamer which was heading straight for us. That was fortunate, for in the next few moments she ran up, not the Irish pilot flag, but the British naval ensign.

* * *

It was long past midnight. The moon was fairly high and it was a beautifully clear and calm night. Under ordinary circumstances one could not have wished for better conditions. Thousands and thousands of stars twinkled in the sky, and there was not a wisp of cloud to dim their twinkling. The sea was almost as smooth as glass except when a gentle breeze momentarily ruffled its surface.

The silence of this peaceful night was broken only by an occasional subdued word of command or a whistle on the escorting vessels which unceasingly circled round us like sheep dogs round their flock. With their sharp bows they tore deep furrows which, resolving into numberless wavelets, grew ever broader and strewed the surface with millions of glittering silver specks. From time to time one also heard louder orders from the various engine-rooms and stokeholds, followed by the slamming of furnace-doors and the rattle of shovels. And then, a few moments later, the thick smoke-clouds that issued from the funnels of the dark-grey monsters showed that the British were not asleep.

More and more numerous became the lights of passing ships which, far to the north of us, were making for their destination safe in the shelter of the coast. And many ships without lights also met us or crossed our course. These were British patrol ships and destroyers steaming without lights in order to escape the observation of German submarines which had recently been very active round the south coast of Ireland.

On board the *Aud* there was absolute silence. We were all busy with our own thoughts. And these were probably all the same. If luck would only come to our aid just this once! But

it did not come. The weather showed no sign of changing before morning. Despite our anxious look-out, the longed-for submarine could not be seen. Whenever we looked towards the British we could see on each ship a couple of dark figures with glasses to their eyes keeping us steadily under observation Thus we proceeded, mile after mile. Northwards, a long, dark strip, like a low-lying cloud-bank, was now visible; we were approaching the coast. Consequently, it was time we started to learn something about Queenstown harbour, for if we were forced to sink the *Aud* we ought at least to choose the spot where she would do most damage to the enemy. Unfortunately, when search was made for the proper chart, it turned out that we had special charts of African and American harbours – but none of Queenstown. Naturally, it never occurred to us when we were setting out that we should visit that harbour.

"Oh, damn this Quee-ee-eenstown", growled the second mate, imitating the voice of the British officer, which was still echoing in our ears.

So we were forced to study the details of Queenstown harbour on a general chart of Ireland. Unfortunately, this chart gave very few details. We discovered, however, that the average depth of the outer entrance to the harbour was twenty to twenty-five fathoms. This suited our purpose admirably. There was enough water to prevent the wreck being raised, and there was still the possibility that we might obstruct the channel if the *Aud* came to rest in the right position.

As dawn approached, the *Bluebell* altered course, keeping closer to the coast which, with its low chalk cliffs, covered with rich green meadow, was now plainly visible. "We can celebrate Easter Sunday there", I heard a voice behind me say. It was Battermann, of course, the signalman of the grinning countenance. And sure enough it was April 22, and next day would be Easter Sunday! In the excitement of the last few days I had lost count of time. At sunrise the destroyers considered their task finished, for after a short exchange of signals with the leading ship they turned and steamed westwards. The warships patrolling these waters were now so numerous that the enemy judged us to be safe. Nevertheless, the *Bluebell*

(evidently fearing some stratagem on our part) thought it advisable to leave the head of the convoy and move to the rear whence she could keep a better watch on us, nosing round us, now on the starboard side, now on the port side, but always at a respectful distance.

During the night I had ordered the crew to put on uniform under their Norwegian costume. Their naval caps they stuffed into their pockets, so that at the given moment they had only to cast off their heavy leather jackets in order to be recognised as German sailors. The first and second mate and myself followed the same procedure. Galley lighthouse, which stands below the entrance to Queenstown, was now visible. Shortly afterwards the Daunt Rock lightship (which at that time lay in mid-channel) came into view. As there was no traffic of any sort in the western half of the channel we surmised – correctly – that a minefield was laid there.

Fifteen minutes more and we should be there. The quays swarmed with war craft of every description. In order to do the job thoroughly I had ordered the condenser to be smashed before the ship was blown up. The engineer had consequently let the pressure fall so low that we were steaming, or rather crawling, at not more than two knots, and our escort did not attempt to protest. In view of the proximity of the harbour and of the other warships, they probably felt surer of us now. How confident they were and how unsuspecting will be seen from the fact that during the last hour they had been busy getting into harbour trim. Guns were polished and covered with tarpaulins, ropes neatly coiled and decks scrubbed and many of the crew might be seen in shore-going clothes, brushing one another down. We could hardly believe our eyes when we noticed their light-hearted attitude and contrasted it with the deep mistrust they had previously shown.

The moment which was to decide our fate was now at hand. In view of the dangerous cargo which we carried above the explosive bombs, I had to reckon with the fact that when I blew up the ship we might all be blown to bits. I therefore passed the word that I required four volunteers to blow up the ship and hoist the German naval flag, but that the others were free to

lower a boat just before the explosion was timed to take place. A unanimous, almost angry, "No!" was the answer. "We will stay with the captain till the end." It is a great satisfaction to me to express here to my brave crew my thanks for their fidelity.

Moreover, to ascertain what the *Bluebell* intended to do with us I now signalled, "Where are we to anchor?" And shortly afterwards I received the answer, "Await further orders", "All right, then", said I to myself, "you will soon see". And I had the secret satisfaction that up to the very end it was I who called the tune.

When we were about three-quarters of a mile from the lightship, a large British cargo-steamer was tearing along at top speed on our port side. She was a ship of about 8,000 tons and in ballast, so that she stood high out of the water. We could send her to the bottom along with the *Aud*.

"Port . . 10 . . 15." "Ease her a little." "Steady." "Keep her at that!"

Slowly and sluggishly the *Aud* answered her helm. She had barely steerage way.

"All hands to quarters! Ready with the fuses and incendiary bombs! Stand by to run up the ensign!" Every man was at his post ready for the signal.

We were now within 800 yards of the steamer. Then the unexpected happened. Presumably in consequence of a signal from the *Bluebell*, on the bridge of which a signalman was busily semaphoring, the steamer suddenly put her helm hard a-starboard, passing us and the cruiser in a wide sweep. So our plan of ramming her was frustrated. Our luck appeared to be right out. Two hundred yards more to the lightship! – 150! – 100! Eagerly we scanned the surface for the last time, but no periscope was visible.

There was nothing else for it then.

"All ready?" "All ready!" was the answer from the engine-room and deck. The hands who were not employed were standing unobtrusively in the neighbourhood of the ship's boats. These they had lowered to the height of the ship's rail, lying on their stomachs so as to avoid being observed by the enemy.

it might still be possible to make use of them. From the engine-room came sounds of violent hammering – the condensor was being smashed and there was no retreating now.

"Hard a-starboard!" The engine-room telegraph rang three times in succession. "Stop!"

This was the pre-arranged signal. With a last effort the *Aud* swung slowly to starboard and lay exactly across the channel. The ship's pennant was already waving from the main-mast, and next moment the German naval ensign was run, up, bidding defiance to the British and all their works. Jackets and greatcoats flew overboard. Three cheers for our supreme War Lord! Then there was a muffled explosion. The *Aud* shivered from stem to stern, beams and splinters flew up in the air, followed by a cloud of dirty-grey smoke, and flames burst forth from the saloon, the charthouse, the ventilators and the forecastle. That was all we had time to notice.

"All hands to the boats!" We might be able to get away from the ship before the munitions exploded.

The port side boat, under command of the first mate, had already pushed off as the starboard boat was just being lowered. "All away?" "Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer from the boats. The engineer, the second mate, the helmsman and I were the last to clamber down. We cut the painter with an axe. It was high time we did, for within a few feet of our boat was the conjurer's box, which still contained a dozen explosive bombs. The stern was already low in the water, and we were just pushing off when a stoker came running from the burning forecastle with some large object under his arm.

"Good heavens, man, what are you doing on board?"

"I've saved the gramophone," he shouted, as he swung himself down with the agility of a monkey and plumped into the boat like a sack. But the gramophone which he had rescued at such risk fell into the water and was seen no more. The first engineer had mercifully despatched the dog.

It required our utmost efforts to get clear of the sinking ship. While we were busy doing this there was a second violent explosion amidships. Several more followed, accompanied by clouds of thick, sulphurous smoke. The munitions were probably

catching fire. If we did not get clear soon the whole ship might blow up round our heads. The crew gave way with a will. Suddenly a gun roared. The *Bluebell* had spoken. We could not see where the shell struck, for the forward part of the *Aud*, which projected out of the water, interrupted our view. All we could see was that the ships at the quay were steaming towards us.

As any resistance would only lead to foolish and useless bloodshed (for we were defenceless and at the mercy of an infinitely superior force), I had expressly ordered that a white flag was to be shown immediately if we succeeded in launching the boats – this in accordance with the instructions of my superior officers. The order was carried out. The *Bluebell* would violate international law if she fired at us now. When, a few minutes later, we rowed round the burning ship, we were glad to find that the second boat was undamaged.

The bow of the *Aud* was lifting higher and higher out of the water. The stern was already submerged, and the surface of the water was strewn with all sorts of wreckage. Strangely enough, there was no further explosion. The huge charge probably tore such a hole in the ship's side that the water rushed in instantly and drowned out the fuses.

About five minutes after the first explosion a dull, rumbling noise came from the *Aud*. The cargo and bunkers were shifting. The masts tottered. Then the blazing bow rose perpendicularly out of the water and next moment the *Aud*, as if drawn down by an invisible hand, sank with a loud hissing noise.

The loss of the Aud *and the capture of Casement struck a hard blow at the plans of the Military Council of the I.R.B. Eoin MacNeill had learned only in the very early hours of Good Friday, April 21, that Pearse and his friends intended a rising to begin on Easter Sunday. He immediately told Pearse that he would do all that was honestly possible to prevent it. Some hours later, about 8 a.m. on Good Friday, Sean MacDermott called on MacNeill and revealed that the arms-ship was expected. MacNeill, like Casement, had always stressed the need for the importation of arms for the Volunteers and their right to resist any attempt to force them to disband or to*

surrender their arms. He told MacDermott that if the arms were landed there would be a fight and he and the Volunteers would be in it with Pearse and the rest; that afternoon he issued a circular, warning the Volunteers to defend themselves against an inevitable Government attempt to suppress them. On Saturday came the news about Casement and the arms. MacNeill was at first prepared to go ahead but, after consultation with The O'Rahilly and Sean Fitzgibbon, upon whose counsel he relied strongly, he decided that the rising should be averted. That night, shortly after midnight, he handed into the office of the Sunday Independent *his countermanding order, which appeared in the issue of Sunday, April 23. The net result was that the government, which had decided to arrest the nationalist leaders, postponed its move until Easter Monday.*

When the council of the leaders met in Liberty Hall on Easter Sunday morning, they had to make a decision in the light of the arms failure and of the countermanding order. Casement's message counselling calling-off the rising in view of lack of German support had reached Pearse and Connolly via Monteith, who had escaped arrest. It may also have reached MacNeill but this is not certain. What is certain is that the leaders of the rising decided to go ahead on Easter Monday. To ensure that MacNeill would take no further steps, Pearse wrote to him that Sunday afternoon, to say that he had countermanded the rising. MacDonagh later visited him to confirm Pearse's message.

"I have now at 8 p.m. returned from a visit to Eoin MacNeill at Woodtown Park, Ballyboden," wrote MacDonagh that night. "I have had a long conversation with MacNeill and Sean Fitzgibbon upon many aspects of the present situation. I hope that I have made clear to them my loyalty to Ireland, my honour as an Irish Volunteer, and also, a thing which I could not for obvious reasons state definitely – my intention to act with my own council and the position of that Council.

"My future conduct may be different from anything now anticipated by MacNeill and Fitzgibbon, two honest and sincere patriots, though, I think, wrong in their handling of the present situation and in their attitude to military action. They and my countrymen must judge me on my conduct. I have guarded secrets which I am bound to keep . . ."

On Easter Monday neither he nor Pearse nor Connolly can have had any illusions about the prospect of military success. William O'Brien, Connolly's fellow-worker in the trade-union movement, arrived at Liberty Hall about 10 a.m. and saw Volunteers and Citizen Army men loading trucks with ammunition:

"Shortly before noon, Connolly came down the stairs and spoke to me on the landing. Putting his head close to mine, and dropping his voice, he said: 'We are going out to be slaughtered.' I said: 'Is there no chance of success?' and he replied: 'None whatever.' He then said: 'Go straight home now and stay there. There is nothing that you can do now, but you may be of great service later on'."

I went downstairs to get my bicycle. I found difficulty in getting it out owing to the large number passing out through the front door. While I awaited an opportunity Connolly passed down the stairs and shook hands without speaking. As I cycled across Abbey Street I saw the Irish Republican troops breaking the windows of "Kelly for Bikes", and dragging bicycles and motor-cycles across the street to form a barricade . . . The fight was on."

☘ DUBLIN 1916

☘ THE EVENTS OF EASTER WEEK

As summarised by the Irish Times*

CAPTURE OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY ANNOUNCES:

During the period between p.m. April 20 and p.m. April 21 an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but in reality a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine. The auxiliary sank, and a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom was Sir Roger Casement.

MANOEUVRES CANCELLED

It was known that the Sinn Fein Volunteers were to hold Easter manoeuvres, which were to be taken part in by all the branches of the organisation in Ireland. These were unexpectedly cancelled in the following announcement signed by Mr. Eoin MacNeill on Saturday night, April 22, and published in the Sunday papers the following morning:

> "Owing to the very critical position, all orders given to Irish Volunteers for to-morrow, Easter Sunday, are hereby rescinded, and no parades, marches, or other movements of Irish Volunteers will take place. Each individual Volunteer will obey this order strictly in every particular."

With this announcement Mr. MacNeill ceased to take any public part in the proceedings of the Volunteers.

**Sinn Fein Rebellion Handbook 1916.*

THE STORM BREAKS

On Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, at noon, the storm burst in Dublin, and for the following six days the city and the suburbs were the scene of grave loss of life and destruction of property. The Irish (or Sinn Fein) Volunteers organised the revolution, and with the Citizen Army, Hibernian Rifles, and other bodies carried it out. The object of the movement, as stated in a proclamation issued on the day of the outbreak, was to "proclaim an Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State."

Preparations for the insurrection had been active for months previously; large quantities of arms and ammunition were known to have arrived in Dublin, and an unusual activity in the way of "bluffing" the police had been going on. "Let sleeping dogs lie", was the policy of the Executive authority, and no visible effort was made to deal with the situation that was developing in the city. Then came Easter Monday, when the minds of most people were directed to holiday-making. No one took more than a passing interest in the Sinn Fein Volunteers as they passed along the streets in twos and threes to their appointed positions. Twelve o'clock in the day was the hour fixed for the beginning of the operations, and at that time or shortly afterwards bodies of armed Sinn Feiners quietly entered the buildings to which they had been assigned, turned out the occupants, and took possession. Anyone who resisted was promptly shot. In this way the principal buildings in the city were captured, and the rebels at once set about erecting barricades, and taking precautions against attack.

THE CENTRAL FORTRESS

The General Post Office in Sackville Street proved to be the central fortress of the rebels. It was here that P. H. Pearse, the "Commandant-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic and President of the Provisional Government", made his headquarters and issued his orders. All corner houses commanding the approaches were garrisoned with snipers, who were hidden behind sandbags. Kelly's ammunition shop at the corner of

Bachelor's Walk, and Hopkins's jewellery shop at the corner of Eden quay, were held in this way in great strength. Other houses on each side of Lower Sackville Street, and particularly those at the four corners of Abbey Street, were garrisoned in like manner, and then the work of provisioning the various garrisons having the Post Office as their centre was actively proceeded with, every variety of foodstuffs being commandeered at the point of the bayonet. All the telegraphic wires were cut, thus isolating the city from the rest of the country. The failure of the Volunteers to seize the Telephone Exchange in Crown Alley proved a great advantage to the military in dealing with the insurgents.

The proceedings at St. Stephen's Green Park was somewhat similar. At midday small groups of Sinn Fein Volunteers were standing about the entrance gates, and at a given signal they quietly walked inside, closed the gates, posted armed guards at them, and then set about clearing all civilians out of the Park. In half an hour the Park was cleared of non-combatants. The next move of the rebels was to take possession of a number of houses commanding the approaches, and amongst the places occupied were the Royal College of Surgeons at the corner of York Street, and Little's publichouse at the corner of Cuffe Street. The houses at other points were not so advantageously situated, but numerous snipers were placed in them.

ATTEMPT ON DUBLIN CASTLE

Dublin Castle, the headquarters of the Irish Executive, was attacked by a handful of Volunteers, and had any force of Sinn Feiners joined in the attack they would almost certainly have captured the Castle, as there were only a few soldiers on duty. A policeman on duty at the Upper Castle Yard was shot in cold blood, but the few soldiers came to the rescue and the invaders were driven off. Other bodies of rebels succeeded in taking possession of buildings overlooking the approaches to the Upper Castle Yard. In this way the offices of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail* were entered, and the staff were turned out at the point of the bayonet. The City Hall, the rear of which

commands the offices of the Chief Secretary's Department, the Prisons Board, and other Government offices, was also filled with snipers.

Simultaneously with these incidents, attempts were made to occupy the railway termini in the city. Westland Row Station and Harcourt Street Station were early in the possession of the rebels, and the rails on the Kingstown line were torn up at Lansdowne Road. The Harcourt Street Station was found unsuitable for defence, and was abandoned at three o'clock in the afternoon. Abortive attempts were made to secure Amiens Street Terminus, Kingsbridge Terminus, and Broadstone Terminus. Where they did not succeed in occupying the stations the rebels either attempted to blow up railway bridges or cut the lines, and nearly all the train communication with the city was stopped for a week.

WATCHING THE MILITARY

All the points in the city which were considered of strategical importance having been occupied by the rebels, their plans were further developed by the taking possession of positions controlling the approaches from military barracks. The Four Courts were early in their hands, and men were posted all over the building to attack troops which might approach along the quays from the direction of the Phoenix Park. The Four Courts Hotel, which adjoins the Courts, was garrisoned. On the bridges over the railway on the North Circular Road and Cabra Road strong barricades were erected. Liberty Hall was strongly held by the rebels, but the Custom House was left unmolested. Across the river, on the south side, Boland's Mill was fortified in every possible manner, and constituted a stronghold of great strategical importance. Round by Northumberland Road, Pembroke Road, and Lansdowne Road, private houses were occupied and garrisoned to resist the approach of reinforcements for the military from the Kingstown direction.

Portobello Bridge, which commands the approach to the city from the military barracks at that place, was the scene of a short, but severe fight, shortly after midday on Monday. The

rebels had taken possession of Davy's publichouse, which is close to the bridge and faces the barracks. Their presence was disclosed at an early stage by an attempt to capture an officer who happened to be passing over the bridge. He fortunately escaped and gave the alarm. A small number of soldiers was turned out at once, but was unable to dislodge the rebels. Strong reinforcements were sent out, and after a short and sharp fight the publichouse was carried, and the military remained in possession afterwards.

A WORKHOUSE AS FORT

At more remote places in the southern suburbs rebels had taken up positions of defence, but strong cavalry patrols hunted them from point to point, and finally dispersed them, though not until many of the soldiers had been wounded. The South Dublin Union in James's Street and a distillery in Marrowbone lane were two other strong points in the Sinn Fein plan. The workhouse was attacked by the military on Monday, and after a stiff fight, during which many casualties occurred on both sides, the remnant of the rebel garrison was driven into one part of the premises, where they maintained their struggle until Sunday.

Jacob's Biscuit Factory in Bishop Street, though it does not occupy a strategical position of any importance, was filled with foodstuffs of various descriptions, and probably in this respect it was deemed necessary to instal in it a large garrison, so as to make certain that supplies would be available for the rebels in other places. If this was the idea it never had the slightest chance of succeeding, as the factory was early in the week surrounded by a military cordon.

The foregoing are outlines of the position on the evening of the first day of the rebellion. Several instances of non-combatants being shot by Sinn Feiners took place during the day in various parts of the city. The most shocking was the shooting down of several members of the Veterans Corps on Haddington Road. A large muster of this corps had gone out on a route march to Ticknock, and when they were returning in the afternoon to their headquarters at Beggar's Bush Barracks they were ambushed in Haddington road by a body of Sinn Feiners,

who poured volleys of rifle shots into the ranks of the defenceless Veterans. Five were fatally, and many others seriously, wounded. The rest of the Veterans got to their barracks, where they had to remain until the following week.

LOOTING

On learning that several of his men had been shot by the rebels, the Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police ordered the withdrawal from the streets of the entire uniformed force within an hour or two of the outbreak. The "underworld" of the city quickly realised their opportunity, and first tackled the shops in Lower Sackville Street. The windows were smashed, and hordes of people crowded into the shops, returning with bundles of wearing apparel of all descriptions. Noblett's, at the corner of Earl Street, and Lemon's, in Lower Sackville Street, were tit-bits for the younger section of the roughs, who made merry with boxes of chocolates, sweets, etc., all the afternoon. The toy shops were also centres of great activity, and then having exhausted Lower Sackville Street the crowd swept round into Earl Street and Henry Street, where they found an abundance and variety that suited every taste. Boys and girls were swaggering about, dressed in the most fantastic apparel, and all had their arms full of mechanical and other toys, hockey and golf sticks, and all kinds of articles used in popular pastimes.

MILITARY REINFORCEMENTS

All through Monday night the military were hastily summoning reinforcements from the Curragh, Belfast, and England, and on Tuesday, April 25, these forces began to arrive in the city. Almost in every instance the soldiers could only be conveyed to within five or six miles of Dublin owing to the interruption of the railway communications, and the men had a long and exhausting march, carrying their full equipment, before they arrived at the barracks to which they had been posted. On the way they were sniped at by Sinn Feiners, and had to be continually on the alert to repel attack.

Meanwhile the available forces of the Crown had been engaged all Tuesday morning in conflict with the entrenched rebels, and many fiercely-contested engagements took place. At daybreak troops were posted in houses overlooking St. Stephen's Green Park, and a raking fire was sprayed from machine guns all over the Park, while soldiers picked off every rebel who showed himself. They still, however, managed to hold the Park in much reduced numbers. Another body of troops surrounded Cork Hill, and a fierce struggle took place for the possession of the *Daily Express* building. Artillery was brought into play, and prepared the way for a charge. This was carried out in gallant style by a detachment of the 5th Royal Dublin Fusiliers, under Second Lieutenant F. O'Neill, a terrible fight taking place on the only staircase leading to the upper rooms. Many casualties took place at this stage. The military ultimately carried the position, and either killed or captured the garrison.

ARTILLERY AT WORK

Later on Tuesday the positions occupied near Phibsborough were attacked. The barricades erected at the railway bridges on the North Circular and Cabra Roads were destroyed by gun fire, about forty casualties being reported and one hundred prisoners secured. These operations resulted in the whole of the North Circular road being in the hands of the military; the Sinn Feiners who escaped it ran for shelter in the direction of Glasnevin Cemetery. The military net was then drawn closer on the city from the North side, but no attempt was made that day to attack the rebels in their central "fortresses".

More looting took place in the streets in the vicinity of Nelson's Pillar. Messrs. Lawrence's large photographic and toy emporium in Upper Sackville Street was one of the principal places cleared. The crowd of looters had matters all their own way for hours, and revelled in the destruction of the property. Some exciting scenes were witnessed when the fireworks were brought out and exploded. Rockets rushed up in the air and burst with a

sound like a cannon, and all the smaller sorts of fireworks were thrown whizzing about amongst the crowd. Finally the premises were set on fire and burned to the ground.

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED

Martial Law was proclaimed in Dublin City and County on Tuesday night, April 25. On Wednesday, 26, the position of affairs was worse than before. The Sinn Feiners had been driven to the wall, and were fighting with desperation. More troops, with artillery, were continually arriving in the city, and after a short rest they were brought into action, but they had to fight for every foot of ground they gained. For the most part it was an unseen foe with whom they had to contend. At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning the Admiralty steamer Helga came up the Liffey, and bombarded Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Citizen Army. Owing to the Loop Line Bridge intervening between the ship and Liberty Hall, direct firing could not be brought to bear upon the building. The ship's gunners, however, dropped shells on the hall, the roof and interior of which were destroyed by bursting shells, but the outer shell of the house was not much injured by fire. The garrison escaped before the bombardment commenced. Artillery brought from Trinity College into Tara Street also shelled Liberty Hall.

By the afternoon of Wednesday the military were in possession of Brunswick Street, and all the district between that thoroughfare and the river and right up to D'Olier Street. Sentries were placed at the entrance of a lane leading from D'Olier Street to the Theatre Royal. The soldiers had not been long there before one of the snipers in Kelly's shop at the corner of Bachelor's Walk shot one of them dead. The military then brought a nine-pounder gun into position at Trinity College, facing D'Olier Street, and bombarded Kelly's corner. The appearance of artillery and the bombardment greatly alarmed the people who reside in the immediate vicinity. Kelly's shop was riddled with shot, and the garrison had to evacuate the position. One peculiar effect of the gunfire was noticed afterwards. A shell struck an electric light standard at the corner, and bored a hole

clean through the metal without bringing down the standard. Looting continued in the back streets all Wednesday, and in the evening several houses were set on fire.

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION

Bad as the previous day had been, the crisis reached its climax on Thursday and Friday. Artillery was brought into play at every point, and the air reverberated with nerve-wracking explosives. All day long the bombardment continued unceasingly, and each night the centre of the city was illuminated with great conflagrations. The Hotel Metropole and all that block of buildings for a long distance into Middle Abbey Street were burned down, including the *Freeman's Journal* and *Evening Telegraph* offices, Messrs. Easons, Messrs. Manfields, and Messrs. Thom's printing establishment. Then the General Post Office was given to the flames, and was destroyed – only the bare walls of this fine building remain. This particular fire extended down Henry Street as far as the large warehouse of Messrs. Arnott and Co., which remained intact, but was flooded with water. The Coliseum Theatre was also destroyed.

On the opposite side of Sackville Street all the shops were burned down from Hopkin's corner at O'Connell Bridge right up to the Tramway Company's offices at Cathedral Street. The fire extended backwards, and enveloped and destroyed almost all the houses between Eden Quay and Lower Abbey Street, down to Marlborough Street. These included the premises of the Royal Hibernian Academy, with its valuable collection of pictures, and the offices of the *Irish Cyclist*, while on the opposite side of Lower Abbey Street the branch of the Hibernian Bank, Mooney's publichouse, "the Ship" publichouse, and Union Chapel were consumed in the flames. Round in Sackville Street the scarred skeletons of the D.B.C. restaurant and Clery's Warehouse remained like sentinels in the midst of a scene of desolation that beggars description. The only bit of Lower Sackville Street left is the block of shops from Elvery's Elephant House to O'Connell Bridge on the right-hand side looking from the Pillar. The two corner houses on this block, however, were

seriously damaged, the one by artillery and the other (occupied by the Y.M.C.A. as a soldiers' supper room), by fire.

The whole of Sackville Street, from the Pillar to O'Connell Bridge, was thickly strewn with *débris*.

The world famous O'Connell Statue is but little injured. Several of the figures have been pitted with bullets, and the figure of the Liberator served as a billet for many bullets, one of them drilling a hole just over the right side.

COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION

On Saturday, April 29, P. H. Pearse, of St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham, one of the leaders of the rebels, who had been described as the "President" of the Irish Republic, surrendered on their behalf to General Lowe at the Headquarters of the Military Command at Parkgate.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

The following is a copy of the document signed by Pearse:

> In order to prevent further slaughter of unarmed people and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers, now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, members of the Provisional Government at present at headquarters have agreed to unconditional surrender, and the commanders of all units of the republican forces will order their followers to lay down their arms.
>
> (Signed) P. H. PEARSE
>
> 29 day of April, 1916.

> I agree to these conditions for the men only under my own command in the Moore Street district, and for the men in the Stephen's Green Command.
>
> April 29, 1916 JAMES CONNOLLY

> On consultation with Commandant Ceannt and other officers, I have decided to agree to unconditional surrender also.
>
> THOMAS MACDONAGH

CEASE FIRE

It was close on 4 o'clock on Saturday, April 29, when unexpectedly the order was given to the troops in the centre of the city to cease fire. and shortly afterwards it was officially announced that the rebel forces who held the General Post Office had decided to surrender unconditionally. What the "cease fire" imparted had been interpreted differently by different people and there was a general feeling of uncertainty on the point until the official statement lifted the matter out of the region of conjecture.

Courtsmartial were constituted, and the trials of the prisoners were proceeded with daily, until the principals had been sentenced, some to death, others to varying periods of penal servitude or imprisonment, while a large number of persons were arrested and deported to Engand.

A SCENE OF DESOLATION

The revolution having ended, the streets in the central parts of the city on Monday became comparatively safe during daylight, the citizens displayed great anxiety to see for themselves some of the damage that had been done. Residents outside the military cordon on the North side of the city were rigorously excluded from passing through, and on the South side a similar restriction, but not quite so strict, was in force. Those who lived within the cordon were in no way hindered from moving about and viewing the wreck of their once fine city. The spectators appeared as if spellbound when they came into view of Sackville Street. Here and there a cloud of smoke rose from a smouldering ruin. Only a few blackened walls remained of the whole range of business houses on one side of the street between Nelson's Pillar and O'Connell Bridge. On the other side of the street only the walls of the General Post Office remained, the Hotel Metropole was gone, and all the other business places from that point down to Elvery's Elephant House were destroyed.

CITY AGAIN NORMAL

By Wednesday, May 3, there were indications in almost every district that Dublin was returning to its normal condition. Shops

and offices were opened in every street, and business seemed to be proceeding in the usual way. Except at a few points where "snipers" and suspected persons were supposed to be concealed in private houses there were very few soldiers on the streets, which were once more under the control of the Metropolitan Police. There were welcome signs of an improved condition of life in Dublin, and of returning activity in the various departments of business and commerce. Tram and train services were gradually extended, and the authorities urged employes and workers in all occupations to return to work.

♣ EASTER WEEK DIARY

*of Miss Lilly Stokes**

EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1916

SUCH EXCITEMENT! DUBLIN IS IN THE HANDS OF THE Sinn Feiners. They have Harcourt Street and Westland Row Stations, Jacobs Factory, St. Stephen's Green and the G.P.O. where they have cut the telegraph wires, so we are absolutely cut off from the rest of the world.

They have blown up a bridge at Rush and pulled up the line on the way to Kingstown. They have blown up a tram, and of course no trams are running. All the shops are shut, Jacobs was full of Rebels and the Coal Stores too, which touches us on the quick for we have been living on borrowed coal since Friday, our usual routine at Eastertide! Now there is not a tumbler full of coal in the house. Mother has a man out hunting for it or turf, but I don't think he will get it.

I had a long day yesterday, Easter Monday, breakfasting at 8.15 a.m. I was over at the Hostel beside Phoenix Park, North Circular Road Gate, by 9 o'clock. After a heavy morning's cleaning (V.A.D. housemaiding), feeling like a dried hemlock from weariness, I walked down to the Quay tram, thinking it would be a quicker way of getting home. To my dismay, no trams! I thought it was some game of the Quay trams on Easter Monday. I noticed groups of excited looking people and asked if there was any chance of a tram. "No thrams, Miss, the Volunteers has the city, they have all the Stations taken, the Bank of Ireland, the General Post Office, the Castle and the Green, and they have killed two of the "Polis", blown up a thrain and all in it; sure Sackville Street is sthrewn with corpses, doan't make

**First published in* Nonplus (*Dublin, 1916*).

any mistake and get on a thram! There now, did you hear them? The Volunteers in Guinnesses Bathin' house, shootin' the soldiers – they are after shootin' two in the thram and the ladies in it with them."

This was exciting news, but I did not believe a quarter of it – one heard them shooting from the bathing house all right! I walked along the Quay past Guinness to the first bridge, where I joined a group of men at a Public House corner; it was all barred up, its inmates knocking at me to go on, go on, into safety – they didn't ask me inside! They were shooting pretty fast now from the bathing house, I couldn't see at what, till I saw the soldiers coming out from the Royal Barracks – they were running for the shelter of the Quay wall and bending low running across the bridge. My group got excited: "The Military, the Military comin' out, and their bayonets fixed. Lor' they'll take us for the Volunteers, and the Officers laden with their revolvers!" And as they crossed the bridge, we all began to cheer and wave our hats and shout orders to the soldiers: "Go round to the back, go round to the back, ye'll catch them there, kape in by the wall, ye'll be shot dead." We thought they were going to surround the bathing house but they evidently wanted to get to the Castle and thought they would get there by Parliament Street, but thought better of it as they neared the bathing house and came back by our side street. My crowd were greatly disgusted with them, having paid no attention to their orders. "There now, d'ye see that? Such muddlin', it is aisy believin' the muddlin' at the front".

I thought the safest way home would be to follow the soldiers, when two polite officers stopped and advised me to go round, so I cast back across the river behind the Four Courts, which had also been seized by the Volunteers. From the side streets I could see the soldiers doubling down Thomas Street, firing volleys, and on again – they got to the Castle all right with some casualties. I saw several Volunteer barricades made of cabs and boxes, hand-carts, anything that came handy, and coming up Parliament Street I saw the Volunteers on top of the "Express" office and on the house at the opposite corner of the street they were potting at anybody in uniform; they had killed a wounded

officer, back from the Dardanelles, as he was going back to the Castle Hospital, just before I came along.

I was making for St. Stephen's Green, by Grafton Street, when a very befuddled recruiting Sergeant at the Office there stopped me, putting his hand affectionately on my arm. "Listen to me Miss, ye'd better not go that way, the Germans have the Green and are after sendin' off a volley." I thanked him and slipped round by Dawson Street. Outside the Shelbourne they – the Volunteers – had a barricade. As I was passing, a splendid motor came whirling down the east side; it was instantly held up and ordered into the barricade. Out of it stepped a dignitary of the R.C. Church. The Volunteer saluted: "I beg your pardon, My Lord, but it is my orders." In the barricade there was a big dray (its horse shot dead close by), a side car, two motors and a big laundry van, out of which baskets had fallen, their contents lying about. There were only four Volunteers to be seen – we were told others were in trenches behind the Green gates. Another motor came flying into the trap, was held up and ordered in in the same way. Its owner refused and backed the car, the Rebels following threatening him with their guns. We all thought they would shoot him, but they shot his tyres instead. An elderly gentleman beside me turned, and said: "If those ruffians had shot him, I would have shot them", and showed me his revolver up his sleeve. I am glad he did not shoot, for he would certainly have been shot himself. I then went up to Leeson Street to stop any more cars running into the trap. I stopped one and then Mr. Lecky passed in his car and offered me a seat home, which I was glad to accept, being very hungry. I got home at 3 o'clock. Father and Mother had not heard a word of what was going on and had not noticed the firing.

As soon as I got something to eat, I went over to the Ducketts to telephone to Harrie and Maive who were in Howth, to come to Lansdowne Road Station, not knowing that the Sinn Feiners had Westland Row and that no trains were running – by great luck they got a viz to drive them in as far as Amiens Street. (I wonder what happened to all the Easter Monday trippers out there.) Then I returned to Leeson Street to stop the cars, but found that the Tram men were doing that, so I thought I would go round

to see what all the heavy firing I had heard in the Ship Street Barracks direction meant. It was quite safe to go, only the Police and Military were in danger and they were confined to Barracks. I went and looked at the Trenches at the Green gates; they were chiefly manned by children – lads of 16 or 17. I was told Ship Street was a wreck but found it normal, except for the excited crowds of women, and the soldiers being on the Barracks roof. Inside the gates they were standing ready, with bayonets fixed. When I got to the Castle I saw horrible signs of the morning's fighting. A Policeman and a Sentry had been shot here, the two first victims of the Rebellion. Volunteers were still on the roofs of the opposite houses. I went on to see Sackville Street and the Post Office, the windows of which were all smashed and barricaded up with Mail Bags. The mob had begun looting, they had emptied four shops, beginning with Nobletts Sweet Shop; they were looting a hat shop when I passed – a boy was standing in the big window, shooting out straw hats to the mob as if he were throwing cards into a hat. Everyone was throwing hats in the air, wearing pyramids of them or kicking them about. I suppose those sort of hats were no use to them. The Volunteers had nothing to say to the looting. There was another dead horse at the Pillar, belonging to a Lancer who was shot.

I went to the Provost's House, where the Mahaffeys gave me a welcome cup of tea. They had barred and shut themselves in. They told me Mr. Healy of the *Irish Times* said it was feared that the same state of affairs reigned in all the other towns, but of course nothing was known, the telegraph wires being cut. While at tea, Mr. Alton, the Fellow and an O.T.C. Captain, came in to ask for beer for the 30 Anzacs he had collected to help to defend the College. Being holiday time, most of the O.T.C.s were away, as were General Friend, Birrel (of course) and, I believe, every official but one – some on holidays, others at Fairyhouse Races. The Mahaffy's chef came in and told us he had just seen six men shot in Morehampton Road. I ventured to doubt his story – what would they be doing in Morehampton Road? – and said perhaps he meant Northumberland Road, but he said he would never make a mistake, he knew Dublin very well, so I came home by Northumberland Road, where the volunteers were in

possession of several houses, and shooting from the windows had killed four of the G.R. men and wounded seven. I stumbled on the spot where it happened.

April 25 – Maive, Harrie and I went down town to see how things were – no posts, no papers – it was impossible to stay indoors hearing firing in all directions and not knowing what was happening. We went to Stephen's Green, which was still in Rebel hands, though they were being kept in check by a machine gun on the top of the Shelbourne Hotel, which was all barricaded, its windows being bullet pocked – the windows of several shops smashed. We met Pauline and Kitty, the former troubled, for the "Little One" was expected home that day from Galway and they might not know the state of Dublin down there. I said I would go with her to the Broadstone, and we went by Sackville Street, which was a sight, shop after shop looted (Clery's untouched, full of Sinn Feiners). The street was deep in broken glass, cardboard boxes, bits of window-frames, papers, bashed hats, etc., etc. Across Abbey Street the Volunteers had a barricade of the contents of Keating's shop, hundreds of bicycles, tyres, wheels, everything piled one on the top of another. At the top of Talbot Street another barricade 12 feet high of furniture of every description. All the corner houses have been taken by the Volunteers and have been barricaded with mattresses and pillows. Such young boy faces looking along their gun barrels watching – they had strands of barbed wire across the street, sentries guarding it; one of them was in full uniform, the first I have seen in uniform.

They had barricaded the Post Office a great deal more – the looting was in full swing – Lawrences' Toy shop was ransacked. From the upper windows they were dropping down pictures, frames, cameras, to the crowd below. They were looting other shops round the side street by the Tram Office. I saw squibs being thrown, loot from Lawrences, which probably was the cause of the fire which burnt it to the ground – it was not pleasant to see that mob.

We were told we could not possibly get to the Broadstone as it was in the Volunteers' hands, which proved a false rumour, for

the Station had always been in the Station hands; they also had a few Military there. We were told no trains were running, which was a comfort. Three Officers returning from leave were caught in the Broadstone – they got safely out of it disguised as Priests. That makes me think of Bishop Donnelly of Haddington Road yesterday. The Sinn Feiners would not allow the wounded soldiers to be removed from where they fell; he went out and, standing over the wounded, called out that he would remain there till they had all been removed – he is a fine old gentleman.

Coming away from the Broadstone, we met women staggering under the loot they had collected. The Police and Military were still confined to Barracks, waiting for reinforcements, so there was no one to stop the looting. The mass of the people were perfectly peaceful and orderly, puzzled as to what it all meant and how far it would go. All shops within the boundaries shut.

The sound of firing was continuous from all directions. The Rising had been a complete surprise to the greater number of Sinn Feiners. No one knew how many were under arms. They came quietly into town, as Easter Monday trippers, and went in small parties to every part of the town, attracting no attention. At 12 o'clock they seized what houses they wanted. The G.P.O. was full of Sinn Feiners and was easily taken – the Land Commission also, which I suppose helped them to take the Four Courts. They got Harcourt Street Station, Westland Row, Jacobs, Bolands Mill and Bakery, the Green, the College of Surgeons, besides numbers of dwelling houses. They have their green flag with Irish Republic in gold across it flying from the G.P.O. – also on the College of Surgeons.

What they hope to accomplish, one has no idea. The Government were warned that this was brewing for Easter Monday. The names of the leaders were sent to Birrel, but he refused to allow them to be arrested till they had actually broken the law, though they were known to be plotting rebellion. The Police were not even allowed to carry firearms. General Friend got back from England Tuesday morning; that evening the soldiers landed at Kingstown.

WEDNESDAY 26 – Started with heavy gun fire. Mother thought

it was: "And those poor kindly Sinn Feiners we have lived beside for years, being shot down in the Park, and that they are not Sinn Feiners at all but Larkinites." We heard later it was a gun boat shelling Liberty Hall from the River. A number of Rebels were killed, and in the morning we got down to the Post Office in Dame Street, but could go no further. We could see the O.T.C. on the College roof; they were firing up Dame Street and down Westmoreland Street, at Hopkins and Kellys, from where the Volunteers were firing. The windows of T.C.D. were all sand-bagged – an occasional shot went up Grafton Street to warn the crowd from collecting. The Military shelled and took the Express Office and the Exchange. We secured a paper with nothing in it except the Proclamation of Martial Law. Not a word of news from abroad. We don't know if Kut has fallen, or if America has declared war, what is happening in East Africa or in France. We hear rumours of the German Fleet being out. In the afternoon we went to Ballsbridge and watched the soldiers coming in – thousands of them. A Division had been sent over, it was ready to go to France on Monday. The men thought they were in France when they arrived at Kingstown, calling out "Bon jour" to the people. They had a number of prisoners at Ballsbridge, among them some women; most of them looked the labouring class.

We heard the soldiers had had nothing to eat since they landed. They had had a long march from Kingstown carrying their heavy packs. They looked weary, so Maive, Pauline and I came back and Mother gave us two grand cans of tea, which we took to them by the Elgin Road lane, but alas! we could not give it to them, for they had just begun advancing down Northumberland Road. They had cleared the Rebels out of Carrisbrook House at the corner of Pembroke and Northumberland Roads – there were eight dead inside it. One soldier was killed. We saw the soldiers being sniped at, but none shot, the soldiers returning the fire as they advanced.

The noise of the firing and bombing was tremendous. They took the corner house in Haddington Road after an obstinate fight – they bombed it. They say there were 36 dead men, women and children in it who had all been fighting. It was from that

house on Monday they fired on the unsuspecting and unarmed G.R.s who were returning from a Route March, killing four and wounding seven, one of whom – Mr. Frank Browning – died afterwards. There was heavy fighting about Mount Street Bridge. The Sinn Feiners were in the School House and had a machine gun in the corner house of Lower Mount Street and Clanwilliam Place. The Sherwood Foresters stumbled into the trap and were mown down, over 100 of them on the bridge. Poor boys, many of them had only had six weeks training, and some of them had never shot anything but blank cartridge before. They finally bombed out the four Clanwilliam Place houses.

THURSDAY 27 – Maive, Lizzie and I started early to get some stores. Nearly all the shops were shut. We had to wait our turn outside a closed and shuttered Findlaters. When we got in, we were only allowed small quantities – however, by the time we got out, we could hardly stagger along with our baskets. All the meat has been commandeered by the Military, as no trains are running. We are in a state of siege.

Mercifully we got a small cart of turf yesterday, and Bess sent us in three bags of coal.

While I am writing there is a heavy gun firing. It can't be far off, for I heard the whiz of its shells. What can it be firing at?

There! I heard a rifle shot in this road. You can't tell in which houses the Volunteers are – they march into any house they please and either turn the inmates out, or make them temporary prisoners. They dropped through the skylight into the Lynches house in Leeson Street at four o'clock in the morning. Old Mrs. Lynch is an invalid. They begged her not to be nervous but said that she and the rest of the household must clear out in an hour, which they did, taking refuge with the Lynches in Merrion Square. Hardly were they there than the Military came banging, searching the house for Sinn Feiners reported to have been seen going in. In the same way the Rebels occupied Judge Andrews' house, Lady Morris's, and the McCanns, all in Lower Leeson Street.

There is a sniper close here, he keeps popping all night, keeping

up his spirits. Great shooting going on – here are the soldiers, clearing the streets. I have just run down to succour two ladies on bikes. They tell us they are shelling Bolands, those were the shells I heard.

The soldiers are very suspicious about Mrs. Duckett's house opposite, because it is so shuttered. She has come out to talk to them and is imploring them to come and search her house. She is assuring them there is no danger from anybody in this road: "Except, oh yes, that house – Mrs. Earle's, she is a suffragette, you might look there."

A soldier on a bicycle shouting "Battle Order", Battle Order"! It sounds horrible, but apparently only means to remove packs.

They are searching the houses for that sniper. I whispered from the window to the soldier at our gate: "Shall I make you a cup of tea?" for I had heard them refuse all offers of refreshments as against orders. He closed an eye and signed significantly with his thumb meaning "Yes, if done sub-rosa". I made him a bowl in no time and the Sergeant shared it. He said if I could make some more and put it behind the door of the next door (empty) house, he would send the boys to "search it". They had had nothing but bully beef and biscuit for 48 hours, and had just marched from Kingstown with their heavy packs in the heat. The next door house was searched at least ten times – it looked a very suspicious one for snipers! More would have searched it if they had not been afraid of attracting the Officer's attention.

Still Thursday. All the afternoon they have been fighting round Bolands, shelling and bombing. The latter make a dreadful noise – we have not got it yet. It is near midnight, there is a huge fire blazing in the direction of Stephen's Green; it may be Jacobs, or the College of Surgeons. We hear a big explosion, the blazing sparks thrown high in the air. I can't go to bed with this roar going on, of machine guns, rifle, gun and bomb still in the direction of Bolands.

There are no lights in the streets; our sniper still at it, I am afraid he must be mad, for he certainly can't see anything. I wish I could stop him.

Henry got home last night. He went fishing on Sunday and could not get back till Wednesday, when he bicycled the 50

miles. I hear he has been commandeered for the Castle Hospital where he has to sleep. The Solicitor General is there, too.

The Adelaide Hospital has been isolated for the last two days – anybody approaching it being shot at from Jacobs. Yesterday 60 wounded were taken into Baggot Street Hospital – and the fighting had only begun. They can only keep the bad cases – the dead are buried in the Hospital garden or anywhere, without coffins or ceremony – three soldiers are buried in St. Bartholomew's. Maive and Harrie covered the graves with flowers this morning. The Rebels have been cleared out of Stephen's Green – their dead are buried in their trenches.

FRIDAY 28 – The firing has never ceased – the fire is still raging. We hear that the North side of Sackville Street has been burnt from Talbot Street to the Quay – also Harrie and Maive spent the day collecting every conceivable thing for two new hospitals in Fitzwilliam Street and the Square – people gave generously. Mrs. Duckett's is the gathering place. Mr. and Mrs. Bagwell have been hit, driving in their motor – Mr. George May, Willie Lawson also. The poor Oulton girl of 20 has had to have her leg amputated.

SATURDAY 29 – I got up early to try and get some flour and butter in Ranelagh where I had heard it was to be had. There was none and very little of anything left. I got some biscuits, pea flour, chocolate, etc. – most shops sold out and shut – everybody was glad to sell for fear of being looted. Every baker's cart had a crowd round it – streams and streams of people coming out of town in search of bread – no bread or flour in the city. I think Johnston, Mooney are the only bakers baking. The fires are still burning. It is a beautiful sight at night, if one did not know the misery it means. Our sniper still wakeful, he is somewhere in the back lane. I went to Merrion Square and was glad when I got there. I tripped with mincing steps down Fitzwilliam Street and Merrion Square for fear they might take me for a man in disguise.

There are five soldiers and 16 civilians wounded in No. 40; one little fellow of 12 shot through the abdomen while giving a wounded soldier water, and an old man of 80 – he is dying. Several shots have struck No. 40. They have mattressed up the

windows of the wards. It is dangerous to look out of the window. A servant girl in Upper Mount Street was shot through her head, at her window, this morning.

The Sinn Feiners were in Dr. Dempsey's house at the corner of Lower Mount Street and Merrion Square. The soldiers sent volley after volley into it, then rushed it. They found blood everywhere, but not a soul in it. The soldiers are convinced that there is an underground passage between the houses, and that everyone in Merrion Square is in league with the Volunteers. No. 40 had to give a very clear and exact account of itself – what right it had to be a hospital! Two maddening snipers have been sniping at each other all day – I don't think much of their shooting! W could see the soldier on the Lower Mount Street roof. The soldiers' bullets make a higher note than the Sinn Feiners'! Lady Woods made me go into lunch and tea; they live next door and are so nice. They are housing all the night nurses, besides lending a quantity of things to the Hospital.

About 6 o'clock a telephone came through to the Hospital from Headquarters that Pearse, one of the leaders, and his men had surrendered unconditionally, in the Four Courts. What a mercy and a relief – it remains to be seen if all the others will follow suit. The G.P.O., Jacobs and Bolands are still in their hands.

When I got home, there was Adrian and a Canadian friend. They had reached Kingstown in the morning and could not get up till late afternoon. Ady had been commandeered to sign passes. When they left England they knew there had been a disturbance but thought it was little more than a strike row (the English papers had made so little of it), and that it was well in hand. Captain Ellis had gathered some inkling of the real state of affairs from men on board, but when he went down to tell Ady, Ady scoffed at him: "Such rot! The Sinn Feiners are only a small party of intelligent thinking men, not more than 1,400 of them." Adrian has not lived in Ireland for nearly three years. It was too bad their coming over, though it was a pleasure to see them, but of course they could not stay, their uniforms were targets; besides, the Military have started a system of passes which makes us prisoners till we get one – they have to be renewed each day.

The G.P.O. has fallen, it was bombed and shelled, which set it on fire. Connolly, the Rebel Commander in Chief, has been taken prisoner. Thirty were killed as they tried to escape. The Volunteers took an Indian medical man a prisoner on Monday. He looked after their wounded; he managed to get all out of the burning building, breaking a way into the Coliseum for them. They had a great store of drugs in the G.P.O. – hundreds of pounds worth and not a drop of morphia among them.

Connolly is Henry's patient, with a fractured ankle and a wound in the arm. He carried on the defence of the G.P.O. for two days. Henry was asked how many men would be sufficient to guard him, considering his condition. He said one. After some hours he went back to see how he was getting on, and found seven soldiers with fixed bayonets in the room, and one outside. Henry protested, and said they must go out. Authority said: "No" it was orders. Henry said he would give up the case. At last, after a couple of hours, somebody came, to verify Connolly's position, and it was found that the order had been, one guard in the room and seven outside, but I suppose the seven were curious! Countess Markievicz is a prisoner in the Castle – she is known to have shot two men.

SUNDAY 30 – Ady slept at Mrs. Ducketts. Captain Ellis here – the latter was greatly entertained with Mrs. Duckett and Mrs. Earle, former deadly enemies, Mrs. Earle being a suffragette and an R.C., now friendly over the collection for the Hospitals. Mrs. Earle reminded Mrs. Duckett of the time when she was being watched by detectives as a suffragette, when she told them to: "Shoot her, shoot her, shoot her grey hairs!" "Oh, no! I never said that, I never said grey hairs, I never said that of any man or woman. I'd never say anything so disrespectful." The shooting part did not seem to matter at all. Mrs. Earle is a brave woman. Yesterday she wanted to get some chickens to the wounded in Dun's Hospital, which is one of the worst parts of the fighting; she asked a priest if he would bring them, he refused for it was very dangerous, and tried to dissuade her from going, but she insisted, first asking his blessing. "Ye'll know me, Father, for the woman with a hole in the heel of her stocking, if I don't get

through." She went and got a bullet through her hat. "Oh, Miss Stokes darlin', I'm no good, no good to anyone at all since it happened, when a shot went near me this morning, on me way to Chapel, I nearly dropped with the fright." I never met her before, but since Monday, everybody knows everybody; everybody is out on the road talking, or camping on their doorsteps.

After breakfast we went down to Ballsbridge to try and get passes. Harrie wanted to get down to Fitzwilliam Square, where she had promised to cook for an hospital. Ady wanted to go there too, on the chance of seeing Henry. Harrie got her pass, he was refused, and rightly, for it is madness for Officers to go about. Harrie had to run the gauntlet of bullets, it was madness. She crossed the Lock Bridge and by the poor Fane Vernon's house just as it was getting a bombardment of bullets from the Military who, seeing a big bath sponge swinging in the bathroom window to dry, took it for a sniper peeping. Rumour also said there were Sinn Feiners in the house, it being a corner and a likely one for them, the soldiers believed, and riddled the house with bullets. The furniture and pictures were badly injured – mercifully none of them were hurt, except a slight flesh wound Mrs. Fane Vernon got.

We spent the morning sitting on the door steps. Olive came over and Lady La Touche's pretty Canadian niece, who was in great anxiety to get back to England, having had news that her only brother had been wounded in Mesapotamia, and knowing the anxiety of her people at her being over here. Captain Ellis and Ady at once volunteered to escort her as far as Conway, where they are going to spend the rest of their leave. Mr. Fottrell offered to drive them to Kingstown in his car. After lunch we went down to get their passes. Ady is a great old "fuss bag" – he would not let us hang round Ballsbridge, "obstructing the Military" – a most interesting place, all sorts of things to be seen there; so we had to quietly come home. Luckily he walked on ahead with Father, and when he thought it safe we – Maive, Captain Ellis, the pretty girl and I – nipped back and were just in time to see 70 prisoners from Bolands march past, fine looking fellows, swinging along in good step. Of course they looked

shabby and dirty, they had been fighting for seven days. Until I saw them I thought they ought to be shot, but I don't know – it would be terrible waste of material, if it was nothing else – it made one miserable to see them.

The leader in Bolands was a fine looking man called the Mexican, he is educated and speaks like a gentleman. The Military have all the important buildings and the Railway Stations in their hands now, but there are numbers of snipers hidden everywhere still. Captain Ellis thought he saw one sniper in the Lane – he heard the whiz of his bullet and saw a man running round a stable corner, where I thought I had seen signalling while watching the glare of the fires.

Mrs. Earle told me to-day Miss X of 31 cooked for the Rebels in Stephen's Green. The poor Xs, they have just lost a third son at the Front.

Ady and Captain Ellis went off in great spirits with their fair charge.

Monday May 1 – Maive and I tried for passes. We went early but there was a long queue before us; we waited and waited, until at last there was a move, and then such a rough push that we decided to try our luck without one. While waiting there, a heavily-veiled, ragged, black figure rode up on a bike, also trying for a pass. I thought I recognised Miss X, but her appearance and rags were such I could not be sure, so I addressed her by name, and she answered. I did not know what to do, and consulted Maive. We both thought she should not be allowed to get a pass. At the Bridge I gave her description to an officer, and feel a brute for having done so. He allowed us to pass the Sentry, but the Sentry was so doubtful of our getting out of town again that Maive did not come.

I found they had mounted a maxim on 37 Merrion Square with which they were raking the Grove-White's house in Mount Street Crescent very ineffectually for they never stopped the answering puffs of smoke from the Sinn Feiners. It was absurd waste of ammunition, they had two slits of windows 300 yards away to aim at. Beside the maxim we had a sniper watching them.

We heard there were Rebel snipers on the roof of 42 or in the chimneys. A poor young soldier downstairs who had had his leg amputated screamed at the shooting. I think he was still under the influence of morphia. The old man died last night, also a soldier. Just as Pauline was starting back to Kitty's for lunch, a young civilian was brought to the door on a stretcher. He was dead, shot at Mount Street Crescent; another man with him was badly wounded, and a second man was killed there shortly afterwards. When will this wickedness stop? I did not let Pauline go, it was too dangerous. Lady Woods made us stay to tea; while there, Miss Pigott, who is nursing in 40, came in to say that it was now possible and quite safe to go down to Sackville Street. After some hesitation we all said we would go. One felt reluctant to go and see the misery of the town as a sight. Sir Robert and Lady Woods, Misses Woods and Pigott, Pauline, the two boys and myself went. The streets were crowded with soldiers all chaffing and laughing. They said of us: "I sai, 'ere is a charming Brigade" (our white overalls and veils looked remarkable). People had provided them with soap, towels and water and they were having a grand clean-up on the Merrion Square steps. Their headquarters are in No. 10, they were with the Mahaffys in the Provost's House. The soldiers have been camping out in the streets – luckily the weather has been lovely, but I think they ought to have been billetted.

As we got near T.C.D. the place was thronged. We had to keep to the left hand side of the street, while the returning throng came back by the right. Everyone looked stern and miserable. I had heard Sackville Street was a terrible sight, but I never could have imagined it as bad as it was. Hopkins, the silver smith, is a tumbled heap of stone, then the stark walls of the gutted D.B.C., then piles of bricks which used to be houses. The Hibernian Academy is burnt with the Spring Collection of pictures, many of them loaned and valuable ones. Nothing is saved, but the awful thing is that Mr. Kavanagh is believed to have been burnt in the building. No trace can be heard of him anywhere. Numbers have been burnt – 19 horses belonging to Clery, one lived through it – a miracle. There is nothing left of Clerys except the front decorated wall, no side walls supporting it. It is dreadfully

dangerous, as is all the burnt area, for the walls are constantly falling. Henry Street and Moore Street are impassable with fallen masonry.

The barricades were the means of leading the fires from one street to another. How the Volunteers held out in the G.P.O. with raging fires all round them! The heat must have been awful. The iron girders in the Hotel Metropole is all that remains of it, but a velvet chair standing out in the street. The big, new Coliseum Theatre in Henry Street gone, and all the shops between it and the G.P.O. on the other side of the street – as far as I could guess, from Hampdon and Leedoms up. There was a horrible smell everywhere.

Two of the Rebels were found lying hand in hand, dead in Moore Street. One had been shot through the chest and had tried to staunch the blood with his handkerchief. Someone had thrown a green flag over them. One has some idea now how the Belgians and French feel, seeing their towns laid in ruins. Over 180 buildings have been burnt.

We came home through T.C.D. The Commissariat are in the Square, they looked so picturesque, horses and men on the grass under the trees, with the flecks of sunlight dancing on them. The soldiers are watering all the side streets from behind barricades. I had great difficulty getting home – nothing would persuade the Sentry to let me pass the bridge. I told him the Officer had let me pass in the morning. Alas! there was no officer now. The Sentry said perhaps I could get a pass at Lad Lane, the Police Barracks. I tried, but they told me the Military had told them to give no passes to anyone after 1 p.m. I was most moving, but of course I understood they could not melt. To my joy and relief, a darling plain-clothes man came to my assistance and said: "If I came with him, perhaps I could get you through," and he did – he had a general pass.

TUESDAY 2 – Women go where they like without passes. Men still have to wait ages for theirs. Sniping still continues. The Military are having a house to house search for Rebels and ammunition. Already 1,000 prisoners have been sent to England.

They have found a lot of guns and ammunition – amongst

others, those belonging to our sniper in the Lane, he has escaped. They have been using Dum dum bullets. Henry says the wounds have been very bad, and there are many deaths.

WEDNESDAY 3 – Pearse, Clarke and D . . . . . , leaders were sentenced by Court Martial and shot this morning.

♣ DUBLIN REBELLION

PRESTONIAN'S THRILLING EXPERIENCES

VIVID NARRATIVE OF EVENTS IN THE CITY

EYE WITNESS OF MANY EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENTS

From Preston Herald *May 6, 1916*
[Censored by the Press Bureau]

AN EYE-WITNESS OF SOME OF THE MOST THRILLING EVENTS which occurred during the first three days of the Irish rebellion gave a vivid narrative to a *Preston Herald* representative. This was Mr J. F. Cronin, president of the Preston Irish Literary Society, who had gone home to Dublin to spend Easter with his people, on the day before Good Friday. His home is about two miles from the centre of the city.

THE POLICEMAN'S CHANGED GAIT

"About the time the outbreak occurred," he says, "I took a penny tram to the city, which I reached about 12.20. – I had been attracted by seeing about 100 fellows up a side street. They seemed to be nearly all lads. – I noticed that the gates of St. Stephen's Green had been shut, and that three or four armed Sinn Feiners were inside, and the public outside. But nobody seemed to think that there was anything extraordinary happening. I got down at the corner of Grafton Street, and was astonished to see a policeman come up the street from College Green, hurrying as I never before saw an Irish policeman – they generally take their time

very deliberately. Going up to another policeman, he said something quickly, and then hurried on, the second policeman leisurely continuing his patrol as though nothing had happened. I remarked it to my sister at the time.

"NOT HIS POST OFFICE!"

"The incident came back to me afterwards very forcibly when I was told that a policeman had rushed up to another about this point and said, "The Sinn Feiners have collared the Post Office", to which the second constable replied, "Begorra, that's queer work", and then continued his slow march unconcernedly.

HUSTLED OUT OF THE POST OFFICE

"Taking another tram, I got off at the Post Office, where there was a small crowd gathered outside. On the steps were three Sinn Feiners armed with rifles. Then I realised there was something doing, and I thought I would get into the Post Office and look around. The three fellows did not stop me, and I got through the swing doors, but a fellow inside pulled me up. Who are you? he asked, and I tried to look innocent, and said I had come to get some stamps. He said, Get out of here, and gave me a push and ran me out at the front of a revolver. That man was very like Connolly, but I won't swear to him.

SMASHING POST OFFICE WINDOWS

"By the time I got out again the windows were being smashed with the butt-end of rifles. That was about 12.30. They were giving out handbills, and I thought it wiser not to put one in my pocket. I proceeded on my journey, and returned in about half an hour. The trams had then ceased running, but I managed to get home.

EARLY HOSTILITIES

"Meantime my father went into the town about 12.30 taking the car towards Phoenix Park, and he came to where the Sinn Feiners were firing across the river. He found a lot of women and

children crying, and got them into Arran Quay Church out of the way. Then he proceeded on his own way, and saw a platoon of soldiers come from the Royal Barracks and march down the quay until they came opposite a lot of sheds on the other side of the river from which firing was taking place. He saw one of the soldiers fall, and then the other men got under the quay wall. As the soldiers came along the people cheered them, being delighted to see them. Another platoon came from the barracks, but this lot got on the same side of the river as the sheds, and went out of sight, as though they were trying to get behind the sheds.

BARRICADED STREET

"My father tried then to get back home, but he could not get through the main streets, and had to take to the back streets. He got into Clanbrassil Street, and there he found one of the narrow streets barricaded with overturned cars, wheelbarrows, etc. There were two barricades about twenty yards apart, and the Sinn Feiners were between them. However, they allowed him to go through, and he got forward to Portobello Bridge where he saw a remarkable incident.

"About half-a-dozen fellows, armed with rifles and bayonets, were coming towards the slope of the bridge, and behind them was a Military officer on horseback. The rebels evidently did not know he was behind them, and he was obviously ignorant of the state of affairs. Anyhow, he was about to ride past them when they turned on him, and he prudently backed away. They did not attempt to fire at the officer or to injure him, being apparently satisfied when he turned back. Those men went into a corner wine stores, Davy's.

FIGHT ACROSS THE CANAL

"At this point fighting took place across the canal, and the inhabitants coming from the city got on the bridge between the two fires. One man cycling up, in ignorance of the turn of events, got off his machine to question a policeman, and immediately the latter was shot in the arm. My father also saw a little boy shot at

this place. Davy's was cleared the same afternoon by the military, who also took possession of the bridge and stopped all traffic over it. I myself saw a soldier up a tree there in the afternoon, when Davy's public house was pitted with bullet marks.

THE BULLET THAT DIDN'T COME

"On hearing my father's story, I set off in the afternoon to find the barricades. As I walked up to the first of these one of the fellows eyed me suspiciously, and nodded rather suggestively to the others, but I strode up to it, though not feeling particularly comfortable, looked at it and turned back. I rather expected getting something in the back, but I got away all right.

"On Tuesday morning I was to have returned to England, so I drove down to Westland Row Station, but found it barricaded and guarded by rebels, so I had to go back. I overtook a battalion of soldiers marching in that direction, but I don't know where they had come from. I went back home to breakfast, and later went up to O'Connell Street (Sackville Street). The Sinn Feiners were then in possession of practically every house on the right-hand side from the river up to the pillar, and I stood in front of the Post Office and watched them.

BARBED WIRE ACROSS THE STREET

"They had put two strands of barbed wire across the street, in front of the Post Office, about seven or eight feet high. This was evidently intended to catch cavalry in the dark. There were neither soldiers nor police to be seen.

"The windows of the Post Office were barricaded with chairs and mailbags. You could see the young fellows sitting with rifles, and people looking on in curiosity, Lawrence's shop was on fire, as also was Tyler's boot stores. I thought it was getting warm, so I went towards home, and as I moved off I heard the sound of artillery.

EXTRAORDINARY CROWD

"I never saw such a cool crowd in my life. The prevailing note seemed to be curiosity. Alarm or panic seemed to be quite absent.

"On Tuesday evening I got to St. Stephen's Green. As I stood there I saw that as every motor-car came along a fellow ran out from the building and stopped it, a barricade being ultimately built of about nine motor cars. They forgot to stop the engine of one of these, and it was going all night with all its lights full on.

"I saw Sinn Feiners get into captured motor-cars and drive away with them.

A CUTE POLICY

"The policy of the rebels seemed to be to get hold of corner houses which commanded streets. One fellow, evidently an "officer" came out of a house in York Street, and they threw him pillows and overcoats and so on, and he marched off to the middle of the road to settle down for the night.

"About seven o'clock I went into O'Connell Street. There was a crowd looking on, rather a poor-class crowd. About half a dozen shops had been cleared out. Even an Irish shop was ransacked.

SINN FEINERS NOT LOOTERS

"I am sure that up to that period at least the looters were not Sinn Feiners. I saw them put two armed men in front of shops to prevent looting. I heard of two-guinea boots going for eighteen pence, and of women in back alleys wearing seal-skin coats, and I myself saw urchins with tambourines and new umbrellas.

SILK HATTED LORRY DRIVERS

"One amusing sight I witnessed was two four-wheeled coaches, followed by two lorries filled high with vegetables, with Sinn Feiners sitting on the top and the drivers in silk hats and elaborate uniforms. The coaches and their drivers must have been commandeered.

"The visitors to the Hotel Metropole and the waitresses were looking down on the scene, with the Sinn Feiners sitting on the balconies on the first floor and the crowd gazing at them from the

glass-strewn street below. The fire brigade was pumping water into Lawrence's. There was then no military or police about.

A WARM CORNER

"I was wakened at five o'clock on Wednesday morning by the firing of machine guns. About nine o'clock I went on my bicycle to Kingstown to inquire about getting back over the water. There were plenty of people on the same errand. I met some troops, including cyclists. When I got back I walked from Nassau Street round the front of College Green, and saw the military firing from Trinity College right up into O'Connell Street. Then I got round by Sinclair Road to the end of O'Connell Bridge, where there was a crowd of about 100 of us, and the bullets were hitting the wall above us.

NO STAYING INDOORS

"I turned out again on Wednesday afternoon – one could not stay indoors – where firing was still going on, and into Lower Mount Street. From a big detached house the Sinn Feiners were firing out of one of the windows. It was here that the incident of the little heroine took place of which I was a witness.

THE LITTLE HEROINE

"I saw a soldier lying on the canal bridge apparently dead. Suddenly a woman came out into the open with what looked like a blue enamel jug. She ran down the canal bank into the firing zone and disappeared from view. Then a poor girl ran out on to the bridge while yet the bullets from rifles and revolvers were flying thickly from both sides. She put up both her hands, and almost instantly the firing ceased. Again the woman turned up, and she and the girl picked up the soldier, others then going out from the crowd to help to bring him in. He was taken into Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.

HER EXAMPLE EMULATED

"It was a throbbing incident that brought tears to the eyes,

and the crowd cheered the little heroine. Several more soldiers were hit, and again the little girl ran out and brought them in time after time. I saw about eight soldiers taken into that hospital wounded, and I helped one in myself along with others of the crowd. The man I helped with was reached by a little girl before we got him in, and she pushed an apron down his trousers to staunch the blood. He was shot in the small of the back and in the thigh. He was a Sherwood Forester, and the little girl was crying over him.

THE PEOPLE AND THE SOLDIERS

"I turned back out of Crown Street and took two left turns to get to Baggot Street. In my new position I could not see the house, but I could see the soldiers, who were lying in the shelter of the railings popping away at the house. I saw a man cross the road with his hands up. I got on my "bike" and got within a hundred yards of the place, where there was another little bridge over the canal. This bridge was lined with soldiers, and the local residents were on the road bringing out trays with refreshments and cigarettes for the soldiers. I saw the military give a rifle to one old chap, a civilian, who I suppose must have been an old soldier, and he started blazing way, while a dog he had with him kept up a vigorous barking.

TERRIBLE FUSILADE

"The fusilade became terrible here, chimney pots and things were dropping, and then a big gun got to work from somewhere. We were supposed to be out of range but I saw one man suddenly whip his sleeve up – he had got a graze, I suppose – and an officer came to order us away just as we became aware that the Sinn Feiners had got on the roof of a house. In that locality I saw nurses carry away 20 or 30 wounded. It was getting dusk when I left, and the firing was still going on.

WHO WERE THE REBELS?

Asked for his opinion of the rebels as a class, Mr. Cronin said a very big proportion were mere boys of 16 and all of them were

of the poorer classes – the Larkin crowd. There were no well-dressed men amongst them, although the Sinn Fein movement has within it a great number of better-class people. He saw one lad so small he could not keep pace with the others he was marching with. He heard it declared there were few Dublin followers amongst them. He saw many Sinn Feiners in the crowd who had kept out of the rising. He believes the rebels for the most part did not know what they were going into, but that a few Socialists of the most violent type used them as tools, and that they thought they were just out for the usual drill until they found themselves "in the soup", as it were.

REPUBLICAN FLAGS HOISTED

"Within an hour of the rising" added Mr. Cronin, "the Irish Republican flag and another flag I did not know, a green, white and pink affair, were flying from the Post Office.

THE COUNTESS COMMANDER

"A nurse I know in St. Vincent Hospital told me she saw Countess Markievicz in male attire commanding the fellows on the Green; also that the military refused to allow wounded Sinn Feiners to be taken into the hospital. A lad of 17 who did get in, a very poor lad, was asked how he came to get into the business, and he said he did not know.

SOME INCIDENTS

"The Sinn Feiners had taken possession of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one fellow who was brought out from there went away in an ambulance with a priest.

"When the insurgents found a lancer dying, during Monday, they brought a priest to him. I could get no confirmation of the stories of priests being killed, but one priest whose name was mentioned in that way, I ascertained, was alive and well.

"I heard that Father Fitzgerald, accompanied by an escort of his own congregation, went to the Post Office and asked the rebels to come out, but they refused. They had gone too far then, of course.

SOLDIERS WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE IN FRANCE

"The inhabitants everywhere hailed the troops with delight, and all along the route from the landing stage the soldiers were handed out refreshments and cigarettes.

"The troops who landed on Thursday morning, after travelling all night, did not know where they were. One asked me if he was at Le Havre. Most of them thought they were in France. One was going to send a postcard home from "Somewhere in France" till he got enlightened."

LIKE UNDESIRABLE ALIENS

Describing the difficulty of getting away on Thursday. Mr. Cronin said he was marched with about 30 or 40 others, led by a policeman, to a boat, "like a lot of undesirable aliens being deported." They had to undergo various scrutinies, searchings, and cross-examinations. One man was coming to Liverpool to get to Cork, being unable to make the journey by rail from Dublin.

Mr. Cronin, sen., came to England at the week-end. He states that the detached house referred to as one of the Sinn Feiners' forts on Wednesday was ultimately taken by the aid of hand grenades, and he heard that 17 prisoners were secured there.

FOOD GETTING SCARCE

Food was getting very scarce towards the week-end. On Thursday butter was said to be 4s. a lb. in Kingstown, and people were standing in queues outside the provision shops, to be let in one by one. Only one newspaper, the "Irish Times", was published, and it contained nothing about the rebellion. It stated that there had been a fire in Lawrence's, but gave no cause. There was no news of any sort from the outside world in Dublin for days.

A few "Daily Mails" got to Kingstown on Wednesday, and were hired out at so much a time.

♣ A NURSE IN DUBLIN CASTLE

*A first-hand account by a V.A.D. Nurse**

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER NOON ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 24. I was washing bandages in the Supper Room Kitchen, when a man came in, and, as I thought, said, "Come quick and look. There is a fire in the Castle." I went into the Anteroom and looked out of the window, but as I saw nothing of interest, returned to my bandages. In a few minutes he came back. "You must come and look! They are firing on the Castle!" The Anteroom is really the drawing-room of the Controller's house, and is on the left side of the Square, facing the Lower Yard, and at right angles to the Front Gate, so we could not see much; and as hospital is a place where punctuality reigns supreme, I went back to lay the lockers for the men's dinner.

Then came great excitement. "The policeman at the Front Gate has been shot, and they have carried him in!" The Sister on our landing was summoned and rushed downstairs, while speculation began as to which policeman it was. It turned out to be the nicest, such a dear, with grey hair and twinkly eyes; he always used to salute us when we passed in uniform, and just grin when we were in mufti.

It was now clear there was going to be trouble. The patients blood was up, and they wanted to be out and in it, but of course this was impossible. Large numbers were at the windows when the policeman was carried across the Yard, and the women, who accompanied him, shouted, "You call yourselves soldiers, and you won't come out and help." It was very unkind, for the men were dying to go, and it hurt.

When the men's dinner was nearly over, Sister came back. She had been helping to tie up the policeman, but there was no

*Published in Blackwood's Magazine, *December, 1916.*

hope; death had been instantaneous. She confirmed the rumour that it was our favourite; she said she could just recognise him, though the upper part of his face was destroyed. Then one of the nurses came in, very flushed and excited. She had been off duty for two hours that morning, and had heard rumours of trouble while she was out. On her way back she said to the policeman at the Gate, "Is it true that the Sinn Feiners are going to take the Castle?" "No, miss," he answered, "the authorities are making much too much fuss about it"—and before she had crossed the Yard and gone in at the door, he had had his brains blown out, and was lying dead on the ground.

The men, who were watching from the windows, said an armed body marched up Cork Hill to the Gate, and shot the policeman through the head. The sentry, who had only blank ammunition, fled into the Guard Room. The Sinn Feiners took the keys and locked the gates.

We heard afterwards that the original plan had been to seize the Castle, as they had done the G.P.O.; and many reasons were advanced why they had not done so. Most people thought it was due to a misunderstanding; that some of the Rebels had gone to a wrong place, and the remaining number were not strong enough. Connolly, however, told us that when they found no resistance, they thought it must be a trap to entice them in and ambush them, and that Ship Street Barracks, at the back, would be too strong for them. One of the soldiers told me there were only seventy raw recruits in the Barracks, and no ammunition there at the time. I think one of the nurses summed up the situation when she said, "Somebody was praying for us."

When the men's dinner was finished and the ward tidied, I ran into the Sterilising Room to see what was happening at the back. A troop of soldiers had arrived, and were drawn up in the Barrack Yard. The heavy solid gates were closed, and also shut across, with a sentry at each peep-hole. Outside, instead of men with bayonets, were a few small children, staring with open mouths at the massive gates! Rifle-shots were heard at intervals, but we could not see where they came from, nor where the bullets went.

At First Dinner there was a general atmosphere of unrest. Conversation flagged, though a few people kept up constant

questions – chiefly asking if we had seen the policeman's helmet in the hall, and the holes made by the bullet in it. Suddenly every one jumped up and ran to the window which overlooks the Barrack Yard – but it was only the soldiers drilling. There was a noise of people rushing down the corridor, and the sisters ran out to see if they were needed. Several times during the meal stretchers passed down the corridor outside, and each time we asked the same question: "Killed or wounded?" and some one came in and said "Dead" or "Very bad."

My only conscious sensation at the moment was a burning desire to go out and have a shot at the Rebels myself. Instead, I remarked prosaically to one of the V.A.D.'s: "It does not look much like the theatre to-night!" She and I were to have gone with friends, including her brother. "Hush!" she said, "don't suggest to any one that it would not be safe; it will be all right by then, and we must go." I promised not to put the idea into any one's head, but I had my doubts – and I knew she was not thinking of the theatre at the time, but wondering how big the outbreak was, and if her brother, who was on the Staff, would be in danger. Next morning she showed me a note from him – "Kingsbridge Station. All well; bullets flying" – from which we gathered the trouble was fairly widespread.

We could not cross the Yard to our rooms after dinner, so I took a tour through the Picture Gallery and Throne Room, where all windows were thronged with spectators. The Throne Room faces the Front Gate, and from there I could see that the Gate was locked, and guarded by Rebels, I think, in National Volunteer uniform. Otherwise things looked much as usual; men passed up and down Dame Street; only rifle-shots rang out at intervals. "Look! you can see the sniper; watch the roof of that house," said one of the men next me. Presently something popped up on the roof – a puff of smoke – bang! I had seen a bullet fired to kill!

When I came back to the Supper Room I found a nurse in great agitation. "I was nearly killed!" she exclaimed. As there did not seem any immediate danger, I asked how. "I was leaning out of the Sterilising Room window, and a bullet whizzed right past me – look at the mark on my apron!" She pointed to a

rent, which I was convinced had been there all the morning, and tactlessly said so. "Well, it passed very near me anyway," she protested, "and I got such a fright."

Between 3 and 3.30 P.M. an officer and a policeman passed through, greatly excited. "We have shot two of the leaders, and are on our way round to the other side of the hospital, from where we can shoot a third."

Another officer and a Tommy came up and mixed with the crowd in the Throne Room, so that they could see without being seen. They soon began firing through the window – probably at the sniper I had seen earlier in the afternoon. I was horrified to see the wounded men standing all round; for if the sniper spotted where the shots were coming from, he would no doubt return the compliment. This apparently occurred to the soldiers afterwards, for they turned every one out of the ward, and locked the doors. The firing continued the whole afternoon.

Before the soldiers started firing from the Throne Room window I saw Rebels come into the Yard, look round, and go out again. The men, who were watching, said they unlocked the Gate several times, came in and fired on the Guard Room, and went out again. Rumour said there was a large quantity of ammunition in the Lower Yard, which was their objective. The gates between the Upper and Lower Yard were closed, but although there was no guard the Sinn Feiners showed no inclination to force them.

II.

About 5 P.M. troops arrived. They were lined up in the Yard when I first saw them, so I do not know which gate they came through. We did not know what regiments they were, nor where they had come from. I had to take the temperatures of the men sitting at the windows, which gave me an opportunity to look out; but beyond the lines of troops, nothing of interest seemed to be happening.

Presently there was a stir of expectancy. We all waited breathless, and round the corner came the milkman rolling a big can! He was greeted by cheer upon cheer from the windows, as no one had thought there was any prospect of the evening's milk arriving.

There were a few sentries on guard, their bodies well behind cover, only their eyes peering round to look through the Gate; and any one crossing the Yard had to run across the exposed strip opposite the Front Gate. The first definite movement I noticed among the troops was when an officer and a number of men collected near the Gate; they were lined up, and he gave orders. At a signal he and two or three of the men ran towards the Gate and disappeared from view; three or four followed, and so on. This turned out to be the famous charge on the City Hall – of which more later.

By this time many of the men were tired watching, and came back to the ward; and for the first time, or certainly more vividly than ever before, I began to realise what France had meant to them. One could hardly believe they were the same men who had been there in the morning. They were not excited as I should have expected; their faces were white, with horror and repulsion written on them; all their cheeriness was gone. I heard many of them say, "We're in Hell again, we might as well go back to France"; and others said, "I am so frightened, I am going home tomorrow." It was not fear; but the noise which reminded us of reviews and military tournaments, told them a very different story. They saw again their friends being killed, and all the horrors they had tried to obliterate from their minds.

We had been sent a message: all blinds were to be pulled down and all lights turned out, and to be prepared for noise, as machine-guns were going to start. We groped round in pitch darkness, unable to see who was who, so it was hopeless to try and do anything – and then the guns began. Such a noise! It was well they had warned us. It was quite unlike any firing I had heard before, and varied from a rifle much as a cinema differs from a photograph. We comforted ourselves with the thought of the last of the Rebels' heels, and that in a few moments our seven hours' excitement would be over, and we should return to the *status quo ante;* but it was not long before we began to be undeceived.

The folding doors between the Supper Room and the Anteroom were shut across with some difficulty, so that our lights could be turned up again without being seen from the Yard. At

the front of the hospital they were busy. Partly because of light, and chiefly because of danger, the beds had to be moved from the Picture Gallery and Throne Room to St Patrick's Hall, the corridor of the Officers' Quarters, and the landing outside, which were at the back of the house.

The back door of the Supper Room Kitchen faces the Operating Theatre, and as both doors were open, I could see inside. In the middle of the floor a man was lying on mackintoshes in pools of blood; all round were wounded being stitched up, or having hæmorrhage stopped.

A V.A.D. who had finished her work in the Still Room came upstairs and asked, "What can I do to help? Couldn't I do anything in there?" and she pointed at the Theatre. I suggested they seemed already to have more nurses than patients; but if she really wanted to be of use, to come in and talk to the men, who were fearfully strung up: so we did.

I think I talked to most of the forty men that night, but some I remember more clearly than others. A man who was crippled with rheumatism, was ashen white and lying with wide unblinking eyes and an expression I had only seen in moments of extreme pain. "I wonder what will happen to us all?" he asked. Nothing could happen that was not meant to, I answered; even his rheumatism had been allowed so that he might be sent to the Castle to cheer us up. He laughed at that, but said it was right, he did not believe in chance. There was a man with splinters of shrapnel all over him, who had had a leg amputated; he was the only person in the neighbourhood alive after the shell had burst that wounded him. "Well, if they break in," he said rather bitterly, "they can get me anyway, for I can't run away." The battle outside sounded by no means reassuring, but it was not likely this man had had such a miraculous escape to meet his fate at the hands of rebels. Another had had an operation on his arm three days previously, and, without leave, had jumped out of bed and spent most of the day at the window. Now he was lying back in bed, his face drawn in pain. In the next bed was another rheumatic victim, who was so much better he was able to go for long walks in Phœnix Park. That night he looked as ill as when he first arrived, and said the pain was as bad as ever.

I fetched his lotion and rubbed him for about ten minutes, till I had to go and look after a new patient. I do not think it did him any good physically, but the attention improved his spirits. The last man stamped vividly on my memory, was one who had had an operation about a week before. He had not been out of bed since, but he too had got up without leave that afternoon to see what was going on. About 9 P.M. I noticed him in his dressing-gown, dragging one foot wearily after the other in the direction of the Anteroom. (They could still look out of the windows in the dark.) Such a thin, white, tired face! "You must go back to bed," I ordered. "Please not just yet." "Yes, at once; you look worn out, and if you go now I shall go down and tuck you in." This was most successful; they are like children, and love being tucked in. "Well, I wanted to look out of the window," he said; "but I'll promise to go in five minutes if you will tuck me in then." So we compromised. When I went down to fulfil my part of the bargain, I found him in a very bitter humour. "I should like to get every one of those Sinn Feiners and torture them, and then turn machine-guns on them"; but he was not so cold-blooded next day, after a good night's rest. I made him promise to try to go to sleep; and he never moved again, though the lights were full on and the bustle continued for another two hours.

The four empty beds in the ward were filled by men wounded that evening. The first was the man I had seen lying on the floor in the theatre bleeding so profusely. A few details about him may be of interest. He was a sergeant in King Edward's Horse, and took part in the charge on the City Hall. Behind him was a recruit, only just joined, who knew next to nothing, and in the excitement forgot almost the only thing he did know – how to carry his bayonet. He held it too low, slipped, and thrust it into this man's hip. The doctor said if hæmorrhage had continued another five minutes (which was quite possible, as he was rescued under fire) his case would have been hopeless. As it was, he lost a fearful amount of blood: I did not think it was possible for a man to look so white. He was quite conscious; his eyes would follow us round and then shut again; he could talk – a few words at a time in the merest whisper – chiefly to the effect

that his wound was nothing! When we lifted him to settle the pillow his head dropped over, showing how weak he was. We gave him drinks of water; it was the first time I had seen what cold water can mean to a wounded man, but I was to see it often again that week. I suddenly remembered that once, after my leg was burnt, I blessed my sister for a cup of tea, and asked if it could do him any harm. "Very good for him, if you like to make it," was the reply; and how he loved it! It would not have seemed any trouble to have gone to India and grown the tea for him at that minute, I was so afraid he was going to die. Unconsciously I found myself saying, "So this is War!"

The other three men were not nearly so ill. One was a South African, also in King Edward's Horse, who had been wounded in the arm; and another in the same regiment had a splinter of metal, about twice the size of a pin's head, in his left eye. The last arrival was a man invalided home from France with dislocation of the knee joint, and now it was out again.

A message brought me round to the other side of the hospital, where I found the beds in the corridor had been filled, and some of the new arrivals looked awfully bad. One, I specially noticed, with his head bandaged; his face was a bluish colour, and with his eyes shut he was answering questions mechanically as to his name and home address. What happened to him I do not know; if he lived, he looked a different person next time I saw him.

It must have been well after 10 P.M. when one of the men asked me if I had had anything to eat. I had quite forgotten till then that we had had no supper, but I was not hungry. Next time I went into the kitchen he produced a nice little pot of fresh tea, and lovely fingers of hot buttered toast, he had made for me. They looked really appetising, but I had only time to taste them: he sat over them like a watch-dog, and every time I appeared had them ready for me to take another bite.

About 11 P.M. the man with dislocation of the knee was carried in. When he was comfortably in bed, with hot jars and a good meal, I stayed to talk to him for a few minutes. I was interested to hear he was in the 4th Hussars, and inquired for several friends in that regiment who I heard were in the Yard. "Did you know Mr P——?" he asked. "He was killed out there, not long

ago." I almost felt as if I had been stunned – the dream had vanished – I was up against realities. That terrible noise, which even then I had only partly begun to connect in my mind with the wounded coming in, had meant the death of a man I knew. I suddenly realised how terribly tired I was, and was very glad of the tea and toast still waiting for me.

In the kitchen the nurses, and the men who had not gone to bed, were exchanging rumours and scraps of information they had gleaned. The machine-guns had not been entirely in our favour; we had only one to the Sinn Feiners' three. The City Hall had been stormed and taken; but the "Evening Mail" office, opposite the Front Gate, was still in the hands of the Rebels. We also learnt that the trouble was spreading, and that the G.P.O., Jacob's, and other important buildings, were strongly held.

The conference was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the appearance of the Assistant Matron. "Every one must go to bed! The fighting is over for the present, but is to begin again at 4 A.M. So off with you! Quickly!"

To run no unnecessary risks, we did not loiter crossing the Yard; but when I reached my room I looked out through a crack in the shutters. In the Yard were two large watch-fires, about fifteen yards apart, and soldiers stood round each in circles several deep, with their hands stretched out to the blaze.

One felt one must be dreaming!

III.

We undressed hurriedly in black darkness behind bolted shutters, and were soon in bed, though not in the Land of Dreams.

A jumble of thoughts passed through my mind, chiefly the adventures of the day. Civil war, so long expected and yet so unexpected, was actually an accomplished fact! One wondered how far it would spread, and how long it would last. I should have liked some news of my people, who live in Dublin; but "bad news flies apace," and it is against my principles to worry about the unknown.

I was roused from my reverie by a violent shake. "Get up quickly and put on your coat; we must go into the hospital;

it is too dangerous to stay here." In spite of the truce till 4 A.M., sniping had been kept up continuously the whole night. I thought it was an official order, so reluctantly I dragged myself out of bed, put on a dressing-gown and my uniform coat. "Do hurry! It is awfully dangerous; they are firing right at our windows."

Our room was really a double one, with the partition knocked down, and had four windows, two looking out on the Yard, and two on the west side of the Castle. Opposite these side windows was a wall, at the top of a rise of ground, and it was from here the Sinn Feiners were firing down at the sentry, who was quite near our windows. I believe several sentries were killed there.

It was out of the question to cross the Yard. The only other way of getting into the hospital was by a back staircase, which was barricaded to prevent its being used. Our costume was hardly suitable for climbing, and the darkness did not make it easier; but we scaled the barricade successfully, and went up to the top landing. The others led the way to No. 18 Ward, exactly over the Picture Gallery, which surprised me, because it was the place of all others we had been forbidden to go to during the day. I suggested this, and asked who had sent the order; whereupon they all turned tail, and I discovered they were acting on their own initiative! We made our way down again, keeping close to the walls and dodging the windows, as the firing was very severe at that side of the house. We had to go through the Supper Room to reach the main building, and as we made our way downstairs, through an open door, I saw one of the V.A.D.'s busy washing up in the men's dining-room: she had been on duty since 7 A.M. the morning before without a break. In the hall we met the Night Sister looking very worried, and the sight of us, with our hair in pigtails, did not seem to afford her any pleasure: she ordered us straight back to bed!

We lay down for two more sleepless hours, and then dressed, to be ready when summoned. It was just dawn, but we dressed in the dark, as the shutters were closed and bolted. Once one of the others opened a chink, and called me to look at the sentry: perhaps he heard her, for my nose and two eyes were greeted

by a cheery smile. The third girl in the room, who was on duty in the buffet, invited him to breakfast – an invitation he readily accepted.

We had not much longer to wait before we were called. The other nurses must have dressed beforehand, too, as the dining-room was nearly full when we went in, – it was the first time for some months that we had breakfasted by gas-light.

We each had a boiled egg, half a slice of bread, and a cup of tea, and then ran up to the wards. I was so relieved to find the man with the bayonet wound in his side smoking a cigarette: the effort did not last long, but I was assured he was going to live, We set to with zest at the morning's work, and everything was in order by 7 A.M. There was not much fear, however, of having to sit with our hands in our laps, as only three of us were on duty, where, normally, there are at least double the number; but some were needed to help in the buffets, and some to open the rest of the hospital.

The sniping still continued, but the shots were few and far between. A batch of wounded might arrive at any moment, as at 4.30 A.M. we had watched the troops march out of the Yard, with bayonets fixed, followed by the stretcher-bearers.

Except for a few visitors to our men in King Edward's Horse, it might have been an ordinary morning in the Supper Room – not so downstairs! The hall was turned into a receiving station, fitted up with screens; supplies of bandages and dressings and kettles of boiling water were kept in readiness. The men's dining-room was packed, and the corridor thronged with soldiers waiting for breakfast. The crowd was so dense, it seemed hopeless to try to manœuvre my tray through; but there were cries of "Gangway! Gangway!" and a passage appeared as if by magic. Such a jolly, cheery crowd they were: one would almost have thought they liked coming up to Dublin to be shot at. From 5 A.M. till midday the crowd continued; we fed about seven hundred that day, though there were only supplies for the seventy men originally in the hospital, so we could not treat the visitors too regally. They were allowed a cup of tea and half a slice of bread for breakfast; the same for tea, and a cup of tea for supper. Practically none were able to turn up for more than two meals in the day. Our

dining-room was turned into an officers' buffet, where they could get tea, bread and jam and butter, as long as there was any.

It seemed so prosaic to have to clean the bath and kitchen when those downstairs were run off their legs; but we were expected to, for the men, who generally helped us, spent their whole day washing and drying crockery in the buffet. Another big difference was that all fifty men had their meals in the ward, as their dining-room was not available. From the first morning till some time after the Rebellion was over the gas supply was turned off, and our stove was useless in consequence. The Supper Room and Anteroom were heated by hot pipes; there were no fires, and so all the water for tea and cocoa for the fifty men had to be carried through St Patrick's Hall to the fire at the top of the main staircase. (How I longed for my helpers who were downstairs!) Even here troubles did not end, as it was a common occurrence to go back to find your saucepan boiling finely – but with somebody's instruments sterilising in it – and your kettle empty, having been used to fill hot jars for a new arrival!

The men still had five meals in a day, but could only be spared one half slice of bread each at a meal. Sometimes it was dry; generally I was given a dish of jam or dripping each morning, and spread it on the bread myself to make it go as far as possible. There was always a good supply of meat at dinner. I think I am correct in saying it was brought in by a gentleman in his private car, at his own risk, his only protection being a red cross on his arm. Vegetables and puddings we forgot the look of; sugar ran out, and milk had to be treated as if it were as valuable as mercury, the supply was so irregular.

We had breakfasted three hours earlier than ordinary, so were looking forward to 10 o'clock lunch with more than usual zest. It was not a healthy, open-air hunger, but an unpleasant sensation of emptiness. At 10 A.M. came the news there was to be no lunch, so there was nothing for it but to imagine we had had it.

When the men's lunch was finished there was some bread over, so we helped ourselves to half a slice each, and about half an hour later a nurse offered me a cup of tea in the Sterilising Room. There was no dinner either that day, but about 5.30 P.M. we trooped down to tea. (First Tea was most popular!) The

housekeeper's sitting-room had been turned into a nurses' dining-room: its chief drawbacks were that it was very small and that it looked out on the Yard, so we had to eat our supper in the dark. From this on we had meals fairly regularly, but only four instead of five in the day. There was always plenty of bread on the table; but when one had just refused the Tommies, who were literally starving, a second half slice, one was not likely to take more than necessary. They were wonderfully generous, too, with jam; but we all knew the supply was distinctly limited, and the Rebellion might last any length of time. Once we revelled in a tin of bully beef, sent us by one of the officers; and another time we partook with much ceremony of sardines, also a special present.

Upstairs, the man with the splinter in his eye caused considerable commotion by announcing he was going out to rejoin the fighting. His eye was much inflamed and must have been extremely painful; but he was quite determined, and nothing we could say would stop him.

Numbers of the troops came to the Supper Room Kitchen for a wash and brush up, amongst them some we had seen march out, soon after dawn, with fixed bayonets. Their objective had been St Stephen's Green, but it was found to be so strongly held it was useless to attack it; so they marched back, without adventure, leaving the Green to be dealt with by the Artillery when it should come up from the Curragh. Others had taken part in heavy fighting near Trinity College.

The Supper Room beds were all filled, so the newcomers were taken to other wards; but from the windows we could see a constant stream of ambulances and stretchers going in and out of the Yard – the dead had their faces covered.

During the afternoon the firing was intense. They said the Sinn Feiners were firing from a wall opposite, over our ward and kitchen, into the Castle Yard. I felt especially sorry for the new patients, who had friends in the thick of it.

In the kitchen the bullets seemed to be raining on the walls: time after time we looked round to see if the windows were broken, but we had a marvellous escape. There was a sniper just over us, and the whole room seemed to tremble each time he

fired. A V.A.D. on night duty made desperate efforts to sleep in one of the Sir Anthony Weldon wards, facing the same direction, but gave it up, as the bullets were hitting the wall in quick succession.

In the evening we watched the men in the Yard bombing the office of the "Evening Mail." The noise was terrific, but eventually the building was successfully stormed. From then on, we were considered comparatively safe.

That night the watch-fires were lit again in the Yard. So many of those who had stood around them the night before were now patients in our wards, or stretched stiff and cold. One wondered with a shudder how many more gaps another twenty-four hours would make.

IV.

In spite of the noise we slept soundly that night, but felt little refreshed when we came on duty at 5 A.M. next morning.

Wednesday, in our quarters, was heavy with regular routine, but rather uneventful. When the K.E.H. men came up to see their friends, I tried to get them something to eat, as their off-time was so short, and they could then spend the whole of it with their friends instead of wasting time in the crush downstairs. Their visits cheered the wounded men, who were longing for the latest news.

There was a sergeant-major who came each day. He was on duty on the Castle roof, with two lance-corporals under him; but, as he was always responsible, he never slept day or night, and these flying visits were his only rest. This Wednesday afternoon he turned up again, looking worn out. I put a comfortable chair beside his friend's bed, and fetched him a mug of soup that was left from the men's dinner: he had had nothing since the scanty meal I procured for him the previous day. He was in very low spirits. He said he had been on active service before, but never such a hateful job as this, and he owed his life to nothing but the inferior soldiery of the Rebels. The night before he and his men had passed in black darkness, within two yards of where a group of Sinn Feiners were hiding. It would have been the simplest military feat to have bayoneted all three, instead of which

the Rebels continued to crouch in a corner, and, when daylight came, were taken prisoner. One felt he did not expect so much luck again, and dreaded another night in such nerve-racking surroundings. He said it was difficult to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, as almost all wore civilian clothes. One man did manage to persuade them he was a harmless spectator, till they made a search of where he had come from, and found his rifle.

It was then 3.30 P.M., and as tea had not to be ready till 4 P.M., and can be prepared in twenty minutes, the most useful way of spending the intervening ten minutes (everything in hospital must be done with one eye on the clock) seemed to be to talk, or rather to listen. I had a feeling he was going to be killed that night, he was so fearfully depressed. He told me about his home, and some of his experiences during the South African War. He had been Lord Roberts' galloper, and though orders were generally transmitted through a member of the Staff, he had seen a good deal of the General himself, and it is superfluous to add that he worshipped the very ground he walked on.

We had had three strenuous days, so, as there was no chance of new arrivals being brought to the Supper Room, we decided to try and get off duty by 8 P.M. We got through fairly well, and by 6.30 o'clock were a good deal further on than usual when the Assistant Matron appeared to tell me I was to be moved to the Throne Room. "Now?" "Yes – immediately."

I was both glad and sorry. I had been on duty in the Supper Room for two months, and had begun to look on the men, to a certain extent, as private property. On the other hand, in abnormal circumstances, with guns firing on three sides of us, and dead and dying being carried in in a constant stream, no one who calls herself a woman could say she preferred to be shut away doing little but cooking and cleaning, however necessary.

Since the "Evening Mail" office had been retaken the Throne Room was in no greater danger than any other ward, so the beds had been moved back. There were eight or nine men in the ward, who had been brought in the previous day – none of them were in danger. A trooper in the K.E.H., with a nasty wound in his back, which was very painful when he moved, was a special friend of the man with the bayonet wound in the Supper Room.

Next him was a 17th Lancer, shot in the thigh, who was to spend the next two months on his back. A man in the Leinster Regiment knew two friends of mine, and said they had both been a good deal in the Yard; but I got very little further conversation out of him except "Yes, miss," "No, miss." A red-headed boy in the Dublin Fusiliers was equally uncommunicative for about twenty-four hours – when we managed to break the ice. There was a Sinn Feiner, the first I had seen. He reminded me of the popular picture-house villain, though probably he was an innocent dupe, like so many of the others; but I took an immediate dislike to him, which I never overcame.

Two of the Supper Room men had followed me across, and, as the evening's work was not begun, I was most grateful for their help. It was nearly 9 P.M. when everything was straight, and I was just going down to supper when a message came that a batch of wounded was expected during the night. The Picture Gallery, which was bereft of everything, had to be put in order; the men pulled in empty beds from St Patrick's Hall and other wards, while I fetched pillow-slips, sheets, and draw-sheets from the Linen Room and blankets from the top landing. One of the men followed me faithfully round, saying, "Let me carry them for you, Nurse." By 10.30 P.M. the ward was as nearly in shape as we could make it; we could not bring in the full number of beds, as some were in use in St Patrick's Hall.

As I came downstairs a procession of policemen with bared heads passed down the corridor – it was the policeman's funeral.

Downstairs I met the Matron, who sent me into our temporary dining-room: I was not hungry, but felt nothing loth to sit by the fire. Shortly afterwards the Matron came in and told the maid to bring me some supper. She said the funerals had just passed (which I knew). I think she said there were fourteen buried in the garden that evening, including Mr P–——. I asked if he had been killed instantaneously, and she told me he died on a stretcher in the hall. She said the general opinion seemed to be that the Rebellion would end some time within a month. A MONTH! when three days had seemed an eternity! Yet we glibly talk of men having been in France "only two months."

As I crossed the Yard I heard quick footsteps behind me, and

was accosted by two officers. "Is that your room?" They pointed at our windows. "Yes." "Then you need not be afraid, because we have searched it." "You have searched it?" "Yes, we have looked in all the cupboards, and there are no Sinn Feiners hiding there, so you need not be afraid." Sinn Feiners in our room! The idea had never occurred to me; but a vision rose before my eyes of the room as I had left it before 5 A.M. that morning – the bed unmade, and everything flung round in wild confusion! Mercifully the maid had succeeded in crossing the Yard during the day and had tidied it.

V.

A few more patients were brought to the Throne Room next day, two of them Sinn Feiners. One was an elderly man with grey hair, rather a commonplace individual; the other was a shrimp. Such a miserable little specimen, about five feet, without a pick of flesh on his bones! His teeth were literally chattering with fright, and he looked "as if he had been up the chimney," which was precisely where he had been! He was most anxious to keep up a flow of conversation, but that was too much of a luxury for Rebels (time was very precious); he was brought to us suffering from exhaustion. His pitiful appearance induced me to ask why he had joined. "It was all for show; we liked parading through the streets; we were told that was all we had to do, and I never thought of this – indeed, I never did, – and when we started on Monday morning, even then I thought it was all for show, till they suddenly ordered us to fire on any one in uniform, and then marched us off to take [I forgot which particular building he had come from], and I was so frightened I went up the chimney, and I had to stay there three days, and I never got a bit tc eat, – oh! it was awful! and I never fired a shot – indeed, I never did." That I quite believed, and as he stopped to take breath I made my escape. The Rebels must have been ordered to plead absolute ignorance, as it was always the same story. The only original answer we were given was: "It would take too long to tell you now why I did it; but I'm going to do twelve years' penal servitude, and when I come out I'll tell you."

I only saw the patients in the Drawing Rooms at meal-time,

and when sent to take the temperatures of the landing. The only one I remember was a boy in the Royal Irish Regiment. He had a poisoned wound in his right arm, and the doctor was afraid he would have to amputate; but in the end it was saved. He had been sniping on the roof, and boasted of having accounted for eleven Sinn Feiners at different times; but the last had nearly done for him. "If only they had been Germans, and not Irishmen," – that was the universal wish. It was this man's second visit as a patient to the hospital. He came from France after Neuve Chapelle, and spent five months at the Castle: three of his friends, who came on the same ship, were with us still.

When I came on duty that morning I had to pass through the Picture Gallery, and was interested to see that some of the beds we had made the night before were in use. I looked quickly to see if they were serious cases, and somehow the faces seemed familiar. I racked my brains to try and think where I could have seen them before, and it suddenly dawned on me – they were the students!

During the day three of the beds received the kind of occupants for whom they were intended. All were in danger; and round each in turn the screens were put, while the chaplain knelt beside the bed. (A Church of England and a Roman Catholic chaplain were in constant attendance throughout the week.) One of the men was shot through the neck, and lay quietly with his eyes shut, except when offered a drink, which he never refused. Another was shot through a lung and the wrist; he was propped up, but looked feverish, and took no notice of any one. There was something pathetic about the twirl of his moustache, which showed he normally took an interest in his appearance. The third was shot through both lungs and the liver, and looked much the worst. He might have been any age between thirty and seventy; his eyes had a glassy stare, and his face was a queer dark colour, while he choked incessantly for breath. When he asked for milk, some one said, "Don't wait to heat it, or he will be dead before it comes." All three made excellent recoveries.

Another arrival was the first female patient: her bed was put in the corridor of the Officers' Quarters.

The officers' dressing-room was turned into a "dressing

station," where slight injuries were attended to: over two hundred and fifty cases were treated here. As the room was fitted with basins, several of us had to spend all spare moments there washing bandages and mackintoshes, which needless to say, were never ending. The Matron had given out that any nurse who had the chance might sit down, so I used to pull a chair over to the basin and scrub away with my back turned to every one, oblivious to general conversation: it was very rude, but I was too tired to care.

The windows overlook the Castle garden, where all day about twenty men were digging graves. The nearest were for officers, each made separately; then two large graves for Tommies and civilians, and, far away by themselves, the Sinn Feiners. There were over seventy buried in the garden: most of them were removed when the Rebellion was over, but some of the officers are there still. Only a very limited number of coffins could be obtained: most of the bodies were buried sewn into sheets. The funerals took place each evening after dark: more than once the burying party was fired on. Towards the end of the week the dead were so many, they were brought in covered carts instead of ambulances. I saw a cart open once – about fifteen bodies, one on top of the other. It took time to carry them round to the Mortuary, and sometimes as one passed two or three bodies would be lying near the side door, dressed in khaki, but so still, so stiff, the hands so blue, and the faces covered. One wondered if they were the men who had shouted "Gangway!" that morning, and laughed and talked so cheerily.

In the evening I spared a few minutes to see my old men in the Supper Room. They greeted me as if I had come back from Australia, and it was like home to see them again.

VI.

Friday, my attention was divided between the Throne Room, where I was nominally on duty, the two Drawing Rooms, where I helped with the meals, and the Picture Gallery, where a pair of legs to run messages was always welcome.

Three more women joined the one in the corridor. Two arrived after dinner: they were aunt and niece, but neither was

conscious of the other's presence. They were in their own house when a bullet came through the window and hit the girl; the old lady, in a panic, rushed to the window to pull down the blind, and was shot also. They were very bad; the aunt only lived three or four days, and several times they gave up hope of the girl, but she eventually pulled through. They were a charming pair; the aunt was commonly known as "the dear old granny," and the niece had lovely auburn hair, long white hands, and a rare sweetness of expression. When any one went over to her bed she used to say, "Let me hold your hand; do you think I am going to die?"

Later in the afternoon I saw a woman lying on a couch with her eyes shut: I had not seen her brought in. She was one of the servants in the Metropole Hotel, and when the place was seized, she and several others were kept to work for their captors. They plotted to escape, and all succeeded, but this girl received two bayonet wounds in the leg while she was running away. She was not much hurt, however, and in the evening went down to help in the Still Room.

A few more beds in the Picture Gallery were filled. The Matron and Assistant Matron received the men themselves, there was such a dearth of nurses. I saw one of the Sisters bathe a man's face with warm water and cottonwool; it seemed to refresh him so much, I did the same for another, with equally successful results. Next morning, as he still looked hot and feverish, I offered to do it again. "Like my face bathed?" I felt as if I had offered a child of ten a baby's bottle!

The man shot through both lungs was still awfully bad, but continued to be wonderfully cheerful. He tried to laugh once, but choked so much he had to postpone the luxury for a few days longer: he showed he took an interest in what was going on by occasionally pointing at men on the roof opposite. Once I was giving him a drink, when every one rushed to the window; he shoved the feeding-cup away: "What – what – is it?" he gasped. I went over and saw an armoured motor just returned. The men, stepping out, were laughing – the trip had evidently been a success.

It is difficult to remember which day these cars made their first

appearance, but by Friday the sight of them rushing in and out was quite familiar. It is also impossible to state chronologically the arrival of Sinn Fein prisoners. The only batch I clearly remember were fifteen or sixteen respectable-looking men, brought from the Four Courts the Tuesday morning after the Surrender. They were mostly elderly, and all but two wore red crosses on their arms. They showed more signs of curiosity than fear; but as we had heard that every man over eighteen was to be shot, we could not bear to look at them. They were marched round, and disappeared through a side door of Ship Street Barracks.

Captured ammunition was also brought into the Yard; one pile included a German officer's sword, a number of German rifles and dum-dum bullets.

The artillery rolled out from the Castle Yard to fulfil its deadly mission, and returned, sometimes within an hour, sometimes not till the evening. Fresh troops arrived from England; and, before they joined in the fighting, rested on the hard flags at the back, or the equally hard Yard in the front. Sometimes they looked so very tired.

Continual rumours reached us that the whole town was in flames, and that even the Rotunda had not escaped: we had a fleeting glimpse of the red flare in the sky as we ran across the Yard at night. There was also news that the Four Courts had been blown up, and that Jacob's Biscuit Factory was to share a like fate. Our own basement was carefully searched by officers, lest the Rebels should have thought of dynamiting us.

Frequently, when the men were resting in the Yard, there would be a stampede, and they would stand flattened against the walls – the Yard was under fire. Some men were wounded in it and several killed.

From the windows we could see a little of the fighting behind Ship Street. Soldiers on the roof of a large red building were bombing a house to the left; for some time after it was in a very shattered condition, and puffs of smoke issuing through the gaps in the roof showed that the Sinn Feiners had not yet deserted it.

On Friday evening I was passing through the Supper Room when I saw the Australian who had had the piece of metal in his

eye standing in the middle of the ward with a crowd around him. One of the group, followed by the others, ran across: "Nurse," he said, "the burning question is – can you get this man something to eat? He has had nothing for over twenty-four hours." He came to the hospital each day to have his eye dressed, but that evening he looked more than tired, he looked very ill. Downstairs he could only be given the regulation one cup of tea, so I sent him round to visit the man in his regiment in our ward, while I went to forage. The drains of cocoa left in the various saucepans after the man's supper made two good mugfuls; it looked quite inviting when heated up, and it was nourishing. He had been too long without food to be able to eat, but promised to come to the buffet next morning for breakfast. He said that incidentally he would come up and pay us a visit before starting out for another day's adventures. The "visit," when it came off, consisted of a hurried good-morning! There had been some misunderstanding, and he and another man had been locked up in the Guard Room all day, on the charge of looting; in the evening they were able to clear themselves, and were released.

I spent another hour in the Picture Gallery after supper. Two of the Sisters were attending to a Dublin Fusilier, just brought in. He was shot through both thighs and a nerve was severed: he was in terrible agony. Afterwards we used to tease him by calling him "the hospital crock," he was so well up in how everything (that concerned him) should be done! When he was finally fixed up, Sister sent me off duty, as she said I would not be able to get up in the morning – a prophecy which came true; I did not appear till after 6 A.M., over an hour late!

The "night fag" was greatly distressed when she found I had to cross the Yard alone, and wished to find me an escort; but, as I knew of no one bullet-proof, I thanked her and went alone.

All was dark in our room, and I groped for a bed to see if I was the first or the last. Not only was it empty, but the bedclothes were gone – nothing but a mattress ! It was one thing to cross the Yard alone, but another to sleep in a house by myself, – our room was the only one in that house in use at the time. I called the other girl, but there was no answer, so groped across to see if her bedclothes had been spirited away also. The poor dear had

only just gone to sleep, and it was very hard lines to be awakened immediately. The third girl had decided to sleep in another room.

On Saturday morning I met a doctor, who told me my people were all right, as far as he knew; I did not like to ask him to tell them about me. I tried several times to send word through by stretcher-bearers, but the only news which reached them was from this doctor, whom I did not ask. He looked at me critically, and asked if I had not slept since the beginning of the Rebellion. Not very complimentary!

My spare moments during the morning were spent doing special to an elderly civilian, suffering severely from shock. He trembled so violently, the whole bed shook, and was quite oblivious of our presence, though he was able to take sips of brandy-and-water at intervals.

There was actually a pause in the afternoon, so I seated myself in front of the fire to make toast for the men's tea. One of the men relieved me before long, and made enough for the whole landing. It was a treat! It seemed years, not days, since we had seen anything so civilised.

VII.

Teas were being brought, and high good-humour prevailed over the toast, when some one hurled herself in with: "The Rebels have surrendered unconditionally!" We could hardly believe our ears; it seemed much too wonderful to be true.

The news was followed by a damper: "Thirty new nurses have arrived – what are they to eat? I should rather do twice as much again than have rations cut down any further." We echoed the sentiment. It did not occur to us, that once surrender was official, we should be able to get plenty of food.

A new nurse and two V.A.D.'s were sent to the Throne Room; other wards received similar reinforcements, and we had the amusing and unexpected experience of tumbling over each other.

The arrival of James Connolly caused an unusual stir. From the window I could see him lying on the stretcher, his hands crossed, his head hidden from view by the archway. The stretcher was on the ground, and at either side stood three of his officers, dressed in National Volunteer Uniform; a guard of about thirty

soldiers stood around. The scene did not change for ten minutes or more; somebody gruesomely suggested they were discussing whether he should be brought in, or if it would be better to shoot him at once. It is more likely they were arranging where he should be brought, and a small ward in the Officers' Quarters, where he could be carefully guarded, was decided upon.

The nurses in charge of him acknowledged, without exception, that he was entirely different from their expectations: no one could have been more considerate, or have given less trouble.* About a week after his arrival he had an operation on the leg. He was strongly opposed to this himself, but until he had been tried, he had to be treated entirely from a medical point of view. When he was coming round after the ether, the sentry changed, and he turned to the nurse who was minding him and asked, "Have they come to take me away? Must I really die so soon?" All through, his behaviour was that of an idealist. He was calm and composed during the court-martial, and said, "You can shoot me if you like, but I am dying for my country." He showed no sign of weakness till his wife was brought to say good-bye to him, the night he was to be shot. When she had left, he saw the monks, and about 3 A.M. he was carried down on a stretcher to the ambulance that was to bring him to Kilmainham.

VIII.

At 6.30 P.M., the charm of an idle life and the prospect of a reasonable amount of sleep had not lost their first gloss, when my staff nurse mentioned a rumour that I was to go on to night duty. At first I thought she was joking, but as she really meant it, I had to find out if it were true. After some time I met the Assistant Matron with a list in her hand: "You are being changed, and are to go on to night duty I think – yes – here it is – night duty in the Picture Gallery. So run off as quickly as you can, and lie down for an hour; you must be on duty again at 8 o'clock.

Upstairs, bustle and business ruled in the Picture Gallery. Since the firing had stopped, the ambulances could drive through the streets in safety, and a great number of wounded were brought in.

**Prior to the Rising Connolly had turned down a proposal to burn Dublin Castle because this Red Cross hospital was within its precincts.*

About 9 P.M. the day staff retired, and left one staff nurse, one probationer, and me to look after the twenty-seven patients.

I never thought I should have seen such suffering as was in that ward that night; the groaning was indescribable. One man was shot through the head; they said his brains were showing, and that if he lived he would be insane. He made a marvellous recovery. There was a man who had just had an arm amputated; another had his arm terribly smashed up with a poisoned wound the size of a tennis-ball – for several days they feared they would have to amputate; another had an equally damaged leg. One had a dressing over the whole side of his face, with thick clots of blood at the edges; I heard that half his face was gone, and never passed him without a prayer he might not live. Providence was wiser than I; his face, though frightfully disfigured, was not blown away, and within a week he became one of the cheeriest men in the ward, and one of the most particular as to the set of his hair! All that night he made no sign of consciousness, except when, with his uninjured eye still closed, he fumbled for his drinking-cup, which he could only manage by a tube put into his mouth. Then there was a boy in the South Staffords, with the blue face one dreaded to see. Normally he must have been unusually good-looking, and he was not more than eighteen. Every few minutes he would sit bolt upright, stripped to the waist, and stare wildly round with unseeing eyes; and when we tried to make him lie down again, would shrink from being touched, and grunt his disapproval. I came into the ward just in time to see screens being put round a bed – it was the first time I had ever seen the face of a dead man.

The Sinn Feiners in the ward made me feel worst of all; we still believed all Rebels over eighteen were to be shot. I had felt very stony to the ones in the Throne Room, but these were different, – they were so ill, so weak, so helpless. I could have cried, it seemed so cruel to drag them through such torture for that.

The time passed quickly, as the men were very restless; many of them needed their dressings changed, and all wanted their pillows turned and a drink at least every five minutes; most of them needed injections of morphia. About midnight some of

them showed signs of quieting down. The staff nurse discovered I had been on duty since 6 A.M., so she made me sit in a big chair by the fire, and promised to tell me if she wanted me. When I stood up again, I felt as if I had acute rheumatism all over, and could hardly walk; it was so painful, I did not give my muscles another chance to stiffen. We had dinner, about eight of us together, at the table outside the Officers' Quarters. A memorable spread: poached eggs and bacon, plenty of bread, and our greedy eyes fixed on a dish of butter.*

The rest of the night we continued to change dressings and give drinks. A civilian, shot in the chest, was especially restless: it did not do him much good to turn his pillow and pull up the blankets, but it stopped his groaning for a few minutes when he felt somebody cared that he was in pain. A Dublin Fusilier near him also spent a very bad night. He had been a prisoner in the G.P.O. for several days, and when it caught fire he and the other prisoners had given up all hope of escape or rescue, but were driven out in front of the Rebels under heavy fire from our own guns at the Rotunda. This man was severely wounded in the hip, and lay out in Henry Street all night. Next morning (Saturday) a Sinn Feiner took pity on him, carried him under cover, and put a handkerchief over the wound. Late on Saturday evening he was found by an ambulance and brought to the Castle. His wound was by then extremely septic, and he showed signs of going off his head from shock.

Three other cases were of special interest. A civilian was dangerously wounded in the stomach, and was on his way to King George V. Hospital, when the ambulance he was in came under heavy fire. The driver was shot through the lung, but remained at the wheel till he fainted (he was afterwards personally congratulated by Sir John Maxwell). The R.A.M.C. sergeant in charge had his arm so badly shattered, he nearly lost it. When he saw the driver was done for, he sent for assistance, and they were all three brought to us.

Soon after dawn, the breathing of the delirious boy in the South Staffords quickened perceptibly. Nurse, with difficulty, persuaded him to take a stimulant, while she sent for the Night

**I must apologise for continual reference to food, but its scarcity made it most conspicuous.*

Sister, and for one of the students (who came in pyjamas and an overcoat). Nothing could be done, so the chaplain was called (also in pyjamas), and within ten minutes he was gone. It seemed so tragic – he was such a young boy, and had only come from England that day; but he had died a hero's death as truly as any one on the battlefield of France.

"To claim the glory they have won,
And rise triumphant like the sun,
They have gone West."

At 4.30 A.M. the morning's work began, – washing, bedmaking, breakfasts. It took time, they were all so helpless, and though the day staff came on duty soon after 5 A.M., we did not get off till about 9 A.M.

Late on Saturday afternoon I saw the man who had had the splinter in his eye being wheeled across the yard on a bicycle; one leg, stuck out, was evidently wounded. That evening I found him in a corner of the Anteroom, but when I asked him if he was feeling better, he turned his head round very slowly and stared at me as if he had never seen me before. A nurse told me she overheard the Matron say she was afraid it was paralysis, so we were greatly relieved next morning to find him chatting to a friend. I told him I had spoken to him several times the night before, but that he did not recognise me. "I must have been asleep," he said, so I left it at that. He had been invalided home from France, suffering from shell-shock, and must have had a return of it the night before. He told me he had been in the bombing party at the Four Courts the previous day. He said they lost over fifty men, amongst them his special chum, who had been one of the regular visitors to the Supper Room. The dead lay in heaps, and every man who went up was killed; he said when his turn came it never occurred to him that he would come back alive. I asked if he had felt afraid. "No," he replied; "I was not thinking of myself."

IX.

When I awoke about 6.30 P.M. it was hard to believe it was Sunday, and only a week since Easter Day.

I was anxious about the men in the Picture Gallery, and was disappointed when I heard I was moved to Sir Anthony Weldon's and the Anteroom. The latter had been filled the night before, but only one or two men were left; the others had been moved into the Supper Room, and the men who were with us before the Rebellion had gone, some upstairs and some to Sir Anthony Weldon's. They expected the Anteroom to be filled again that night, but only a few more cases were brought in. The men in Sir Anthony Weldon's were almost convalescent, and slept like tops; and there was only one serious case in the Anteroom. He was another of those brought in the previous evening with a blue face, but the blue had given place to a sickly yellowish brown: he lived only till the following Tuesday.

Early on Sunday morning orderlies from King George V. Hospital appeared on the scene. They were a great help; they used to look after the fires and make themselves generally useful. The convalescent patients, who always worked like blacks, were very critical of them. One man said to me one morning, "I have just done such a dreadful thing. I bumped into an orderly who had fallen asleep on his broom and woke him up – quite by mistake!"

The sniping was worse than usual on Monday night, and we heard rumours that the Sinn Feiners had reinforcements, and the surrender was withdrawn. Two men were killed in the Yard just outside our door a few minutes after I had come across.

Night duty was not without its excitements. One of the nurses going her rounds had an electric torch, which she switched on when she entered the ward. She was faced by a burly Australian, his fists clenched and a ferocious expression on his face, just going to make a spring for her throat! He had mistaken her muffled footsteps for a Sinn Feiner. This put the idea of spies into our heads. It was not unlikely they would make some effort to find out where Connolly was, and if there was any possibility of escape. Any investigations would probably begin at our staircase, which led directly down to the cellars and basement. Early on Monday night I saw a man in mufti go into the theatre and close the door quietly behind him. At dawn the nurse who had had the fright the night before appeared as white as a sheet; she really

had seen a spy this time! She was sitting in one of the small wards when she heard a noise next door; she went in, just in time to see a man in civilian clothes she knew she had never seen before go out of the other door. We told her she had dreamt it, but she was quite determined on the subject, and warned all the orderlies and guards. When the men awoke, her statements were confirmed by one of them, who said a night or two previously a man in mufti had stood there, just as she described, about 2 A.M., looked carefully round, and gone out again, closing the door noiselessly behind him. The Matron was told, and after some inquiries he was identified as the Castle detective, said to be always about, but no one had ever seen him or heard of him before. My friend in the theatre was the man who looks after the boiler at night; I only knew the man on day duty.

When I went into the Supper Room (I had been moved back there on night duty) the man with the bayonet-wound in his hip produced a splendid box of Cadbury's chocolates, which he gave me. The sergeant-major, Lord Roberts' galloper, had sent a message that he had been moved to a different part of the town, and as he could not come over to thank me personally, he sent this as "a token of gratitude." I had not done anything to deserve it, but it was very nice of him to think of it.

After supper, next morning I had to move my belongings to the Night Nurses' Quarters. Everything was quiet, and the Yard was safe to cross. The troops were lying in all directions, and with armloads of pillows, sheets, and similar baggage, I had to pick my way between them.

When I came on duty that evening, I was greeted by the news that the sergeant-major had been in to see me; but when he heard I was on night duty, had left, with a message he would call again at 7 o'clock next morning! One of the men offered to chaperon me!

The chaperon was also on night duty. A man had undertaken to write down the name and address, and particulars in general, of each case as it arrived. This was most helpful, as it would be very important if the patient did not live, and it set the nurses free to attend to him. The man stuck to the job day and night,

except for a few hours each afternoon, for nearly a week; and then, he was so tired out, this man relieved him.

The former was formally presented with a silver cigarette-case by the Committee in recognition of his services; two of the other men were given fountain pens. It must have been very difficult to decide on whom to confer the honours, as, almost without exception, every man in the hospital did more than he had strength for. One man told me the doctor said he had nearly done for himself, and several of them were put back a good deal. The shortage of food made the work still harder for them; and the first evening, they generously threw all their cigarettes to the men in the Yard, and there were none to replace them.

We were at dinner in the kitchen, when a stretcher-bearer offered us his newspaper, the now famous paper with three dates. It was the first communication we had held with the outside world for over a week, and we nearly tore it to pieces in our excitement. Such, however, is the frailty of human nature, it was not other peoples' experiences which thrilled us most, but to see how vivid a picture of our adventures had been drawn for the world in general! We expected something similar to accounts of the Siege of Derry, but we had some difficulty in finding it. "There was a faint-hearted attack on Dublin Castle, which resulted in the shooting of one policeman." That was all! We still hoped for some recognition of the nursing world, and were not disappointed: "The civilians behaved with wonderful calmness, as also did the doctors and nurses." It was all right to put the doctors above us, – but the civilians – who, we thought, had either run like rabbits to their holes, or risked their skins for nothing but curiosity! What a mercy Providence has not shut us off permanently from the outer world, or what limits would our egotism not reach!

X.

The women had been moved to one of the small wards in Sir Anthony Weldon's, and another was added to their number. She was the head of the Sinn Fein Red Cross,* and had carried

**Miss Elizabeth O'Farrell, whose story of the surrender is given later in this book. Editor.*

all the despatches organising the surrender; she went several times with orders from "General" Pearse to Jacob's, but failed to persuade them to join in the general unconditional surrender. The room was lit by a night light, so, except for a night-dress and two dark plaits, I saw nothing of her. She left next morning, escorted by an armed guard. Another prisoner brought in that night had £1000 in bank-notes on him.*

The Hospital itself presented an unusual appearance. Sentries, with fixed bayonets, sat or stood at the top and bottom of every staircase, and outside every ward in which was a Sinn Feiner; one guarded each of the doors of Connolly's room, and another was in his room. Those who were not on duty sat round the fire at the top of the main staircase, and some turned the "baths," used in peace times for palms and plants, into beds. There are two of these tanks, and about six men fitted into each, three at either end, their feet overlapping in the middle. One man looked too funny: in his well-worn khaki and muddy boots, his face and hands very dirty, he slept peacefully on a lace-edged pillow! I did not know the hospital boasted such a smart one.

On Tuesday morning we were allowed to go to Early Service, held in the Matron's office by one of the chaplains. It was in keeping with "active service." The clergyman robed in a corner of the room; the Bread and Wine were placed on an ordinary table covered with a white cloth. About eight of us attended; the men in the yard stared in through the windows.

On my way back I met Captain——. It was the first time I had seen him, though I knew he had been billeted in the Castle.

The Boiler Room, where we filled our hot jars, was always packed with Tommies – some lying full length on the table, others lolling round. The beloved goat – I forget what regiment it belonged to – made its headquarters there, and the 4th Hussars' dog, which had come up uninvited. One morning I spoke to a 4th Hussar sergeant, who had been in the attack on the City Hall. They were met by a murderous fire, and he owed his life to the fact that he stopped to carry a wounded comrade back. He had been beside Mr P—— when he fell; he turned to him and said,

**Here, as in similar cases, I can only state the facts as I heard them. I cannot vouch for their accuracy.*

"For God's sake, take the men back!" It was his baptism of fire, but his last thoughts and words were for his men. The sergeant spoke of him with such genuine admiration, as they all did. He said the only thing which made it possible to bear was the certainty they were fighting Germany as truly as if they were in France. In his opinion, the Rebellion was Germany's last trump card, and would prove the turning-point of the war.

Wednesday broke warm, bright and sunny, a perfect spring morning. I had not the least inclination to go to bed, and an overwhelming desire to go home; to this the Matron consented, but only at my own risk. I was undecided when Captain —— appeared: "It is as safe as possible; I have a car at the door if you would care to come." He had very kindly been to see my people during the day; it was the first definite news I had heard of them for nine days. His regiment had spent a most trying week; the job they objected to most of all was searching the cellars, bestrewn with wooden boxes, sacks of flour, every kind of cover for a sniper; and they were expecting to be sent to Galway to continue the house-to-house search. I fastened a red cross on to my sleeve, and turned my apron (a clean one had not been seen for a week). The sight of the ruins gave me no sense of shock, they seemed entirely in keeping with the rest of the hideous nightmare. All shops were closed, and the streets were thronged with sightseers. It was hardly necessary to have been in uniform, but there was plenty of it to be seen, and it gave me a free pass. Captain —— said it had been very unpleasant elbowing his way through the crowds, probably hostile, on his way to his sister's late the night before.

XI.

As the hospital was three-quarters empty when the Rebellion broke out, more than half the staff were on leave and could not return. There were only about thirty altogether for day and night duty, and of these seven had to be spared as waitresses in the buffets.

The Matron and the Assistant-Matron rarely took more than one hour's rest in the twenty-four, and, in addition to the

responsibility and strain attached to their posts, they took the place of staff nurses in the wards when it was necessary.

The Sister of the Supper Room landing, in addition to her usual work, helped a great deal in the Picture Gallery; she was frequently called down to the hall when a serious case was brought in, and she acted Theatre Sister. Sometimes eight emergency operations had to be run through, one after the other; and in the middle she would feel some one fumbling in her pocket for her keys, or would be asked if Smith was to be allowed any supper! In spite of all this she always found time to pay a visit to her "dowager" men, who had been moved to the top landing, and were left entirely to their own devices.

A Staff Nurse who developed appendicitis refused to give in until the reinforcements arrived. She probably saved several lives by her unselfishness, but it very nearly cost her own.

☘ WOMEN IN THE FIGHT

*A memoir by Countess de Markievicz**

YOU ASK ME TO WRITE YOU AN ACCOUNT OF MY experiences and of the activities of the women of Easter Week. I am afraid that I can only give you a little account of those who were enrolled like me in the Irish Citizen Army, and those who were with me or whom I met during the Week. Some were members of Cuman na-mBan, and others, just women who were ready to die for Ireland.

My activities were confined to a very limited area. I was mobilised for Liberty Hall and was sent from there via the City Hall to St. Stephen's Green, where I remained.

On Easter Monday morning there was a great hosting of disciplined and armed men at Liberty Hall.

Padraic Pearse and James Connolly addressed us and told us that from now the Volunteers and the I.C.A. were not two forces, but the wings of the Irish Republican Army.

There were a considerable number of I.C.A. women. These were absolutely on the same footing as the men. They took part in all marches, and even in the manœuvres that lasted all night. Moreover, Connolly made it quite clear to us that unless we took our share in the drudgery of training and preparing, we should not be allowed to take any share at all in the fight. You may judge how fit we were when I tell you that sixteen miles was the length of our last route march.

Connolly had appointed two staff officers—Commandant Mallin and myself. I held a commission, giving me the rank of Staff Lieutenant. I was accepted by Tom Clarke and the members of the provisional Government as the second of Connolly's "ghosts." "Ghosts" was the name we gave to those who stood

**In* Prison Letters, *(1934)*.

secretly behind the leaders and were entrusted with enough of the plans of the Rising to enable them to carry on that Leader's work should anything happen to himself. Commandant Mallin was over me and next in command to Connolly. Dr. Kathleen Lynn was our medical officer, holding the rank of Captain.

We watched the little bodies of men and women march off, Pearse and Connolly to the G.P.O., Sean Connolly to the City Hall. I went off then with the Doctor in her car. We carried a large store of First Aid necessities and drove off through quiet dusty streets and across the river, reaching the City Hall just at the very moment that Commandant Sean Connolly and his little troop of men and women swung round the corner and he raised his gun and shot the policeman who barred the way. A wild excitement ensued, people running from every side to see what was up. The Doctor got out, and I remember Mrs. Barrett – sister of Sean Connolly – and others helping to carry in the Doctor's bundles. I did not meet Dr. Lynn again until my release, when her car met me and she welcomed me to her house, where she cared for me and fed me up and looked after me till I had recovered from the evil effects of the English prison system.

When I reported with the car to Commandant Mallin in Stephen's Green, he told me that he must keep me. He said that owing to MacNeill's calling off the Volunteers a lot of the men who should have been under him had had to be distributed round other posts, and that few of those left him were trained to shoot, so I must stay and be ready to take up the work of a sniper. He took me round the Green and showed me how the barricading of the gates and digging trenches had begun, and he left me in charge of this work while he went to superintend the erection of barricades in the streets and arrange other work. About two hours later he definitely promoted me to be his second in command. This work was very exciting when the fighting began. I continued round and round the Green, reporting back if anything was wanted, or tackling any sniper who was particularly objectionable.

Madeleine ffrench Mullen was in charge of the Red Cross and the commissariat in the Green. Some of the girls had revolvers, and with these they sallied forth and held up bread vans.

This was necessary because the first prisoner we took was a British officer, and Commandant Mallin treated him as such. He took his parole "as an officer and a gentleman" not to escape, and he left him at large in the Green before the gates were shut. This English gentleman walked around and found out all he could and then "bunked."

We had a couple of sick men and prisoners in the Band-stand, the Red Cross flag flying to protect them. The English in the Shelbourne turned a machine-gun on to them. A big group of our girls were attending to the sick, making tea for the prisoners or resting themselves. I never saw anything like their courage. Madeleine ffrench Mullen brought them, with the sick and the prisoners, out and into a safer place.

It was all done slowly and in perfect order. More than one young girl said to me, "What is there to be afraid of? Won't I go straight to heaven if I die for Ireland?" However it was, they came out unscathed from a shower of shrapnel. On Tuesday we began to be short of food. There were no bread carts on the streets. We retired into the College of Surgeons that evening and were joined by some of our men who had been in other places and by quite a large squad of Volunteers, and with this increase in our numbers the problem of food became very serious.

Nellie Gifford was put in charge of one large classroom with a big grate, but alas, there was nothing to cook. When we were all starving she produced a quantity of oatmeal from somewhere and made pot after pot of the most delicious porridge, which kept us going. But all the same, on Tuesday and Wednesday we absolutely starved. There seemed to be no bread in the town.

Later on Mary Hyland was given charge of a little kitchen, somewhere down through the houses, near where the Eithne workroom now is.

We had only one woman casualty—Margaret Skinnader. She, like myself, was in uniform and carried an army rifle. She had enlisted as a private in the I.C.A. She was one of the party who went out to set fire to a house just behind Russell's Hotel. The English opened fire on them from the ground floor of a house just opposite. Poor Freddy Ryan was killed and Margaret was very badly wounded. She owes her life to William Partridge. He

carried her away under fire and back to the College. God rest his noble soul. Brilliant orator and Labour leader, comrade and friend of Connolly's, he was content to serve as a private in the I.C.A. He was never strong and the privations he suffered in an English jail left him a dying man.

Margaret's only regret was her bad luck in being disabled so early in the day (Wednesday of Easter Week) though she must have suffered terribly, but the end was nearer than we thought, for it was only a few days later that we carried her over to Vincent's Hospital, so that she would not fall wounded into the hands of the English.

The memory of Easter Week with its heroic dead is sacred to us who survived. Many of us could almost wish that we had died in the moment of ecstasy when, with the tri-colour over our heads we went out and proclaimed the Irish Republic, and with guns in our hands tried to establish it.

We failed, but not until we had seen regiment after regiment run from our few guns. Our effort will inspire the people who come after us, and will give them hope and courage. If we failed to win, so did the English. They slaughtered and imprisoned, only to arouse the nation to a passion of love and loyalty, loyalty to Ireland and hatred of foreign rule. Once they see clearly that the English rule us still, only with a new personnel of traitors and new uniforms, they will finish the work begun by the men and women of Easter Week.

♣ A STUDENT AND THE RISING

*from Ernie O'Malley's autobiography**

EASTER OF 1916 CAME. AT VERDUN THE FRENCH WERE hard pressed. The Allies looked to the United States for munitions. It was a late Easter. Flowers bloomed early; the weather was warm and dry, almost like midsummer. I sat in Stephen's Green on Easter Saturday, basking in the sun, watching the ducks and gulls, before I walked up and down to do Grafton Street and meet my friends.

Easter Monday, a holiday, was warm and many people went to the races, to the Hill of Howth, Killiney, or to the mountains. I walked across the city over the Liffey to the South Side, intending to visit the older portions of Dublin; up by Winetavern Street, through the Coombe, and back around by Dublin Castle walls. I looked at the statue of Justice on the upper Castle Gate. She had her back to the city, and I remembered that it had frequently been commented on, satirically.

I passed by Trinity College; the heavy oaken doors were closed. In O'Connell Street large groups of people were gathered together. From the flagstaff on top of the General Post Office, the G.P.O., floated a new flag, a tri-coloured one of green, white and orange, the colours running out from the mast.

"What's it all about?" I asked a man who stood near me, a scowl on his face.

"Those boyhoes, the Volunteers, have seized the Post Office. They want nothing less than a Republic," he laughed scornfully. "They've killed some Lancers; but they'll soon run away when the soldiers come."

Thin strands of barbed wire ran out in front of the Post Office. Two sentries in green uniforms and slouched hats stood on guard

*On Another Man's Wound, *(1936)*.

with fixed bayonets. They seemed cool enough. Behind them the windows had been smashed. Heavy mail bags half-filled the spaces, rifle barrels projected, officers in uniform with yellow tabs could be seen hurrying through the rooms. Outside, men were carrying in heavy bundles – "explosives, I bet, or ammunition," said a man beside me. Others unloaded provisions and vegetables and carried the food inside. On the flat roof sentries patrolled to and fro. Men on motor bicycles, uniformed and in civilian clothes, arrived frequently and the sentries made a lane for them through the crowd.

I walked up the street. Behind Nelson's Pillar lay dead horses, some with their feet in the air, others lying flat. "The Lancers' horses," an old man said, although I had not spoken. "Those fellows," pointing with his right hand toward the G.P.O., "are not going to be frightened by a troop of Lancers. They mean business." Seated on a dead horse was a woman, a shawl around her head, untidy wisps of hair straggled across her dirty face. She swayed slowly, drunk, singing:

Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue,
Here's the best of Jolly Good Luck to You.

On the base of the Pillar was a white poster. Gathered around were groups of men and women. Some looked at it with serious faces, others laughed and sniggered. I began to read it with a smile, but my smile ceased as I read.

Poblacht na hÉireann
The Provisional Government
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC
To The People of Ireland

Irishmen and Irishwomen

In the Name of God and of the dead generations from which she received her old traditions of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

. . . In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty, six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. . . . We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of

Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. . . . The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens . . .

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government.

Thomas J. Clarke

Sean Mac Diarmada	Thomas MacDonagh
P. H. Pearse	Eamonn Ceannt
James Connolly	Joseph Plunkett

Clarke, I had known through a friend of ours, Major MacBride, who used to come across the city to buy cigars in his little shop. Pearse I had seen for the first time a few minutes before. A man in the crowd had shouted out his name as a quiet-faced figure in uniform with a strange green, soft hat had passed slowly out through the front door of the G.P.O. He had talked with an officer underneath the portico beside a fluted pillar. His face was firm and composed. Connolly I had heard speak at meetings. I had seen MacDonagh in the University where he lectured on English, gayer than the other lectures. Plunkett was editor of the *Irish Review*, back numbers of which I had read. They did not mean anything—only names. As I stood looking at the G.P.O. pigeons fluttered up from the roof and with flat dives flew swiftly in different directions. The Volunteers' communications were not going to be interrupted, evidently.

I was walking home when I met three boys I knew from Trinity College. Trinity had been founded by Queen Elizabeth, and had been built and maintained mainly on confiscated Irish lands. Its tone had always been anti-Irish, arrogantly pro-British, and it had always linked itself to Dublin Castle. The students all wore their college ties, black and red, carried themselves with a swagger and seemed very pleased with life in general.

"What do you think of those damn Sinn Feiners?" said one.

One night not long before, when both of us were tight, I had helped him to climb the college wall and railings. He had no trace of brogue, but a polished "garrison accent."

"I don't know," I said, "but they will soon be chased out by the military."

"We are collecting our people, as we want to defend Trinity. It may be attacked. Will you come along? We'll give you a rifle. There are plenty there belonging to the O.T.C."

"I'm going home now, but I will be back to see you later," I said.

"You better hurry on or you may not be able to get through. Cheerio!" and they walked away.

As I continued on my way I met another boy whom I knew. He was jubilant. "There will be fighting," he said. "We have expected it for a long time past. There's going to be dirty work at the crossroads."

So he was in favour of the rebels. He was a student at the School of Art. We had never discussed politics; I had not any to discuss, save to laugh at other people's opinions.

"Well, I am going back to Trinity in the evening. I was offered a rifle," and I chuckled. Was it not pleasant to have a rifle and to feel that there was going to be excitement? This was a lark. He stopped suddenly and looked at me hard.

"Why? What is Trinity to you?"

I said I would go back there to defend it.

"But it's not your university. Remember you'll have to shoot down Irishmen, your own countrymen. You bear them no hatred. If you go in there you cannot leave; and, mark my words, you'll be sorry ever afterward. Think it over."

I parted from him and went home thinking of what he had said.

Near my house people stood at their gates, discussing the situation. The Loyalists talked with an air of contempt. "The troops will soon settle the matter in an hour or two, these pro-Germans will soon run away." They were sure of themselves. The trouble would soon be over. The Redmondites were more bitter: "I hope they'll all be hanged," said one. "Shooting is too good for them. Trying to stir up trouble for us all." People who, although they were next door neighbours, had never previously spoken, now chatted eagerly, like old friends.

Rumours circulated and recirculated, changing as they passed on. The Four Courts had been seized and Stephen's Green; Dublin Castle had been captured. The country had risen, men from outlying districts were marching on Dublin. Other positions in

the city had been occupied. The rebels were shooting everybody they met. It was not safe to be out. All through the evening rumour piled on rumour. I had thought over what the art student had said; somehow I did not go to Trinity. At home the seizure of the buildings was taken as some kind of mild joke. Dublin had been used to strikes. They had provided excitement but were never very serious.

In the night time I went down towards O'Connell Street. I heard the noise of firing; random shots in the distance. People from the slums, the crowded, dilapidated tenements of the eighteenth-century grandees, had looted some of the shops. Boys walked around with a bright yellow shoe on one foot, the other bare; women carried apronsful of footwear, stopping at intervals to sit on the curb and try on a pair of satin shoes, then, dissatisfied, fling them away and fit on another and different variety. Boys wore silk hats perched on their noses or backwards at a drunken angle. Three of them had cut slits in their hats and placed them over their faces. Water pistols in hands they were Kelly the Bush Ranger and his gang, with their bullet-proof bucket helmets. Pickets from the G.P.O. fired at the looters, but they fired in the air. Clery's store, a large one, was like an ant heap. Men, women, and children swarmed about, carrying off furniture, silks, satins; pushing baby carriages filled with sheets, stockings, garters, curtains. Trails, winding and twisting, showed what they had discarded. Pickets were strengthened, looters were fired on, the shots were lower. The looters dropped their armsful and scampered away, cursing the armed men. "You dirty bowsies, wait till the Tommies bate yer bloody heads off." They came back when the pickets had moved farther up the street.

I spoke to a sentry standing in front of a pathetic-looking strand of barbed wire. He had a Lee-Enfield magazine rifle, wore a slouch hat, a bandolier, and a pair of green puttees neatly wound. He was about sixteen, and blue-eyed; he looked at the looters as if they had staged the performance for him. He spoke eagerly, glad to give good news. "The country is rising. Kerry, Cork, and Limerick and men from the North are marching. We can hold Dublin until they come," and he smiled. "Our wireless is sending out word to other countries."

I walked round in a detached manner. I had no feeling for or against, save irritation at those fellows doing the unexpected, seizing the Post Office and the other buildings. I wondered why the troops had not attempted to clear the Post Office, the rebel headquarters. The Dublin Garrison numbered nearly two thousand five hundred and we had been told that other troops were on their way from the Curragh of Kildare. The rebels were not numerous – the reports of their numbers varied from twelve hundred to three thousand – and their positions were not in a proper state of defence. Groups of people stood and talked. Everyone had something to say and something to add. "Only for Eoin MacNeill's countermanding order there would be more of those men in there. It's a shame to rush young boys into trouble," said a neatly dressed woman. On Sunday I had read an order in the morning papers from Eoin MacNeill, President of the Irish Volunteers, and their Chief of Staff, countermanding the manoeuvres which were to be held all over the country on Easter Sunday.

Opposite the Pillar a tramcar had been overturned, blocking the approaches from Amiens Street Station; but there had been no attempt to barricade the wide stretch of O'Connell Street. Two women stood in front of a sentry – the same boy I had spoken to. "If only my Johnny was back from the front you'd be running with your bloody-well tail between your legs." The boy shifted his rifle a little but did not reply. That night the military proclaimed martial law in Dublin.

During the night stray shooting, then spells of silence. Next day troops from the Curragh shelled positions near the Phoenix Park from the Abattoir, and drove the defenders towards the city. The G.R.'s, who had been out for a route march the day before, had not returned to their homes. The anxious loyalists heard that some of them had been killed. "The cowards, to fire on old men!" Perhaps the trouble, the Rebellion, was going to last. People thought of food and tried to buy extra supplies. Prices had risen; only small amounts were sold. The anger was loosed on the rebels. "Why don't the military act?" An element of doubt now. The mobile column from the Curragh, with another unit, had reinforced the Dublin garrison. Close on five

thousand troops in the city. Perhaps the rebels had received help.

I found little change in O'Connell Street next day. The G.P.O. had been more thoroughly barricaded. Other shops had been looted: Lawrence's toy bazaar and some jewellers. Diamond rings and pocketsful of gold watches were selling for sixpence and a shilling, and one was cursed if one did not buy. Women and girls, some clad in Russian leather boots, smart tweed skirts, and a shawl, wore rings on every finger, throbbing rows of them, only the joints showing. Ragged boys wearing old boots, brown and black, tramped up and down with air rifles on their shoulders or played cowboys and Indians, armed with black pistols supplied with long rows of paper caps. Little girls hugged teddy bears and dolls as if they could hardly believe their good fortune. Kiddies carried golf bags and acted as caddies to young gentlemen in bright football jerseys and tall hats, who hit golf balls with their clubs, or indeed anything that came in their way. This was a holiday. Some of the women, with wispy greasy hair and blousy figures, walked around in evening dress. Young girls wore long silk dresses. A saucy girl flipped a fan with a hand wristleted by a thick gold chain; she wore a sable fur coat, the pockets overhung with stockings and pale pink drawers; on her head was a wide black hat to which she had pinned streamers of blue silk ribbon. She strutted in larkish delight, calling to others less splendid: "How do yez like me now? Any chanst of yer washing, ma'am?" In the back streets men and women sprawled about, drunk, piles of empty and smashed bottles lying around. The troops were slowly surrounding the city, hemming in the rebels and trying to isolate their posts.

All Ireland was under martial law, we learned, so there must have been trouble in the country. Rumours and more rumours. The Germans had landed in the South and were marching inland. German submarines had come up the Liffey. The rebels in the country had surrendered. The rebels were nearing Dublin.

Rifle fire began slowly, increasing in scale, then the deliberateness of volley firing and the sharp, quick continuous sound of machine guns. The fighting had begun in earnest. The troops had advanced beyond the canals which almost ring the city; the bridges were held by different regiments.

I crossed towards the North Wall and found Lancers firing at snipers in a very unmeaningly impressive way. The neat puttied legs of the kneeling Lancers were sheltered by a bridge parapet or they stood up straight to fire somewhere at nothing; behind them grouped a garrulous crowd to stop return bullets. After each shot a small ragged boy dashed forward, seized the empty cartridge case, and waited for the next shot. He was making a bandolier out of empty cases. People moved around behind the line of fire, indifferent to the shooting. They were curious, interested, seemingly unconscious of danger.

A frightened-looking elderly man was dragged forward by two soldiers. A woman walked beside them. "He's a dirty bloody sniper, blast him," she shouted excitedly. "Take him away." There was flour on the man's clothes; he protested. The crowd watched in silence. A man beside me muttered, "She's a dirty spy," and spat.

I made my way to O'Connell Street, the headquarters of the rebels. There were few people there now and the sentries had withdrawn. Bullets whizzed in the distance. The boys offered to allow me the use of a pair of prismatic glasses to see the snipers firing from Trinity College. "Only tuppence a look," but I refused.

I kept a diary of events, entering everything I had heard. When I tried to sum up the day the account was conflicting – rumour, counter-rumour. I had no feeling about it. I might have been a foreign news correspondent who had just landed, knowing nothing about the country, the people or the cause of the present Rising.

At night the din increased; artillery was being used. I slipped out of bed, got quietly over the back wall, and went down town. There were few people out. "It's dangerous to go near O'Connell Street," a man said, "three people have been badly wounded near the Parnell Monument." I reached the monument and turned in to Moore Street. From the G.P.O. came the sound of cheering, than a voice singing:

> Then here's their memory – may it be
> For us a guiding light,
> To cheer our strife for liberty,

And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as those your fate;
And true men, like you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

Men took up the chorus; their voices echoed through the bullet noise. The unlit streets gave a strange quality to the words, the chorus zoomed in a loud shadow between rifle crashes. I felt I should like to join in that song.

I stood near the Pillar. I heard a voice say, "Run for it, quick," and I ran. The houses on either side of Mary Street swayed.

"We were trying to blow up the Pillar," said a uniformed officer of the Citizen Army in Moore Street. "It's too good a guide to warships in the bay or to the artillery over there," pointing across towards the Liffey. But the Pillar remained.

"How's the fight going?" I asked.

"We hold Boland's Mill, the College of Surgeons, and posts on the South Side. The English have landed and are trying to fight their way through, but they have been held up."

"And when they get through?"

"Oh, well, when they do it will be hot here." He said goodbye in Irish and walked towards the G.P.O.

I went back home in the early morning and got into bed, unnoticed, save by my brothers. I felt faint stirrings of sympathy as I wrote in my diary. I did not feel indifferent now to the men holding Dublin.

The shelling and noise increased. The people seemed a little cowed as if they did not understand what it was all about. Civilians fell wounded here and there; the presence of death was close. Military posts pushed on slowly down the city. Spent bullets fell around and the whirring noise of live ones could be heard. I tried to get down to the centre of the city, but I could not get through the cordons. In the evening I was in a whirl; my mind jumped from a snatch of song to a remembered page of economic history. I walked up and down the garden at the back of our house. Distant sounds of firing had new sounds that echoed in my head. They meant something personal; they made me angry. The men down there were right, that I felt sure of. They had a

purpose which I did not share. But no one had a right to Ireland except the Irish. In the city Irishmen were fighting British troops against long odds. I was going to help them in some way.

The note of resentment softened a little among the people. I heard expressions of sympathy "for those poor devils in their rat traps." "Damn it, anyhow," said a man, as if discovering it for the first time, "they're Irish – they're our own." I felt the same, but I did not know how to help.

I met a boy who had been to school with me – a tall boy, in homespun suit, with grey eyes and a laughing mouth. We found that we were of the same mind about trying to aid the men in Dublin. He had, I remembered, been a member of the Gaelic League, but had never joined the Volunteers. "I know where there's a rifle," he told me. "My father was given one, a German Mauser, as a present by a soldier who brought it back from the Front. There's ammunition also in clips." I arranged to meet him that night not far from my house.

In the meantime we would separate and get as close as we could to the soldiers' posts and find out any information. If possible we would attempt to get down town in the night-time. I examined the positions occupied by the troops and wondered from what place we had best open fire. Towards the centre of the city there was a gleam in the sky; after twilight buildings were burning. The soldiers advanced with fixed bayonets, telling the lingering people, "Get home, get to your homes at once."

That night we met near the railway line, a hundred yards from my house. He carried the rifle wrapped up in canvas. We undid the covering. He pressed in a clip of cartridges down the opening and the grooved cartridges clattered noisily into the magazine. We walked to the railway embankment for half a mile. "This will do," he said, as we halted near a bridge. He settled himself down flat on his stomach. He fired in the direction of the canal bridge, where I had seen a military picket in the evening. The Mauser made a sharp, curt report. There was no reply. He handed me the rifle. It kicked up towards my face when I pulled the trigger. The suddenness of the noise gave me a shock. It was the first shot I had ever fired. "Shove it in tighter to your shoulder the next time," he said. We saw rosy dots in the darkness; we

heard buzzes which changed in sound as they passed over and went on. We went back to a metal bridge and climbed up together. We gripped the steel trestles with our feet and knees.

"I can't see the foresight," he said.

"I wish I had thought of some phosphorus."

"I'll wrap my hanky around it."

Leaning on the narrow steel parapet one looked into the darkness, observing, whilst the other fired. The sound of the rifle shot rang along the metal. We changed positions and lay quiet, listened to the sounds in the distance, and watched the flames far away. We could make out different rifle shots: the heavier thuds of what we thought must be Volunteer snipers, the sharper flash of the English rifles, and the cold relentless precision of volley firing; then the startling hammer-hammer of machine guns. Darkness added to the noise; bullets made the most of the night. The sounds made my heart thud with excitement. Yellow and red flames climbed high out of a hole of blackness; they seemed to float in the sky, jumping above each other. The undersides of clouds glared; bright ghosts of buildings came and passed.

Volleys were sent at us; bullets clanged off the bridge. We looked up towards the canal after each shot, not thinking of the answering spurts. Feathery red lights spread out farther on the sides. "They're trying to surround us," I said. We moved farther away. We were very cold. In our excitement we had forgotten to bring coats or scarfs. Before dawn we hid the rifle, shook hands, gripped for a long time, and went to our homes, arranging to meet the following night.

In the morning smoke could be seen, and flames. It was terrible to watch. Why had I not known about the fight earlier? I thought of all the chances I had had of joining the Irish Volunteers, instead I had laughed and scoffed. Now when I wanted to help I could not. A Dublin Fusilier, a friend, came to visit us during the day. He drank his large glasses of whiskey and was eagerly listened to. He was an authority. His officers had told him: "Every man you see in green uniform, regard him as a German soldier, as an invader, and shoot him down." "We examine all suspects," he said, "and a bruise on anyone's shoulder means that he has been using a long-barrelled Mauser. I'd like to stick them

up against a wall instead of taking them prisoners." He was hailed by many, who were anxious to shake hands, as he walked away.

Rumour said the headquarters in the G.P.O. had been burnt out, that the men had surrendered, that they had escaped by boring their way through the walls of houses down to the side streets.

I examined other posts in the evening. Near midnight, I left my house by a back window, without noise, and met my companion. We crept nearer to the soldiers and sheltered behind a low stonewall. A machine gun answered his first shot. We lay low and trembled. Then we gained courage; we did not even duck our heads. I found myself singing:

At the risin' of the moon,
At the risin' of the moon,
For the pikes must be together
At the risin' of the moon.

I was hit by a fist in the ribs. "Shut up, do you want them to find out where we are?" he said. We changed from one position to another until all our ammunition had been fired. We looked towards O'Connell Street and tried to imagine what the men there were thinking. The fire had spread; it seemed as if the whole centre of the city was in flames. Sparks shot up and the fire jumped high as the wind increased. The noise of machine guns and rifles was continuous; there did not seem to be any pause. We reached our beds before dawn.

Later in the day came news of the surrender of the men in the Post Office. For another day the firing continued then it died away, save for the bullets of isolated snipers. The Volunteers and Citizen Army men marched to surrender with the rifles they had kept in safety for years. People taunted, jeered, and spat at them as they swung by singing. Some few waved handkerchiefs or shouted a greeting. The grand adventure was over.

People moved about more freely now. British officers at temporary headquarters, in shops and houses, issued passes to those who wished to go inside the cordons. I obtained three at different posts and brought them down town thinking they

might be useful. The G.P.O. was a shell, from which the tricolour still floated. The stout walls were blackened, but they held. On top the statues had pieces missing. The lower portion of O'Connell Street was in ruins. What houses still stood were being hauled down by wire ropes attached to traction engines. Houses were smouldering on Moore Street, Earl Street, Abbey Street, the quays. Kelley's, at the corner of O'Connell Bridge, had been battered in by machine gun and shell fire – Kelley's fort it was called. Liberty Hall, though it had not been occupied, had been shelled by a gunboat which had come up the Liffey. Everywhere glass had been shattered or neatly drilled by bullets. I was frequently questioned by pickets and had to show my pass many times before I reached the South Circular Road. In a house there, in "digs," was a medical student who had been out fighting. "They're going to make a house to house search in this area and I want to get out," he said. I told him about the passes. He went to give them to others and they passed through the lines. Then the three passes were returned by somebody who was not suspected and other men used them.

The prisoners were transferred to the different Dublin barracks; raids and arrests took place and prisoners came to Dublin from all parts of Ireland. The bitterness of the people against the Volunteers was tinged with a little admiration. They had fought well against the regular troops. Many hoped they would all be hanged or shot, and said so to everyone they met. Stories of the fighting circulated and of the murders of civilians in the North King Street area, where the troops had been unable to break through. The number of men holding Dublin was found to be less than eleven hundred, whilst the British had from twelve to fifteen thousand.

Four days after the surrender a brief announcement: three men had been shot at dawn, Padraig Pearse, Tom Clarke, Thomas MacDonagh. Next day four were executed and the following day, one, Major John MacBride. I had felt resentment at the death of the others; now a strange rage replaced it. I had known MacBride. He had been to our house a week before the Rising and had laughed when I told him I would soon join the British Army. He had patted my shoulder and said, "No, you won't." I wandered around all day wondering what I could do to help,

cursing under my breath, meeting few I could feel any sympathy with, for my friends were all hostile to the spirit of the Rising.

The executions continued. Men of the detective division of the Dublin metropolitan police picked out prisoners who were leaders. The Dublin papers reappeared and said their say. The *Irish Times*, a Unionist paper, wrote: "In the verdict of history, weakness today would be even more criminal than the indifference of the past few months. Sedition must be rooted out of Ireland, once for all. The rapine and bloodshed of the past week must be finished with a severity which will make any repetition of them impossible for many generations to come." The *Irish Independent* pointed out that "certain of the leaders remain undealt with and the part they played was worse than those who had paid the extreme penalty," meaning, the limping Sean MacDiarmada and the wounded Connolly. James Connolly, set up on a stretcher, was the last to face the firing squad.

Before the last two men to be executed faced the dawn, Bernard Shaw's letter in an English paper proved that their spirit had awakened chords: "My own view is that the men who were shot in cold blood, after their capture or surrender, were prisoners of war, and that it was therefore entirely incorrect to slaughter them. The relation of Ireland to Dublin Castle is in this respect precisely that of the Balkan States to Turkey, of Belgium or the city of Lille to the Kaiser, and of the United States to Great Britain. . . . An Irishman resorting to arms to achieve the independence of his country is only doing what Englishmen will do if it be their misfortune to be invaded and conquered by the Germans in the course of the present war."

Some of the people resented executions. The men had fought well, their prisoners had been well cared for, they had held the capital for six days. Something strange stirred in the people, some feeling long since buried, a sense of communion with the fighting dead generations, for the dead walked around again. Even the soldiers who wished to make further examples felt the anger of the people.

Tri-colour badges were worn on coats, caps, and hats; songs were whistled and sung. "The Soldier's Song" began to be

known; soon one could hear it in the streets. "Who Fears to Speak of Easter Week?" replaced "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

I'll sing you a song, a soldier's song,
With a cheering rousing chorus
As round the blazing camp-fires we throng,
The starry heavens o'er us.
Impatient for the coming fight
And as we watch the dawning light
Here in the silence of the night
We'll chant the soldier's song.

. . . .

Who fears to speak of Easter Week
Who dares its fate deplore?
The red-gold flame of Erin's name
Confronts the world once more.
So Irishmen, remember then,
And raise your head with pride.
For great men and straight men
Have fought for you and died.

Songs were copied by hand, or typewritten, and handed around. Poems were learned by heart. The surge of a rebirth of feeling, of a national spring in the air. The fierce exultance of song expressing a buried national feeling.

General Maxwell, the British Commander-in-Chief, was known as "Bloody Maxwell." Photographs of the executed leaders were in every small shop. Names of men who had been practically unknown two weeks before were now on the lips and in the hearts of many. P. H. Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, and Joseph Mary Plunkett were poets. Volumes of their poems and plays were republished. Doctor Browne of Maynooth, Ella Young, Francis Ledwidge (then at the front), Seamus O'Sullivan, James Stephens, wrote poems about them. I reconstructed their work and their ideals. I bought and read everything that breathed their spirit: Connolly's *Labour in Irish History*, a vigorous work, overthrowing national idols; the works of Ethna Carberry, Alice Milligan, and other poets and writers. I covered them with brown paper or with the covers of novels, and kept them in my shelves in the study, unnoticed.

There was much distress amongst the people. Over three thousand had been killed or wounded. The arrests, numbering over three thousand, meant a further drain on resources, for the dependants of the imprisoned men had in the majority of cases no support. The secret reports of the Royal Irish Constabulary had been given due credence at Dublin Castle, and a very miscellaneous assortment of prisoners passed through the country jails on their way to Dublin. Irish volunteers, members of the Gaelic League, people interested in Irish athletics, school teachers, writers, journalists, those suspected of being in favour of the Rising, all mingled pell-mell in overcrowded jails. Rebellion, disaffection as it was called, was going to be stamped out. The spirit of the people was to be dealt with as staff officers work out a strategical distribution on the map at headquarters before an attack. Pins change place, are moved here and there, the enemy is crushed.

A National Aid Society was organized, and, despite the odium attached to such work, people came forward to help. Australia forwarded the first large sums, but voluntary contributions came in from all over Ireland. In Dublin, people who three weeks ago would have sneered at the Volunteers as toy soldiers now stinted themselves, happy to be able to help. I helped at the National Aid Office where Fred Allen, a city engineer, was in control. A young man, Michael Collins, came there later to help. I tried to organize area collections and had students in the University to assist. Masses were said, the Month's Mind, in honour of the dead, on the days they had been executed. I organized collections at the church doors with some newly-made friends. We pieced together a large tri-colour flag which I carried around after the Masses; standing above the people we sang songs – "Ireland, Ireland, 'fore the Wide World." Into our hats and caps the people who gathered about outside the churches poured money, coppers and silver. They cheered us as if we were doing something daring. The money helped to keep some of the dependants' womenfolk from starvation.

A gift sale was organized and the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor, was used. Women brought their brooches and rings, family heirlooms were handed in proudly, though beneath the pride were tears; book lovers carried their most

beloved books. One man, a poet and a lifelong collector, gave his entire library; artists, including Lavery and Orpen, supplied blank canvases, setting six hundred pounds as the purchase price for the portrait of the buyer. Throughout the day a procession, the poor, the very poor, the needy, the rich. Their contributions all handed in joyfully, proudly, some pathetically, some with a gesture that made one's heart beat wildly.

The executions had caused bitter feeling, and the arrests and the strict enforcement of martial law helped to intensify it. The people as a whole had not changed; but the new spirit was working slowly, half-afraid, yet determined. The leaders had been shot, the fighting men arrested, and the allied organizations disrupted. Without guidance or direction, moving as if to clarify itself, nebulous, forming, reforming, the strange rebirth took shape. It was manifest in flags, badges, songs, speech, all seemingly superficial signs. It was as if the inarticulate attempted to express themselves in any way or by any method; later would come organization and cool-headed reason. Now was the lyrical stage, blood sang and pulsed, a strange love was born that for some was never to die till they lay stiff on the hillside or in quicklime near a barrack wall.

In an English court an Irishman from the North, Roger Casement, who had helped the Irish Volunteer movement, was on trial for high treason. He was one of the men who had been captured by Royal Irish Constabulary a few days before the Rising on the sand dunes of the coast of Kerry, after landing from a German submarine in a collapsible rubber boat. He had been in Germany; there he had succeeded in getting arms for Ireland, but the German captain blew up his ship off the coast of Cork after capture by the British.

During Casement's trial people in Ireland waited and prayed and hoped. Many again went through the fierce anger they had felt at the first executions. Petitions for reprieve were signed by large numbers in England. But the result was to be expected. Casement was hanged.

The University was changed now for me – new associations, new affiliations. Some of the boys had been "out," and had escaped arrest; others who had been in the country had not

received orders. I reconstructed my world slowly. We were being hammered red hot in the furnace of the spirit, and a spark was bound to fly and disclose us to each other, with a word, a look, a chance remark. Lectures became the unconscious part of the day's work. Conversations in Stephen's Green, seated among the trees, leaning over the bridge, staring into the water; tramps up amongst the Dublin Mountains, beyond the Pine Forest climbing Two Rocks; walks in the night-time – that was what counted. Always Ireland, Ireland, Ireland; story, legend, song, poem, planning. Perhaps we, too, would get a chance to fight or die. That seemed to be the end of all, the beckoning fate. The European War faded into an indefinite misty distance.

The effort at repression continued. Boys were arrested for marching in groups, for singing the Soldier's Song, for carrying the tri-colour; concerts were prohibited, newspapers heavily censored. Baton charges broke up meetings, freedom of speech was denied, bayonets began to glitter and threaten. The people met the new measures passively; but militarism, without excessive physical repression, evoked the same memories and produced the same results as it had once done when it could shoot and hang, burn and confiscate, transport to the West Indies or employ the boiling pitch-cap.

Christmas came and the Volunteers met in scattered groups. I was asked to join the fourth battalion on the south side of the river; but the meeting places were too far from my home. My absence might be noted and too many awkward questions would be asked. A medical of my year asked me to join his company. "It's on the north side, in the first battalion area, and it will begin to meet in a few days' time. I'll bring you along with me." In the days that passed we smiled knowingly at each other, for we kept a secret that nobody else was aware of.

I met him near Parnell Square and he brought me to the Gaelic League rooms. The front door was half open. Inside seated on a table was a man idly swinging his legs, with an evening paper in his hand. He eyed us sharply, recognized my companion, and grasped his hand warmly, then he nodded his head towards a room at the end of the hall. We entered; the room was a large one, the blinds were drawn and gas mantles without globes

lighted up the space. Over the mantelpiece was a blackboard; seated on chairs were eight or ten men, some well dressed, others in shabby clothes. At a table between the windows two men were writing on a wooden, unpainted table. We walked towards them, my companion saluted and shook hands with one of the men. He had a ruddy face and huge shoulders.

"Your name has been submitted and approved of," he said, turning towards me. "You know the objects of the Irish Volunteers?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, read this first, and then sign your name." He shoved forward a printed leaflet stating the objects of the organization:

1. To secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland.

2. To train, discipline, and equip for this purpose an Irish Volunteer Force.

3. To unite in the service of Ireland, Irishmen of every creed and of every party and class.

I, the undersigned, desire to be enrolled for service in Ireland as a member of the Irish Volunteer Force. I subscribe to the Constitution of the Irish Volunteers, and pledge my willing obedience to my superior officers. I declare that in joining the Irish Volunteer Force I set before myself the stated objects of the Irish Volunteers and no others.

I read down the sheet and signed my name. The Captain, for it was he who had spoken to me, shook hands. I saluted and sat among the others, all of whom had been out in the fighting. I was a member of F Company of the First Battalion. The Captain ordered us to "fall in." He asked the addresses of former members of the company, and men volunteered to look them up and try to have them on parade next week. A section commander took us for drill. After a time we were dismissed. I walked home, happy, an official of a Volunteer company.

♣ INNOCENT BYSINGER

Ko-Ko's Easter Week by Sir Henry Lytton★

SOME OF MY MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCES I HAVE GAINED in Ireland. I have visited that country on and off, both privately and as a member of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, for the past half a century, and there has always been something going on there. The real trouble, of course, was in 1916. I happened to be there when it began on that famous and never-to-be-forgotten Easter Monday when part of Sackville Street was burned down, all the public buildings were taken over, and anyone in the street wearing uniform was shot on sight.

To the outsider the "trouble" was extremely well organized. On the day it began a brilliant sun was shining in the sky, and, it being a Bank Holiday, everyone went off in the early morning for a day in the country or somewhere to enjoy themselves. It seemed like a normal public holiday, and yet everything had been arranged. The Gilbert and Sullivan Company was opening at the Gaiety Theatre that evening, so that I could not go far from the town even if I had desired to do so.

In the morning, however, I left my hotel with the intention of going for a stroll, and the first intimation I had that there was anything just a little different from any ordinary day was the ping of a rifle. Before I could begin to think what had caused the noise I saw a crowd suddenly rush towards me and gather round a soldier who had fallen at my feet. He had been shot by someone in ambush as he was walking along the street. That occurred opposite the Gresham, near the Post Office, and as I looked up I saw that they were knocking out the glass from the windows and piling up the spaces with books and anything that could be used as a barricade.

★*From* Wandering Minstrel.

Naturally I was startled, and I said to an Englishman who happened to be there, "What is all this?"

"I don't know", he replied; "I think this is an Army review day."

By noon all the public buildings had been taken over, and shortly afterwards martial law had been declared. It was a rather dramatic change from the peaceful early morning, when all Ireland seemed to be setting out to enjoy itself.

The crowd which had gathered picked up the soldier who had fallen by my feet and took him into a nearby house while I crossed the street. Before I was half-way over, I heard a volley of rifle fire. I know the sound of a rifle, and I thought to myself, "This is real; this is not a review of the Army."

My fear was confirmed almost immediately by a crowd rushing past me, and a man who was running with them stopped and remarked to me, "You're a stranger here?"

"I am", I said.

"Well, for God's sake take cover", he exclaimed, "there'll be murder done here today!"

I made my way to the theatre by dodging from doorway to doorway, and as I passed the famous St. Stephen's Green I noticed that it was barricaded off and that I was dodging along opposite a row of gun-muzzles which poked out at me all the way. Down all the areas of the houses I could see the spiked helmets of policemen who were taking cover.

I managed to get to the theatre uninjured, but when I did arrive I received another shock. One of the girls who was playing in the company was there. She looked terrified, was as white as death, and covered with plaster and powder from head to foot.

"Whatever's the matter?" I asked.

I was told that she had approached a policeman at the street corner to ask her way to the theatre, and whilst she was talking to him he was shot down dead by her side.

A volley had been fired at him, and a number of the bullets had hit the wall just behind them, with the result that her hair and clothes were sprinkled with brick dust and white powder. Anyone wearing uniform, of course, was shot on sight in those days.

Soon after my arrival at the theatre I was informed that martial law had been proclaimed, so that there was no theatre that night, and I was advised to get back to my hotel as quickly as I could, making my way by all the side streets and taking as much cover as possible.

On my way back to the hotel I discovered that some of the buildings in Sackville Street were on fire. Flames were reddening the sky and the dense volumes of smoke hung like a pall over the buildings. To add to the drama there was a terrific din of constant firing of rifles and machine-guns. But, despite all the pandemonium, at least one Irishman whom I met kept his sense of humour.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "Rome's burning! Where's the fiddler?"

Finally I got back to my hotel safely, and found it was crowded with guests who were forbidden to go out. The windows had been barricaded, and we were literally marooned for the time being.

I am not a Catholic, but I was much impressed by the priests who happened to be in the hotel. There were a number of them there, and they all went round comforting everyone they could; and it was rather fine the way they conducted impromptu little services, offering up prayers that the trouble might cease with as little damage to life and property as possible.

One night soon after the trouble started we all at my hotel received warning that we would have to leave the building because the one next door was on fire and threatened ours. We were told to collect up all our valuables and be prepared to go. Pieces of débris from the burning building next door were flying past our windows, the wind being in that direction.

Of course to go out of the hotel, either by the back or the front entrances, meant taking a very serious risk of being shot by snipers, and the prospect of having to leave was none too cheerful. Nevertheless, we made arrangements, but in the middle of all the scurrying to and fro the wind, which was blowing the flames towards our hotel, suddenly changed and began to blow in the opposite direction, thus saving the block in which our hotel stood, and making it unneccessary for us to risk our lives by leaving. That change in the wind seemed a miracle to me. I wonder was it?

Half Dublin seemed to be on fire now, and, of course, no firemen could turn out, because had they attempted to do so they would have been shot down by snipers.

All the windows of the hotel were barricaded with mattresses and furniture; orders had been given that no lights were to be shown anywhere. Of course my room was barricaded like the rest and the blinds were down, but there must have been a chink of light showing somewhere, for each time I moved my lamp a shot was fired and I heard it ping against the glass of the window-pane or on the brickwork.

One shot which was fired hit the lace curtain but, curiously enough, did not go through it. I examined it afterwards, and came to the conclusion that as the bullet – a ricocheted one, apparently – hit the curtain, the curtain swung out with it and thus deflected its course, for I found the piece of lead on the bedroom floor just under the window.

Had the curtain not stopped the bullet in that miraculous way I might not have been writing my reminiscences now, for it came through the window at a point just about on a level with my head as I walked about the room.

Friends to whom I have mentioned my experiences in Ireland at this time have asked me whether I was not scared. I suppose I was, but I think everybody on occasions like this realizes that the position is a helpless one and it is no good worrying about anything. We all, I think, took what came and hoped for the best.

Soon after we had been barricaded in our hotel the military arrived and took charge. Some of them came and actually sniped from the window of my sitting-room.

Curiously enough, my chief desire was to get outside in the fresh air. I could not stand seeing the sunshine coming in through a crack in my window blind, and finally, after resisting the temptation for a long time, I opened the window just wide enough to get my head out sideways and peeped down the street. No sooner had I got my head on the other side of the window than a sniper spotted me and took a pot shot. My head came in quicker than it went out, receiving a nasty crack at the back from the bottom of the window-sash. But what I had seen had made

me curious, and I was ingenious enough to rig up a sort of periscope. I opened the window a tiny piece and so arranged my looking-glass that I could sit opposite and watch all that was happening down the street.

It was a strange sight. The street was empty except for one man. He stood immediately opposite my hotel, in the doorway of Gilbey's wine shop, and he particularly attracted my attention because he was wearing a top hat and frock coat. He was standing behind two pillars, trying to take cover, but suddenly, as I watched, there was a shot. The man in the frock coat sagged, stiffened and went down on his knees. There he remained in that curious attitude for two days. He had been shot dead, a bullet penetrating his heart.

I put my periscope up so that it would show me a view of the opposite end of the street. There I saw a row of military men lying on their stomachs firing down Sackville Street.

Rigging my amateur periscope so that I could get a still wider range of vision, I saw a wonderful sight. One of our own gunboats was stationed in the Liffey firing away with deadly accuracy on the row of houses from which people were sniping. It was uncanny to watch the precision with which they fired. A shell would hit the centre of a house and burst, and the next one that came over would hit the same place next door, and so on, right the way down the street.

The result was extraordinary. First there was the boom of firing, then a huge hole would appear in the centre of the house, the house would appear to shiver, and then, slowly and silently, the walls would bulge outwards and the brickwork collapse with a clatter in a cloud of dust. Standing in this row of houses at which the gunboat was firing one at a time was a building used as a Y.M.C.A. hostel.

As I watched, I saw a little bit removed from the centre of the Y.M.C.A. sign, a rifle poked through and a shot was fired. Hardly had the sniper fired than a shell from the gunboat landed at the very spot, and I remember exclaiming to myself in an excited way, "Got him!" although I had no idea who the sniper was and had very little idea of the cause of the trouble. All I really knew was that I was in it and would be very glad to get out of it.

After the trouble I went over to the Irish Club and inspected the damage that had been caused by a shell which had fallen on it. The effects were most extraordinary.

"Look at that chair", remarked a friend, who was showing me over the débris. "Try to lift it", he added.

It was quite an ordinary-looking chair, but when I tried to lift it it refused to budge, and on closer inspection I found that it was pinned to the floor by a huge splinter of plate-glass which had gone straight through the seat and stuck in the floor, fixing it so firmly that it might have been bolted down. A leg had been blown off a billiard-table with such force that it had penetrated the thick slate of the table and had gone right through it. The walls of the building were bulging ready to totter, a condition caused not by being hit so much as by the terrific concussion caused by the explosion of the shell.

During the height of the trouble some of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company had to be rescued from a burning house where they had taken cover. There was no safe place where they could be given shelter except the police-station, so it was to the police-station they went, and for three days they were kept there, being given the usual fare handed out to prisoners! That sounds rather dreadful, but I am not certain that they were not better off than we in the hotel, for we had only a limited supply of food in and this was running short, so that not only were we prisoners, but we were also hungry. We were very glad to get anything, as rations had to be kept very low.

While mentioning the curious effects of the shelling, I recall what to me seemed a rather funny incident at the time. One of the gallant young men of the D'Oyly Carte Company had to rescue a basket belonging to a lady. He found it lodged on the ledge of the room the floor of which had been blown out. He did some very agile climbing in order to get at the basket. He succeeded in doing so, and got it down. The landlady, noticing that her piano was lodged in the opposite end of the floorless room, remarked excitedly, "For heaven's sake go back and bring my piano down!"

Some very funny things happened towards the end of the week when the surrender began to take place. I was watching

the scenes, when suddenly, at the far end of the street, I saw a door open and an old gentleman walk out wearing a frock coat and wrapped in a Union Jack. Now that the firing was over, he was very brave and very proud, and he marched off down the street singing at the top of his voice and doing his utmost to attract attention to himself.

Before proper military control could be established there was a good deal of looting. I saw one woman walking down the street covered almost from head to foot with chains and watches which were dangling all over her, while she was stuffing gold and diamond-set rings down her stockings. On her head she wore a top hat, and as she made her way along the street heavily laden she was shouting, "Fire away, ye devils! Fire away!" It was like a cameo from the French Revolution that had suddenly come to life.

I saw another old woman laden with a sack run out of a boot shop and sit down at the foot of Nelson's Column in Sackville Street while she fitted on some of the boots she had looted. Apparently she could not find a size to fit her comfortably, so she left her sackful of boots while she ran back into the shop to find a right pair. While whe was thus engaged some boys came along, saw the sackful of boots, lifted them and bolted.

When the old lady came back wearing a pair of brand new boots which squeaked ever time she took a step she was so disgusted to find that her stolen boots had disappeared that she exclaimed, "Glory be to God! Would ye ever believe there were such thieves in Oirland!

It was while I was very interested watching such things as this that there was a sudden banging on the door and a loud voice called out, "Open in the King's name!"

There was a group of us in the room, and somebody opened the door. In walked an officer. who said, "There is a spy in this room!"

At that moment the sun was shining on my looking-glass which I had rigged up as a periscope. Apparently, according to what the officer said, someone was suspected of spying, signals having been seen to come from the hotel during the shooting, and I thought to myself, "Good lord, they think I'm a spy!"

I must have turned deathly pale, for everyone in the room looked at me.

At that moment the officer caught sight of me, and exclaimed, "Henry Lytton?"

"Yes", I said, "that is my name".

"I have a note for you", said the officer. "Fancy coming across you like this."

He handed me a note, which I opened and read. It was from my son, and said:

Don't be nervous. I am guarding you! Harry.

It was from my eldest son Harry who was in the Irish Rifles. He had come home on leave from France, but while enjoying himself in England was suddenly collared and sent over to Ireland for special duty. At the moment I read his note he was at the end of the street sniping.

But that only added to the trouble in which I thought I was suddenly plunged. I felt so nervous about this spy business that after reading the note I put it in my pocket and said to the officer, "Can I speak to you alone a moment?"

"Yes", he said.

A sentry was put on the door, and as the officer and I left the officer remarked ominously, "No one is to leave this room!"

People whom I left behind in the room felt certain that I was a spy and that I was being taken out to be shot.

When we were outside the room alone, I told the officer: "I think I ought to tell you that perhaps I am the cause of all the trouble. I fixed up a little periscope by my window so that I could see what was happening in the street."

I was very apologetic and nervous over the whole matter, but the officer remarked quite brightly, "Oh, that's quite all right!"

Thus I was exonerated and able to go back into my room and watch from my window the remarkable scenes outside in the street where all sorts and conditions of men were surrendering to the military authorities. Groups were coming from all directions carrying white towels on sticks, and being lined up in the centre of the road before they were searched and marched off.

It was a very impressive and dramatic sight, which was emphasized by the presence in my room of a "mystery woman".

She was a very beautiful woman, and was standing by my side at the open window. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and while we stood there silently watching the drama down below I noticed that two officers came in and stood one on either side of her. I could not hear what they said, but after they had spoken to her she turned round, still crying copiously but silently, and went out of the room with them.

Some years later I was in the Dail in Dublin when I met Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. de Valera. While I was chatting a very beautiful lady who was standing nearby came up and said to me, "You don't remember me, Sir Henry?"

I said, "No, I do not, but I seem to have met you before".

"I am the woman who was arrested in your sitting-room as a spy," she said.

I have never to this day discovered who the lady was, but I do know this. She was a very charming woman, and I shall always be glad that I met her.

It was some years after the 1916 trouble in Ireland that I was reminded of a curious incident which happened almost on the first day that the shooting began. I was peeping out of my sitting-room window when I saw standing in a doorway on the opposite side of the road a very old friend of mine, Mr. Friary, the Coroner for Dublin. Not realizing how serious the trouble outside was, I thought to myself, "I must dash across and just say 'How do' to him".

I did dash across, and on the way heard the usual ping! ping! of bullets, one of which hit the tramlines very close to me. Fortunately I escaped.

"Whatever have you come across for, Harry?" asked Friary. "You must get back again at once."

I shook him hurriedly by the hand and dashed back to my hotel, once again arriving there safely.

Some years later, I was again in Dublin chatting to my old friend Friary in the Club, when the coroner remarked to me, "Let me introduce you to some friends of mine, Harry".

He introduced me to two men, one of whom remarked to me, "I think we ought to meet, because I saved your life".

The other man said, "Yes, and I was going to kill you".

I said, "That's funny. What's the joke?"

"It happened in 1916", said the man who had told me he was going to kill me. "Do you remember running across the road while the sniping was going on?"

"Yes", I said, "I do. I ran across to speak to our friend here."

"Well", said the man, "I had got you marked from my corner of the street. I had my rifle aimed just over your heart and was going to shoot, when my friend here said, 'Don't shoot! That's Friary, the Coroner for Dublin, and the other one is old Ko-Ko'."

So it happened that the man who a few years before had been ready to shoot me down as I ran across the street clinked glasses with me and drank my health.

Incidentally, I was with my friend Friary at an Irish race meeting one day, standing with him up in the grandstand looking at the tremendous crowd, when he remarked: "Do you know, Harry, what would make this a fine day? Start a fight over there. You would never see so many cracked skulls in your life."

"That's all right for you", I told him, "you're a coroner".

"Oh", he replied, "it would be great fun. All we would have to do would be to stay up here and just watch it."

That, I suppose, is an Irishman's sense of humour. But that is by the way.

The pot-shot which was taken at me as I ran across the street was not the only personal trouble I came near during those unhappy days. One day an order came round that anyone would be shot if found in possession of firearms of any kind, and we were told the hotel was going to be searched. I did not know of this order, or any word of it, for some reason it not having been passed on to me. Therefore I was innocent of any trick when a fellow came up to me and said, "I have a beautiful magazine revolver here. It is no good to me. You can have it for five shillings."

I had a look at it. It was a beautiful little weapon in a nice case and as I thought five shillings was cheap I bought it. Having done so, I went downstairs and was walking among the crowd

when I heard someone say, "Wouldn't it be awful if someone were found here with a gun?"

The question made me prick up my ears, and I found myself in a pretty fix when someone else in the crowd answered, "Yes, it would. He'd be shot without a doubt."

There I was, with this revolver in my pocket, and for the life of me I could think of no way of getting rid of it before the military authorities came to search the hotel. For ten minutes or so I walked up and down the lounge wondering what I could do, and at last I went to the manager and explained. He, the good fellow, helped me out.

"That's all right", he said, "I'll put it in the safe. If it is found and any questions are asked I will explain that it has always been there."

That is where it went, and, so far as I know, that is where it remains. Incidently, if the gentleman who sold me the revolver for five shillings under those circumstances finds his conscience worrying him I invite him either to send me the five shillings, which I will give to a deserving charity, or he can send the money to some charity himself.

Looking back to those anxious days one can recall many strange and sad sights It was exceedingly tragic, for example, on the day that the trouble started to see three or four Lancers come riding down the street. Of course, they and their horses made a fine target for a volley of bullets fired from rifles that could not be seen but could be heard barking out and spitting death. The whole of the little cavalcade, except one horse, was shot to the ground, and I remember seeing the animal standing helplessly by the soldier who had fallen from its back, pushing its nose against the lifeless body, wondering why its master did not get up and remount. While it stood there it, too, was shot and fell to the ground dead. The terrible little heap remained there for many days, it being impossible for anyone to go out and get the soldiers to bury them, or to remove the carcases of the dead horses.

When the shooting was all over, we had to go to the Castle to get passes to go from one place to another. Feeling rather pleased with myself at the idea of being able to get out of doors

without running the risk of being shot down, I thought I would go up to the Castle in state, so I took a jaunting-car. When I arrived at the Castle, I found that people were queuing up outside the gates all waiting for their passes, but I instructed my driver to wait for me.

Realizing that I should have to wait some time, I stood idly by the car with my hands in my pockets, when suddenly an officer came along and, looking at me, shouted, "Take your hands out of your pockets!"

He was so brusque and looked so fierce that I did so at once. Of course, the explanation was that anyone with his hand in his pocket might have been hiding a revolver and might have been tempted to shoot, so the military authorities were taking no risks.

I noticed, however, that the driver of my jaunting-car was standing at his horse's head with his hands in his pockets, and the officer had taken no notice of him.

"Why didn't he tell you to take your hands out of *your* pockets?" I asked.

"Oh", replied the driver in the very best Irish dialect I have ever heard, "they could see I was a gentleman".

I thought perhaps, after all, it would be better if I took my place in the queue and waited my turn with the others, or I might miss it altogether. So I did so, and I was surprised to experience the very rough treatment the military authorities were meting out. If any man stood a little way out of the queue a soldier came along and pushed him roughly back, telling him to get in line, and to keep his hands where they could be seen.

Eventually I got inside the Castle and was shown into a room where an officer was taking particulars before passes were handed out. Following my turn in the queue I went up to him, and without looking up he barked out, "Yes?"

I began to say something, when he barked at me, "Name?"

"Lytton", I said.

The man stopped writing and looked up, as if something was slowly dawning on him.

"Henry?" he said.

"Yes."

"What! Old Ko-Ko!"

"That's right", I said brightly, "Henry Lytton of the Gilbert and Sullivan".

"Oh, really!" exclaimed the officer, who suddenly became very affable. "Sing us a song."

I did not feel very much like singing, but I thought very quickly and quoted an appropriate line or two from one of the operas:

"*'Cause. Have we not all Cause? Is not the world a big butt of humour into which all who will may drive a gimlet?*"

That seemed to put the officer and his assistants in a very good humour, for I got my pass in double quick time, and with as little delay as possible I slipped back to England. It was good to get back.

I heard of one very sad incident after I got back to England. The victim was a dentist who lived in a house near Ballsbridge. This poor fellow was wearing a white coat, as, of course, most dentists do, and after being in the house for several days he went out into his garden for a breath of fresh air. Of course his white coat made him a vulnerable target. Hardly had he reached the garden before a sniper had shot him dead.

When things like this were happening in Ireland all the time in those days, it seems rather strange to me that more than one friend to whom I have related some of the incidents should exclaim at the end of my story, "Oh, so you didn't play anything in Dublin on that occasion?"

My invariable reply to such remarks is, "No! When there is shooting, the people concerned have all the amusement they want, particularly if the shooting happens to be in Ireland."

☘ INSIDE TRINITY COLLEGE

*By One of the Garrison**

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1916 – NOT YET ONE FORTNIGHT old as I write – looked a day of peaceful thoughts if ever there was one. It was cool, bright weather. The Dublin hills stretched away to the south-west, a picture of immovable repose in the afternoon light.

Down the Dundrum road a band of the Veteran Volunteers – the "G.R.'s" – came swinging along at a steady pace, their faces towards the City. An officer on horseback led them. As he passed us, we recognised in him Major Harris of the Officers' Training Corps of the University of Dublin. He stopped us. "Have you heard that the Sinn Feiners have risen in Dublin, and seized the General Post Office and Stephen's Green, and shot several of the police?" The Veterans passed on their way to the city, leaving us bewildered. Some of them were to meet death within an hour of that instant.

Peace indeed! Rather madness and bloodshed this fine holiday afternoon. To a change so astounding the mind at first refuses to adapt itself. The blessed isolation from the horrors of invasion, for which we daily give thanks, suddenly replaced by that worst of all forms of strife – civil war. For the danger of the Sinn Fein is known to all in Ireland save, apparently, to the authorities. It is not only a danger in itself, but it possesses all the potential danger of the spark amidst the gunpowder. And now at last it is at hand, and to each one comes the same thought, – to seek his duty and to do it. To him who has not the great obligation of defence of wife and family during the unknown dangers of the coming night, the cause of law and order and of the institutions which he holds dearest may appeal for all he can give. In the

*Blackwood's Magazine, *July, 1916.*

minds of each one of us the same question is being debated, and the claims upon him weighed one against the other. And to each the littleness of a few years of life speaks with the same quieting voice.

I was in Trinity College by four o'clock. I had already been in the city that same morning visiting a friend. There were then no signs of the fatal events proceeding elsewhere. The Post Office was actually being seized at the time I was sitting with my sick friend. But now how different! Carriage traffic had almost ceased, and crowds hurried, partly in terror, partly in curiosity, about the streets. An occasional shot was heard. But it soon became evident that the Rebels were virtually in possession of the city.

I left Trinity cautiously by one of the side gates. I was anxious to ascertain, if possible, the magnitude of the movement and to get some idea of the numbers engaged in it. I visited the General Post Office, the central building in Sackville Street. It was a wreck. Glass littered deeply the path and pavement in front of it. Armed men stood behind its shattered windows. Useless barricades had been piled up within – mail bags, evidently filled with letters, to keep out bullets! Chairs and tables through which bullets would pass almost as easily! And, peering out from their defences, the unhappy warriors threatened with their rifles the scared crowd which alternately approached and ran away. At one window a mere boy was still knocking out the glass with the butt of his rifle. Above the building floated a huge green banner with the inscription in white letters, "Irish Republic". Truly *Der Tag* had come! But oh, how pitiful! A fantastic chimera, and death the sure and certain wage!

The Rebels were moving about freely in the streets. All seemed armed with rifles. The police had entirely disappeared. They had done all they could, and some had offered their lives in a vain endeavour to save the city. St. Stephen's Green, which I next visited, was closed. A sort of barrier had been placed within the large gate facing the foot of Grafton Street. Behind it stood, with set face and in Sinn Fein uniform, an armed man. He held his rifle at the ready. But neither military nor police contested his supremacy. A couple of lads of seventeen or eighteen

years of age lay on the grass near by. They too were armed and equipped with rifle and bandolier. A man in the small crowd remarked to me on the juvenile appearance of these Sinn Feiners. What, indeed, could they know of right and wrong? What could they do to save themselves even if they knew the truth? It was a pitiful sight. One formidable-looking man of maturer years lay stretched in the most approved attitude, with rifle immovably directed towards Grafton Street. I estimated that if the distribution of men around the Green was everywhere such as it was at this point, 400 or 500 men might be within. One comforting inference could be drawn. No German officer was responsible for such strategy. For no officer in his senses would shut his men in an enclosure commanded by tall buildings on every side, from any one of which almost every corner of the Green could be reached. And as it turned out, this was just what the Sinn Feiners found to their cost a few days later.

I returned to the College but little wiser than I had left it. From the first the gates had been closed, and no unknown person allowed to enter. What force was within? I had come in almost direct from the meeting with Major Harris, and as he must moderate his pace to that of his men on foot, and as I was on a bicycle, it seemed unlikely that even by this time he could have returned. Inquiry confirmed this view. At the Headquarters of the Officers' Training Corps I heard that several officers in khaki had been fired on, and it was believed to be doubtful if Major Harris would ever reach the College. In point of fact he never did. Approaching the town the Veterans divided into two parties. One of these was under command of Major Harris. The other, under command of Mr. Browning, was ambushed and badly cut up by the Rebel fire. The survivors of both parties were finally driven to take refuge in Beggar's Bush Barracks, then in a state of siege, and into which they only penetrated by climbing over a back wall. The "G.R.'s" had gone on their route-march, as was their wont, totally unprovided with weapons of defence.

Thus it happened that Trinity College seemed almost without defenders. Major Tate, the C.O., was unfortunately away. But Captain Alton of the O.T.C., Lieutenant Luce of the Royal

Irish Rifles, who was home from the front on sick leave, and Lieutenant Waterhouse were fortunately at hand. A few boys in khaki were about. There was no doubt of the seriousness of the position. Help from military or police was not to be expected for some time – possibly for some days. That the College had not already been captured was most inexplicable. It was obviously the most central and commanding position in the city. There was the additional attraction of the military stores of the O.T.C. depôt. In this were kept some hundreds of service rifles and many thousands of rounds of ammunition. The loot of the buildings would supply many requirements of those in possession. And once captured nothing but the wholesale destruction of buildings, containing the most precious heirlooms of the ancient University, would suffice to dislodge the enemy. I visited the Provost. He faced the position with which he had been so suddenly confronted with calmness. . . .

The Anzacs had been above on the roof of the College since an early hour. Owing to the strict order received from the Irish Command not to fire until attacked, many chances of "potting" Rebels had been missed. But later in the morning this order had been withdrawn. Already before daylight a despatch-rider of the enemy had been brought down by the fire of the Anzacs. It was wonderful shooting. He was one of three who were riding past on bicycles. Four shots were fired. Three found their mark in the head of the unfortunate victim. Another of the riders was wounded and escaped on foot. The third abandoned his bicycle and also escaped. This shooting was done by the uncertain light of the electric lamps, and at a high angle downwards from a lofty building. The body was brought in.

Later I saw him. In no irreverent spirit I lifted the face-cloth. He looked quite young; one might almost call him a boy. The handsome waxen face was on one side concealed in blood. Poor boy! What crime was his? That of listening to the insane wickedness and folly preached by those older and who ought to be wiser than he. And was not he, after all, but one of those who carry to its logical conclusion the long crusade against English rule which for generations has kept peace from Irish hearts? More honest than many of his teachers, he has been led into

crime and now pays the penalty. It is true, if truth exists at all, that this life cut short and the rancour and bitterness with which it was filled are as much the handiwork of the "constitutional" agitator as of many who are doomed to summary execution for this night's work. When will England appreciate the Irish temperament? When will our rulers learn that these rash and foolish sons of the Empire require quiet and resolute government, sane education, and protection from the fanatic and the agitator, to whose poison they are at present exposed from their earliest years?

Tuesday, April 25, was now a new day. The events of the past night seemed folded away, as if but a troubled dream. What would the new day bring forth? When might help be expected? With advancing day the numbers in the streets increased. It was evident that the public even yet had not realised the dangers of the streets. Shots from roof and windows did not seem to deter the curious from risking his life. Not a few were aimed from the roof and windows of the College at snipers lurking in surrounding buildings. One window in the top storey of a large insurance office was an object of special suspicion. A man and a woman had shown themselves at it more than once. They had been seen to fire into the streets beneath. The shooting from the College was undeniably good. The window was turned away at a sharp angle from the College, and was distant about a hundred yards. Nevertheless, spirts of lime and powdered stone were sent flying from its embrasure at every shot. Whoever was within was certainly either very foolhardy or very stupid. To look forth even for the fraction of a second under such conditions was courting death.

There can be no doubt that the accurate fire maintained from the College was an important factor in the salvation of the City. The Bank of Ireland (formerly the Irish House of Parliament) was otherwise unprotected, but no hostile being could have approached its doors. Its whole front was in view of the College. The sentries, which in ordinary times never cease to guard its doors, were absent, but the building was safe. An attempt was, in fact, made to take possession of its roof, but it was frustrated. The many important and stately buildings – banks, insurance

offices, business premises – of Dame Street and Grafton Street were protected from the rebel or from the looter in the same manner. The whole length of Westmoreland Street was kept clear by the College rifles; and even the strongholds of the enemy in Sackville Street were assailed from the northern end of the College. Regarding the position as a whole, the grounds and buildings of Trinity College filled the function of a loyal nucleus, dividing the forces of the rebels and keeping open to the troops some of the principal thoroughfares of the City.

After being relieved, I joined the Anzacs on the roof. They were undoubtedly men fashioned for the enjoyment of danger. And certainly it would be harder to find nicer comrades. Alas for the thousands of these fine soldiers who have left their bones on Gallipoli! . . .

The great event of Tuesday was the recapture of the "Daily Express" offices by the military. We were at the time in ignorance of what was actually happening; for we were possessed with the idea that the Sinn Feiners held the Castle. When, therefore, we saw at the head of Dame Street men in successive waves rush across the street from the City Hall towards the "Express" offices, we thought they represented the enemy in process of expulsion from the Castle. As a matter of fact the waves of men were composed of the troops. From our position in front of the College we could see that a terrific fire was being directed against the "Daily Express" building: plaster and powdered brick were flying in showers from its facade. This fire was to cover the advance of our soldiers. But in spite of this we saw, more than once, one of the running figures pitch forward and fall. It was expensive tactics; and later a better method of dealing with the Rebel strongholds was found when the artillery came into the City. The fight seemed to last a considerable time – about an hour at its greatest intensity – before the firing began to wane. Not till later did we learn that the final phase of the struggle took place, under deadly conditions for the soldiers in the narrow passages of the newspaper office. But they were not to be withheld, and the Rebels were ultimately bombed out or captured.

This event took place on the afternoon of Tuesday. Shortly

after a small body of troops entered at the front gate of the College – a welcome sight. But it was not certain if they were to remain for the night.

In the course of the afternoon it became necessary, in view of certain operations to be undertaken by the Regulars, to ascertain if Butt Bridge, which spans the Liffey near the notorious Liberty Hall, was occupied or not. The necessary scouting was assigned to me. Two of our O.T.C. cadets in mufti were to accompany me. We agreed that it was best not to remain together. I accordingly went by Tara Street, and my colleagues proceeded by Hawkins Street. My route being the shorter, I reached the bridge first. It was unoccupied. Being anxious to ascertain if Liberty Hall was occupied and in a state of defence, I crossed the bridge and traversed the pavement in front of the Hall. The building looked empty, but I noticed that some of the windows of the basement had been broken out. This, of course, might betoken the presence of inhabitants, and suggested sniping. As I could not turn back in front of the building, I walked past it, and turned when near the railway arches crossing the street lower down. It was unwisely done. I had probably been seen from the Hall, for as I again passed in front of it two rifle shots were fired in rapid succession from one of the lower windows. I saw the smoke so there was no doubt whence the shots came. If the intention was to hit me it was quite extraordinary they did not succeed, seeing that only some 30 or 40 yards intervened, and I was walking slowly. Two men just behind me, who seemed the only other pedestrians present, took to flight and ran across the bridge. This course I did not imitate, for I reasoned that as the bridge was commanded right across from the windows of Liberty Hall, flight might have the actual effect of drawing the fire of the rebels. No more shots were fired, and I met my O.T.C. supports on the bridge.

In spite of our better position no precaution appeared to be relaxed by Captain Alton on the ensuing night. My own duties lay at the railings and gate in the New Square, near No. 40. This house is at the end of the bay, and overlooks the entire central area of the Park. The railings beneath it command a view reaching across to Nassau Street. Here I passed two very cold hours

peering across the lawn. I was to shoot any one seen beyond the railings: none of our men were to quit the quadrangles.

I spent the rest of the night on this duty. When Wednesday, April 26 at length came, I was glad to get away from that window. There was now no bread in the College and no sugar, and the hardness of the ship's biscuits was something of scientific interest. But for all that I have never had a more delightful breakfast than I had that morning. The kitchen was filled with men trying to eat the biscuits. The interesting historical narratives of current events made it difficult to remember the duty of reporting oneself. I was again stationed at one of the front windows of the College.

There were adventurous people to be seen in the streets as the day got older. The impelling force of curiosity would appear to rank with the strongest passions of mankind. Here were bullets flying about, death lurking at every corner, and yet troops of foolish people running about the streets. There had been looting already in some of the shops, and in the midst of the broad pavement in front of the College a small ragged boy was rejoicing in a toy motor car which was certainly value for three or four guineas. It was rather small for him, but he managed to sit in it and to pedal himself round Grattan's statue. Bullets were nothing to him. For the nonce he was of the fortunate ones, and a lordly toy was his to play with. In after years this trivial sport will stand for the Great Rebellion in his memory. So it is with us all, if only we could see our actions and thoughts in the light of history.

Troops were now coming into the College in large numbers. It was arranged with the consent of the Provost that the military in Dublin should take up Headquarters in the College. There was no doubt as to the mutual benefits to be derived from the arrangement. The weather had held out, and in the Park fresh young grass was found for the horses. The Examination Hall, the Engineering School, and part of the Dining Hall were thrown open to the men. Owing to the absence of students a very large number of chambers could be placed at the disposal of officers as well as of the rank and file. These rooms were all in part furnished, and contained good sleeping accommodation. But

in truth the Tommies off duty had little to do with rooms. They lay about and slept in the open all day, rejoicing in the sward of the College courts and in the brilliant sunshine. The senior officers enjoyed the hospitality of the Provost.

The immediate safety of the College was now assured. Our escape from utter destruction had indeed been marvellous. I heard the view commonly expressed among the officers that had the Sinn Feiners taken possession of the College buildings in force, nothing but shell fire would have dislodged them. Having regard to the great strength of the place, no other course but one which must probably involve the ruin of the buildings would be justifiable. Nor would any policy of starvation have availed to save the priceless treasures of the College from the same fate which befell every public building in Dublin into which the Sinn Feiner entered. With the Library, enriched at the voluntary expense of soldiers, the most precious heirlooms of ancient Irish civilisation would perish: with the exquisite School of Engineering, the most beautiful structure of the kind in the world would disappear: with the Provost's House, a treasury of art would vanish.

Early on Wednesday Liberty Hall received its quietus. Two eighteen-pounders and the guns of H.M.S. *Helga*, brought up the Liffey, were used to demolish it. The noise was tremendous. To the general din was added the spitting of a machine-gun placed high on the tower of the Fire Brigade Station. When next I saw Liberty Hall its empty shell alone remained. Every floor had been blown out of it. It was stated that none of the Rebels had remained to face the attack. A few weeks ago I saw armed men keeping guard within this building to keep out the police: and this was known to, and suffered by, the authorities. It was known to, and noticed in, the Press. But nothing was done.

Early in the day I went on duty at the Brunswick Street gate. This is the main entrance and exit for troops and others communicating with the east and north sides of the city. I soon found myself busy. A sentry was, of course, given to me. I was to deny or grant admission or exit according to circumstances. Every precaution had to be taken. The smaller door was opened only in face of fixed bayonet and after preliminary parley as to who

was without. There appeared to be one evident oversight in the military precautions at this point. The large business premises of Messrs. M'Kenzie & Co. overlook this entrance and command it, more especially from the inner side. The building was apparently deserted. But if the enemy by any means gained access to it the gate would obviously be untenable. As we were still none too strong, and the numbers and intentions of the Rebels were unknown, it seemed prudent to occupy the building. Accordingly thirteen regulars were put into it later in the afternoon. Its occupation continued till the rebellion was substantially put down.

Casualties began to come in. No. 15, a house in the College quadrangle known as Botany Bay and near the Brunswick Street gate, had been fitted up as an emergency hospital. It proved to be of the greatest value, not only for dealing with wounds, but for administering to the ailments of the soldiers within. The treatment of sore feet, for instance, was continually proceeding. A staff of Red Cross volunteers and members of the R.A.M.C. were available day and night . . .

We had now reached Thursday, April 27. The quadrangles presented an extraordinary appearance. Some 4,000 troops were stationed in the College. Horses tied to the chains which enclosed the grass plots gave the place the appearance of a vast open-air stable or horse fair. Men stood in ranks or sprawled on the pavements or on the doorsteps – anywhere – sometimes closely packed and fast asleep in every conceivable attitude. Many of them had put in a hard night's work. A large number were of the Sherwood Foresters and of the South Staffordshire Territorials. Many of these men were very young, and most of them had but recently joined the Colours. Looking now at their sleeping forms and tired faces, one must remember that the work of rounding up and hunting down the Rebels is not only arduous, it is in the highest degree dangerous. Not a few of the officers and men who had been through these nocturnal and diurnal operations told me that they would prefer being at the Front. At the Front, they said, you know the direction from which you may expect a bullet. Here the enemy is all round you. He lurks in dark passages and among chimney-stacks, and when at last you think

you have hunted him down, you find yourself in possession of a peaceful citizen who gives some plausible reason for his presence. That these young fellows should be wearied after their night of peril and strenuous exertion was not to be wondered at.

On this day a dead soldier was brought in. He found burial in the Fellows' Garden, service being said by the Army Chaplain. This was not the only interment within the College grounds. Later, another soldier – whose grave is now inscribed "Private A. C. Smith, 2373, 10th Cavalry Res. Regt., killed April 29, 1916" – was buried in the College Park. The boy despatch-rider was laid to rest at an earlier date.

Then a little boy was brought in on a stretcher. He had been shot through the hand on Monday, and there was fear that the wound had become septic. The father accompanied him, but even in these circumstances was not admitted to the quadrangles. He told me that none of the family had tasted food since Monday night. The child looked very ill – too ill to cry or to complain – and on hearing this I left the man in charge of the sentry and made my way into No. 15 to suggest the application of internal as well as external remedies. Hot tea was given to the little patient. There was rapid revival. He thanked us in a voice which never rose above a whisper. The manners of these little Irish children are sometimes lovely; and this child had all the confiding and appealing way about him which constitutes their special charm.

And it was quite true. The people were starving. Food supplies had early been exhausted or the shops had been closed. Wages had ceased, for there were no employers and no work to do. But wages would not have helped; there was nothing to buy. Relief of the starving was begun by the officers of the O.T.C. Later, on the Thursday, the Military Authorities humanely and wisely took the problem in hand. Stores were commandeered and warehouses opened, and the food distributed to the starving families. I heard that the people were so grateful they would do anything for the soldiers.

But I was yet to see a more terrible tragedy. There was the sound of the ambulance bell without. The van was admitted. It seems that the horse had been shot and a riding-horse sub-

stituted, and they had difficulty in getting the van farther than the College. Accordingly they sought first-aid at our Red Cross station.

A woman was lifted out. The stretcher dripped with her blood A glance showed that death was not far from her. It was a face without hope. A shocking wound was hers. Shot through the lower part of the abdomen, the infernal bullet used by the Sinn Feiners had done work which must surely be fatal. They tried to plug the wound. A little later she was brought on to hospital – where she died.

This woman had done no wrong. She was probably seeking food for her six little children when death met her. There will be no one to sing her sorrows in modulated verse. The guilty "Countess" may possibly one day evoke the strains of the bard. But this woman's anguish of farewell to her little children will be absorbed unnoticed – save by these poor words – in that great total of human sorrow which the mind cannot evaluate or even conceive.

Two eighteen-pounder field-guns were now in the College. To-day they were used to break up an enemy stronghold. The Sinn Feiners had seized and fortified a fishing-tackle and ammunition shop overlooking Carlisle Bridge. From this they maintained a fusilade upon every one within reach. The eighteen-pounders were brought out into Brunswick Street and anchored to the pavement by lifting some of the setts. They were trained on Kelly's shop (the stronghold referred to), the shells traversing the length of D'Olier Street. Eleven shells were put into the brick walls of the premises. What the effects were within we could form no conception, but great holes were torn in the walls. The shells (shrapnel), we afterwards heard, penetrated into the adjoining house beyond and damaged a valuable photographic stock. The story that these field-guns were brought to the top of the College is, of course, absurd. They could be neither maintained on, nor fired from, a foundation of slates and rafters. Nor would it be a simple matter to hoist them up.

Fires were now raging in the city. With the approach of night the flames lit the sky. In the lurid heavens the planet Venus shone with extraordinary brilliancy.

As the struggle between the Military and the Rebels became more and more a series of isolated combats, the streets grew ever more dangerous. Even at my post at the gate bullets were constantly singing overhead. Whence they came it was impossible to find out. The only risk here, however, was from a ricochet. A case of an eighteen-pounder shrapnel shell, emanating from an unknown source, fell in the Provost's garden. All this Thursday night firing continued, sometimes breaking out in one direction, sometimes in another. The vicious rattle of maxims, and the tap, tap, tap of some quick-firer – wickedest sound of all – mingled every now and again with the crash of bombs, filled the night with a sense of horror and danger. The streets were in many places barricaded and no one was permitted to pass. Indeed only the Military were now to be seen on the streets. Even the police, if a message had to come to the College, crossed the street at the double.

An hour past midnight on Thursday I left the gate in charge of the night watchman and the sentry and retired to rest on a sofa in the Fellows' Common-room. This was a most luxurious indulgence.

It was, I think, on the Thursday that a strange demand was made on the hospitality of the College. An operatic company, of well-known excellence, unaware of the extraordinary conditions prevailing in the City of Dublin, had reached the City on Wednesday. They found all the hotels closed and no possibility of getting accommodation. Eighteen members of the company took refuge with the Police. The Police sent across to my gate to know if hospitality – mere housing within the College – could be extended to them. Under the conditions, to grant this request was clearly impossible. Accordingly the stranded actresses and actors had to abide in the premises of the D.M. Police.

Then a change came over that house of retribution. Strains of clever song and sounds of pleasant laughter reached my gate, mingled with the crack of distant rifles and the crash of bombs. Cheerful faces peered from door and window. Inexorable duty brought me across to the D.M.P. barracks that afternoon. The scene within was worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan at their best. The gigantic, uniformed Inspectors – grey of hair and upright

of bearing – beamed with parental indulgence upon the graceful forms which tripped down the stone stairs or laughed and sung in groups in the hall. Among all the experiences of a week of novelties this was not the least novel. It may safely be predicted that such a scene of mingled gaiety and tragedy will never again visit the halls of that building. The trite saying that laughter and tears are near together seemed exemplified. I was carrying on a conversation with one of the huge Inspectors. It was about the battle of Tallaght in 1867 – the last Irish Rebellion. I was surprised to find that the Inspector was unacquainted with some of the most interesting facts of that extraordinary contest. I told him of how a dozen of the Constabulary captured some hundreds of armed rebels, and to keep them from running away had cut their braces, – a clever ruse which might well be matter of instruction to a police force, and which, I hear, has been used at the Front in the case of German prisoners. But no, he had never heard of it, and was in great delight at the idea. Nor had he any reluctance in imparting it to the assembled company. "Mister Finnigan, Mister Finnigan," he shouted to a distant Inspector just as gigantic as himself, and just as paternal of countenance, "Do you hear what —— says? How they kept the rebels from running away? They cut their braces. Ho, ho, ho!" Then followed shrieks of laughter from giddy youth.

There were some strange happenings also within the College. There were two cases of sudden lunacy: one among our own O.T.C.; the other case was that of a Sinn Fein prisoner. Lieutenant W—— gave us a horrifying account of the treatment dealt out to the latter, who was violent. "It took four of us to hold him down. We tied his hands behind his back, and we tied his feet together. Then we laid him on a table and wound ropes round him and the table. Finally we wrapped a blanket round his head." "I suppose," said one of the Fellows of the College, whose remarks are generally worth listening to, "I suppose you call that 'First Aid.' " The strangest part of the story was the effects on the prisoner. He was left in the mummified state for six hours. At the end of that time he was found to be quite sane – except with regard to his political convictions.

A feature of these curious times was the prevalence of extra-

ordinary rumours as to what was going on in the world outside. The tendency to imagine the worst was consistently manifested in these reports. Verdun had fallen; there had been a great naval battle disastrous to British supremacy; there had been a landing of Germans on the East Coast of England. With such items of news we were regaled, and on the most conclusive evidence. Nor were events nearer home more favourably reported. The number of risings in the Irish counties and the strength of the Rebels were alike exaggerated. All this did not conduce to our peace of mind. Fortunately the immediate surroundings were too engrossing to permit us to reflect on the calamities which appeared to be crowding upon Great Britain during our temporary sequestration from the newspapers.

For, in point of fact, all postal connection with the outer world was cut off. Such local papers as appeared, at first contained only the Military Proclamations. These were brought in by the soldiers, and proved disappointing reading. In the City the first (and last) number of the extraordinary "Irish War News" had appeared on the Tuesday morning, a small and very seditious sheet, price one penny, and headed, "Vol. I. No. 1." It contained the proclamation of the Rebel leaders.

On Friday the Military appear to have finally disposed of the Rebels in the General Post Office. It was only carried through by the all but complete destruction and burning of the building, the outer walls alone remaining. Fires were now increasing in number on the north side of the river. It was related that looting was going on, on a most disgraceful scale. Shops of all sorts were broken open and the goods freely distributed to the citizens of the Irish Republic. Men stripped off their old clothes and dressed themselves anew in the open streets, donning fashionable suits. Women selected jewels for their personal adornment, and rich and rare were the gems they wore on toil-stained fingers and grimy wrist. Watches were carried off heaped in aprons. Toys were given to the young. Fruit and champagne and other expensive luxuries were freely partaken of. The wines were in some cases retailed for a few pence the bottle. Bookshops only were immune from attack. It is related that some officers captured by the Rebels on Monday were conveyed by the enemy to a

tobacconist's shop, and with true Irish hospitality were treated to the best cigars, the owner of the shop having fled.

Saturday the 29th was to be my last day at the gate. There were now available many better fitted for such a duty. I was given leave for Sunday. In the streets Saturday was marked by a certain liveliness. Prisoners were coming in or passing in batches all day. A poor and pitiable lot they looked. Surrenders were taking place all over the City: surrenders accepted on unconditional terms only. The leaders were now in the hands of the authorities, and the Sinn Fein Rebellion was in a fair way to be a thing of the past, and to take its place in Irish history as one of the many insane rebellions which constitute its principal episodes.

Late that night I accompanied Captain Alton to the top of the look-out tower of the Fire Brigade Station. The view northward was sublime and terrible. Acres of flame and red-hot buildings stretched across the middle distance. The lurid light, reflected on rolling clouds of smoke, rose and fell as roof and walls toppled over. Fresh fires appeared to be springing into existence at a point to the north-east, and it really looked as if we were witnessing the wholesale destruction by the devouring flames of the entire northern side of the City. The night was still, or the damage had been far greater than it was. The Brigade was said to be overwhelmed with the magnitude of the work assigned to it – as well it might be; but undoubtedly it did invaluable service. And its work was in some cases done under the fire of the Rebels. Two and a half million pounds' worth of property were destroyed during the rising.

And from this tower, looking over unhappy Dublin, stretching like a map beneath us, we seem to be reviewing the whole miserable story. The growth of lawlessness, dating back to days of cattle-driving and boycotting. To the landlords every evil was to be traced. Settle the land question and you would have a peaceful and prosperous Ireland. Well, the landlords are gone and still you have rebellion. The long, pernicious Aberdeen *regime*, year by year bringing authority more and more into contempt. The laxity towards the Larkinite movement; the folding of the hands, no matter what might be done in Liberty Hall. "We serve neither King nor Kaiser, but Ireland", stood for

months writ across the face of that house of sedition; but still all was well. Then we have the pressure of Home Rule, leading to the arming of the North. Next comes the arming of the South. Finally arises the usual rift between the "constitutional" and the unconstitutional. All these long series of ominous events mishandled, or not handled at all, by a helpless Government.

Hundreds of the untimely dead lie beneath us in the stricken City. Upon hundreds of others the shades of death are even now closing. The ruined, unhappy leaders are there: now at length seeing all their own mischance. The pitiful dupes who took their word for the future of the "Irish Republic"; and now only look forward to death or penal servitude! Others, just as guilty, lurking in hourly fear of detection! The orphaned children crying for mother and father! Ruined lives and ruined business! All this and far, far more make up the tragedy at our feet.

And the future? Nothing can be more gloomy save the miserable present. Does any one believe that this is indeed the end of madness in this unhappy land? A bloody and desperate war to claim for its victims all we have most brave and most loyal. And when that is past our wretched domestic politics all over again, with the certainty that sacrifices for King and Empire will count for nothing. Is this sea of lambent flames, this harvest of death, a hopeful augury for the future of self-governing Ireland? Who will be found to educate my fellow-countrymen to that self-control which accepts the victory in the Senate as the final verdict? Who will be found wise and strong enough to waken them from the phantasmagoria of vain and foolish dreams the sober light of day? Be very sure that till that measure of self-mastery is attained, and till that awakening is accomplished, this is not the end of violence. To-day you deal with the Sinn Fein: tomorrow you deal with Whom?

Truly our future is as lurid as those rolling clouds which, rising around us into the night, dissipate in space the hard-won wealth of the loyal citizens of Dublin.

♣ ONE MAN'S EASTER WEEK

*An interview with Commandant Andy McDonnell**

COMMANDANT ANDY MCDONNELL IS TODAY A LITHE AND active man in his mid-sixties. A man with great enthusiasm and an infectious sense of humour; a businessman and endlessly active as well in such projects as the Kilmainham Jail Restoration Society – and the last man in the world to let anyone call him a hero.

In Easter Week of 1916 he was a stripling of eighteen years and a Volunteer of less than three months standing. Only in February had he persuaded E. Company of the 3rd Battalion, Dublin Brigade, based at St. Enda's, Oakley Road, to ignore his age and allow him to join up.

With his company he paraded under arms on St. Patrick's Day, 1916, past College Green where Eoin MacNeill took the salute.

"I was then armed", he told me "with a six-foot pike as were a number of men in the company. I well remember the trouble it was to stack the pikes while we attended Mass at SS. Michael and John's on our way to the parade at College Green".

Even this late there was no talk of a Rising. The company were concentrating on the Easter manoeuvres. Thomas MacDonagh addressed them on the subject on April 20 at St. Enda's and there was a lecture from a man named Byrne, a first aid man from the battalion, on the care of feet and the danger of in-growing toe-nails.

He had his kit all ready for the manoeuvres: a pair of heavy marching boots, a green soft hat turned up at the side, a scout's jersey, belt, trench coat, three days' rations, a first aid kit, a trench digger and, of course, his pike.

In this equipment he had frequently paraded in the weeks

**The interviewer was Mr. Sean White,* Irish Press, *April, 1964.*

before the Rising at Camden Row with the full battalion of 400 men under the command of the Third Battalion O/C, Commandant Eamon de Valera.

On Easter Sunday he turned up at St. Enda's fully togged out for the manoeuvres at noon. There was much coming and going of despatch riders and then at 2 p.m. the company was dismissed with word that the manoeuvres were cancelled and they were to wait at home for 24 hours for further orders.

On the momentous Easter Monday he was mobilised at 10.30 a.m. with orders to report to Oakley Road with full kit and pike.

They moved off about 12.30 to rendezvous with Comdt. de Valera at Earlsfort Terrace, a thin squad of men and boys armed with an assortment of shotguns, pikes and a few small-arms. On the way people they met who seemed to be walking from town warned them not to go near the G.P.O. as there was shooting there. Still intent on their manoeuvres they continued on their way rather to the amusement of the passers-by.

"How or why we arrived at 144 Pearse Street (then Brunswick Street) I do not know", Andy McDonnell said. "But arrive we did to find men and arms all over the place and plenty of confusion. Paddy Doyle, I think, reported to Captain Joe O'Connor while the rest of the Company was left on the street with men from other units. I did not see Comdt. de Valera at 144 Pearse Street, but I did see the Battalion Transport arrive – it was a horse and cart in the charge of Jimmy Murray, a lame man with a short leg whose laugh and good humour made light of his incapacity. The cart was loaded with all sorts of food, and I can still see the flitches of white bacon, commonly known as 'The Lad', jumbled up with the military stores".

It was here in Pearse Street that young Volunteer McDonnell performed his first act of military violence. He describes the event matter-of-factly, as he does even the most hazardous events of the week, but with that eye for the humour and oddity of situations which makes his recital of Easter Week, a thoroughly human document.

"By this time I was having doubts about the manoeuvres", he said, "and was convinced there was something wrong when I was ordered to hold up a tram, my first taste of active service.

"I stood in the street with my six-foot pike at the ready as the tram approached. Not an inch did I move as that tram came closer, but, to my great relief, it stopped and I ordered all passengers out, I have wondered since what would have happened had the driver donged the bell and kept coming; would I have turned and run, or would I have charged the tram with my pike?"

After this initiatory act of derring-do – surely the first time in a revolution that a tramcar was halted and subdued with a pike – Andy McDonnell, his mind full of misgivings about the peculiar nature of the manoeuvres – stepped back into his ranks.

"At a command we all fell in behind Transport", he said, "and the Third Battalion moves off, not very far, and we turn into what looked to me like a very big yard, the gates of which were thrown open by armed men, and closed as the last man entered. This was Boland's Bakery".

Here for a week Andy McDonnell was one of the small garrison of 120 men who without hardly time for food or rest and certainly none for fear gave themselves to forwarding a revolution which had grown out of a military exercise.

"Men were rushed to various parts of the building, while I was put digging a trench and at last my trench digger saw action while my treasured pike was hidden behind some sacks of flour, my set intention being to take it home when this fuss was all over. I did make some sort of hole in the very hard ground. Soon I was out on a roof overlooking Grand Canal Street with a shotgun which Simon Donnelly had given me with orders to fire on any British troops should they appear on the street below. I was wide awake; my vision of the big manoeuvre was gone; I was a soldier. By this time the sound of heavy gunfire from the direction of the city was clearly to be heard, and I was alone on the roof, far from happy or free from fear."

Boland's Mill, the outpost occupied by the 3rd Battalion, Dublin Brigade, under the command of Commandant Eamon de Valera in Easter Week, 1916, was not only a strong point in holding the line of the canal but commanded wide territory extending over the canal along the railway line from Westland Row to Beggar's Bush.

The line had been trenched and Andy McDonnell found himself in the front trench with Captain Joe O'Connor.

"Fire," he told me, "was rather heavy at this point and at times it was impossible to raise your head above the parapet of the trench. Rations came through at very odd times, the gunfire making it difficult to reach us. I remember seeing a black bucket moving along the railway in our direction and yet could see no one carrying it. Joe Curran explained to me that there was a man crawling and pushing the bucket in front of him. That bucket was very welcome as it contained mashed potatoes, cheese and bread."

The 3rd Brigade holding Boland's would probably have been at full strength of 400 men but for the confusion and cancellation of the "manoeuvres" at the start of Easter Week. With only 120 men occupying the post the Commandant and his staff were driven to the end of their ingenuity to compensate for their lack of numbers.

Andy McDonnell was still posted on the railway when he heard Comdt. de Valera and Captain Joe O'Connor discuss the hazard of the British manning the railway.

"The brilliant idea of the Commandant," he said, "was to put a flag on the roof of the disused distillery nearby and so encourage the British to shell the building, thereby making it useless as a covering position for themselves.

"This plan was decided upon by the officers, and a pike was needed as flagstaff. I made bold to offer mine hidden in the bakery – by this stage I was armed with a shotgun. I was ordered to get the pike. The flag was hoisted on the water tank by Mick Cullen of 'D' Company. Very soon the H.M.S. Helga opened fire from the Liffey. The first shell hit the pike staff in the middle but, in falling, the flag caught on the railing around the water tank. It stayed there for the week and was later retrieved.

"Shells continued to pour into the building and it became flooded and impossible to hold. The British had complied with Comdt. de Valera's wishes, and my cherished pike had done its part.

"Cats of all shapes and sizes were prowling on the railway. I discovered they had been freed from the cats' home nearby as there was no one to feed them. Now the rats rushing out of the flooded building were a greater menace and they were many and varied along the railway line."

The success of the mock manning of the Distillery showed the way to an even bolder ruse. Andy McDonnell was one of those picked to carry out the new plan.

"Recalled to the bakery, I was given a crowbar and now lost my shotgun," he said, "Simon Donnelly lined me up with ten others and proceeded to sprinkle flour on our backs. We would be moving in the dark in single file, he explained, about ten yards apart, and the white back would be a means of keeping contact.

"The Commandant then took over. We were to move along the railway as far as Beggar's Bush in strict silence, as the British military had already moved on to the railway. I was the last man in the file, complete with the crowbar that I could scarcely carry. Then the order was given, 'left turn,' and I found myself the leader of the file. We moved out on to the railway with Comdt. de Valera in the lead and the white backs strung out behind him stopped very often to listen, then on again, and my crowbar got heavier with every stop.

"Where were we off to, after what seemed to be a full night? We reached the railway bridges, over Bath Avenue and beside Beggar's Bush Barracks. Our orders were to drop from the parapet of the bridge over South Lotts road into some waste ground that contained the two huge gasometers, all in dead silence and pitch black. I was excited and more than likely frightened – the result: I dropped my crowbar. Not into the waste ground but on to the South Lotts Road; the clatter could be heard not alone in Beggar's Bush but, to my ears, in Portobello.

"I was much more afraid of the Commandant than of the British troops and, without thinking, I climbed over the parapet, hung for a few seconds and dropped on to the road.

"I grabbed the crowbar, climbed over a wall where there are houses now, and into the waste ground before I was missed or questions asked.

"We moved in between the gasometers. The ground was soft and in part covered with stagnant water but the Commandant in the lead covered the ground quickly with his long strides regardless of water or anything else. I kept well up, lugging the crowbar and thankful there were no questions asked about the noise caused by my carelessness.

"Comdt. de Valera made straight for the office and after some talk and peaceful persuasion on his part the watchman accompanied us to Ringsend Road somewhere near the bridge. Here we entered a big yard. The building was lighted and full of the sound of running machinery.

"The Commandant told the man at the gate that he was taking over the Gas Works, that he would dismantle some of the machinery, allow all the workmen to go home and have a garrison of a few hundred men within the building in less than an hour.

"He entered the building with four men and my crowbar. It was my luck to be posted outside the gate with a revolver, not a soul to be seen but the glow in the sky and the roar of guns all around me.

"The idea was to let it be known that the Gas Works were held, while in actual fact we did not leave a man in it.

"Remember that ten of us took the building and we had not more than 120 men to hold the whole area. Some parts of the machinery were taken away, and when the workmen had moved away the gates were locked and we got back to the bakery by way of Ringsend Road and Erne Street."

"I cannot remember the days of the week, or day from night for that matter. In Boland's they all seemed to run into one another. Sleep we got in fits and starts, and if you managed to remove your boots once in a while you were lucky. When you were told you could sleep you lay down anywhere. During the week there was a visit from a priest. He was in the bakery standing behind a van hearing confessions. You got permission to leave your post and make for the bakery, find the priest and, with your hat in one hand and your gun in the other, got Confession and then rush back to your post."

Commandant Andy McDonnell emphasised the sense of isolation from all other parts of the Rising and the overwhelming day by day necessity of keeping up the fight in their own sector.

The battle of Mount Street Bridge, probably the fiercest of the whole week, had raged within a hundred yards of Robert's yard near the bakery. Yet the Boland's garrison were completely isolated from its centre at Clanwilliam House.

In pursuing their own defence against military from Beggar's

Bush on the railway line, against snipers from across the canal, against shells from the Helga, and against whatever might move against them in the dock area, their days and hours were fully occupied, and were only varied by occasional forays such as their midnight capture of the gas works.

But even in a revolution such as this one sprung out of a "manoeuvre" no garrison, no matter how self-contained, is an island.

Contrary to all expectations the Rising had lasted a week and still was uncrushed. On Sunday the surrender order was brought from the G.P.O. by a Cumann na mBan girl. There was a feeling that Boland's could hold out longer even though the fall of Clanwilliam House made the position precarious. But Pearse's order to surrender came on Sunday. Commandant de Valera made contact with the British military in Mount Street and arranged the surrender details.

"We were brought together in the bakery," Andy McDonnell recalls, "and ordered to render all arms useless. Then we formed up and were marched out into Grattan Street by the Commandant. The white flag of surrender was carried by Byrne, the first-aid man who had given the lecture on foot care at St. Enda's before the Rising.

" We marched the full length of Grattan Street into Mount Street before meeting a British soldier. They were in Mount Street in force. But there was a huge crowd of people in Grattan Street as we marched along through a corridor of onlookers. One woman in that street I never will forget.

"She was a big woman with a very white apron, or so it looked to me not having seen soap or water for a week. When I passed her by she cried out: 'Lord, look at the child going to be shot.'

"She stepped into the road, picked me up in her arms and moved back into the crowd evidently with the idea of getting me away to safety. Safety was the furthest thing from my mind at the time; my one idea was to go with my comrades and, in particular the Commandant, as by that time I was willing to follow him anywhere. I kicked that kind woman good and hard until she let me down and then ran after the remnants of our army to surrender.

"The British troops who surrounded us in Mount Street did not know what to make of us. We were something unheard of before – rebels against the Empire. The officers were inclined to be friendly, if somewhat surprised that we showed no sign of fear or regret.

"An officer talking to Doctor Myles Keogh turned to me and said: 'Well, sonny, it's all over now and you are all going to be shot.' I just grinned. He turned back to the doctor and said: 'There you are, they're all the same – from the oldest to the youngest, they don't care a damn!'

"We were lined up under a heavy escort. Our Commandant came down the line and shook hands with every man, with tears in his eyes."

Days of confinement under primitive and unorganised conditions followed. At first the Boland's garrison were housed in damp cattle stalls in the R.D.S. grounds. After some days they were marched to Richmond Barracks. They were switched around from one block to another; conditions improved or deteriorated; men were taken away one by one to courts martial and prison, rumours filtered in of executions.

"I cannot recall," said Andy McDonnell, "how many different places we were brought to, but one afternoon the young lads were taken before a senior officer who told us he was taking it upon himself to release us, as he felt we were too young to realise what we were doing when we took arms against the mighty Empire; the real culprits were the men who had led us into trouble. He had no doubt we would not be led astray again, and he was sending us home to our parents and hoped that they would deal with us. We were escorted to the gate and told to go home. This was about May 12, 1916."

♣ TWO PRIESTS

I

*A letter by Professor George O'Neill, S.J.**

EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1916

I SIT DOWN TO GIVE YOU AN ACCOUNT OF MY EXPERIENCES of "Black Monday," and what I saw of its events and of to-day's (up to about 5 p.m.). I am again in my room (12 noon) only about 24 hours since I left it last, but what a world of strange experiences in the meantime! It seems like a dream. I cycled across town to Church St., towards 11 a.m. yesterday, to oblige Robert O'Dwyer (who is keenly buried in his candidature for Chair of Music) by acting as adjudicator in the F(ather) M(atthew) Feis Ceoil. I noticed nothing strange in the streets. I began my absurdly peaceful task of hearing little girls and one or two boys play nervously their sonatinas and scales and marking them judiciously, when the Capuchin in charge told me bad work was going on and that two policemen were reported shot nearby. Nevertheless we continued for a while, nor noticed much row till near 1 p.m. when the Fathers had gone to their dinner in the friary which is a little distance off, leaving one in charge of the big hall and its competitors and myself in the small hall which runs close to the street. Suddenly several shots were heard just along the door: the ninety or so people, nearly all women and children were of course, panic-stricken. I tried to reassure them, believing myself it was the police who were firing on a Sinn Fein mob. But it was the S(inn) F(einers) themselves. They had already put up barricades and shot (I believe) a soldier with this fusillade. I stayed with my party, tho' told that a man had been shot in the hand (he came in presently). Then a lamentable wailing and shrieking began, and I was told that a child had been killed. So I went into the entrance

*Published in The Clongownian, *August, 1965.*

hall and there was a poor young mother (I have since heard her husband had been killed at Gallipoli) with a fine little boy of 4 or 5 in her arms, apparently dead, blood coming out from his ear. Her state was pitiable. Some one suggested hospital, and I said, "I'll take him to hospital if someone will go with me" (I did not recollect at the moment that the R(ichmond) and H(ardwicke) was not far off) so I took the poor child in my arms and hatless as I was brought him up the street, then deserted, a man on each side of me. There was no particular danger for *me*, but at the turn into Brunswick St., the S.F. were smashing into a shop in order to occupy it, and a few yards up there was a barricade. We were let through this after a word or two: but the mother, who had followed, was not, and strangely enough I saw no more of her. I carried the poor little victim up to a bed at the end of a ward, my hand, coat and shirt-cuff bedabbled with blood. The nurses said he was already dead. Soon I was in conversation with Sir T(homas) Myles and Dr. (Joc) O'Carroll, who were present representatives of the Staff. Two other wounded had already come in – one a respectable Jew tailor from Ormonde Quay, shot through the entrails: he died in some 3 hours: the other, a soldier wounded in the foot. Presently arrived a respectable tradesman, nearly 70 years of age, I should say, shot quite through the leg in a disagreement about resigning his premises; not dangerous. "Joc" (Dr. O'Carroll) showed singular courage and spirit. At the beginning of the trouble he had gone out and found some S.F.s putting some people out of their house. He interfered decidedly, advising the people not to obey. The aggressors persisted and so did he, till at last one of them put a pistol to his head and ordered him off in (he admitted) "a cool and even polite manner." I advised him never to tell the story to Mrs. O'C as it would give her nightmares. About 2, Myles, Joc and I were doing fair justice, in spite of interruptions, to a substantial lunch, when three representatives of the S.F. demanded an interview. They wanted to inspect (with a view of course, to occupy) a balcony on the hospital. Joc spoke up with the greatest vigour, declaring monstrous such an attempt to turn an hospital into a fortress. They said it was a matter of absolute necessity to them: "their lives hung by a thread." I remarked that no necessity could justify

the wrong – a wrong done to so many innocent people. Joc said he would resist to the utmost such an attempt. They at length gave way on a solemn promise that if the soldiers wanted anything similar it would be refused. Meantime two bad cases were brought in – a young soldier of a Welsh regiment and a woman up from King's County, who had been hit on a tram. I was staying on all this time with the view of giving spiritual help, there being no other priest in the place. At my suggestion a Capuchin was phoned for and he came presently with everything necessary – an old friend of mine, Fr. John. However, there was very little to be done. All the urgent cases were non-Catholic. However, we did something. The doctors took the whole with their usual nonchalance: there were occasional phone messages (for the S.F. did not block, tho' they controlled the Tel. Exchanges; next day the military took and monopolized it) and hearing of news from this or that corner. About 4 a terrific and long fusillade announced that the troops were trying to make a way up Queen St., to Blackhall Place, which with the neighbouring Four Courts was a stronghold of the S.F. We thought this would bring in a terrible tale of casualties, but strange to say hardly one case came in. It would appear that the firing of the S.F. was usually very bad (in many cases and places better than that of the soldiers) and to this is attributable the large proportion of non-combatant sufferers. In general the number killed seems very small in proportion to the amount of ammunition expended. I have heard since that in ordinary warfare there is something like two tons of metal fired for every man killed. In the Queen St., case the S.F. were firing sideways down a street. Two young doctors, Pollock and M. Burke, went down as far as the quays, did some useful work and there was a young lieutenant lying dead, shot through the skull. There were all sorts of rumours, often wild and contradictory. The poor S.F. greenhorns were buoyed up with all sorts of stories about landings of thousands of Germans. Many of them thought they had achieved a final and lasting triumph for Ireland. Many had the usual arguments that "Germany never injured Ireland" and others of equal value. Others of them had fewer delusions, but said that they had orders to obey, that they were in for the work and that they could not die better than in actual fighting

for the good cause. I heard those things from the Capuchins, who, knowing some of these misguided lads and men, remonstrated with them. The chaplain had meantime turned up, and Fr. John persuaded me to go with him to the house of the Capuchins. I was made extremely welcome to supper, which was just beginning. They are a large community now that nearly all are home from missions – a fine, good, manly lot of men. Everything in the place is very plain, but neat and clean. After supper the growing darkness and rumours made them insist on my staying; nor was I disinclined, for though my courage can face a sudden call to do something, it has no stomach for vague and uncertain dangers. I was comfortably provided for, but there could not be much sleeping after the emotions of the day, and with some of the Fathers practically up all night; but above all when about 1 a.m., the most terrible and long-continued firing of rifles and machine-guns began quite close at hand. It is supposed this was an attempt by the military to get hold of the Four Courts and that it failed. Inquiries next morning did not show many casualties. The kindness of the Capuchins did not end till after Mass and breakfast: then I made tracks, but not so easily. The whole region about was barricaded and stopped to the general public, lots of houses, etc., being occupied by S.F. especially at corners, and windows blocked with sand-bags and the like. At the barricade of the church gate I was given a pass, signed J.C. O'N, for the barricade at the head of Mary's lane. I keep it as an historical relic. I went on to a barricade further down the street; they said (quite respectfully) it was not the one the pass was for, I said I did not mind which, and went to the latter. After passing it, things became more normal and were very much so on the quays, which the day before had often been particularly dangerous. I crossed Grattan Bridge and went up the lane beside the Dolphin, avoiding Parliament St., where the Evening Mail Office and Henry & James' were occupied by the S.F. while the City Hall had been taken from the latter by the military (?) who also held the Castle or most of it. It seems I did prudently, for I was only well into Dame St., when a lively rifle exchange began across Cork Hill. I stopped with many others, to listen and see the smoke coming out of the windows: then went up George's St., and

Aungier St., where all was normal, tho' Jacob's close by in hands of S.F.: then York St.: College of S(urgeon)s in hands of S.F., and their flag over it. Stephens Green occupied (very absurdly, people say) as a central camp by some 250 S.F. who had dug trenches and blocked the South Road, chiefly with motors and the Stanhope St. laundry van containing our linen. I believe they also held houses in Kildare St., strongly. Harc(ourt) St. Terminus they held yesterday but abandoned, also a half made barricade across Uppr. Hatch St. At Leeson St., I found they had occupied 3 houses opposite ours, evicting the owners and also the Master of the Roll's, commanding the bridge and much else. (It is evident that these innumerable occupations cannot be in any force).

MAY 8

The preceding account derives its interest, if any, from the fact that it was written *immediately* after the events recorded – a diary, in fact. My personal share in the events thereafter remained without special interest to the end: only in a very small way did I follow the lead of hundreds of priests who did great work and faced the greatest dangers. It is a marvel that only one has been shot – poor Dr. Watters, S.M. – he in the dusk by a stupid sentry. Of course, the military were far more dangerous to the priests than the S.F. and it was the military bullets that riddled some convents and colleges. The soldiers were badly led, and extremely "jumpy." So terrified were the Reparation nuns in Merrion Square by what had happened to them and rumours of future doings that they begged to have a priest to sleep in the Convent, and I discharged that duty for two nights. The food-trouble had become terribly serious on Saturday 29 and again it was priests (notably Fr. Provincial Nolan and Fr. Finlay) who got the military orders relaxed in favour of bread-carts and milk-carts. The distribution of free food was organized by the Government with a promptitude quite unexampled on their part: they deserve credit also for listening to good advice as regards the distribution of the food, this being handed over almost entirely to V. de Paul men and nuns. The whole parsonic element was very conspicuous by its absence.

Of course one feels very much the tragic fate of men whom

one knew and whose good qualities one appreciated. With T. McDonagh I was of course in constant intercourse, I assisted at his marriage some four years ago and have proof of his friendliness in the inscriptions of a couple of books.* I knew, more or less, as everybody did, his political opinions: for, you know, all these inflammable matters have been marvellously open secrets: but we rarely touched on politics, and, when he did, I could go a long way with him in his criticisms of other people's policies or lack of them. He had in a very marked degree the art of being easy, pleasant and unconstrained without at all giving himself away: and he could be the brain and hand of a deadly perilous enterprise without slackening in his attention to any detail of his professional work. Indeed, he was a model of assiduity in grinding and superintending students' work in English literature and composition.

As a lecturer he was above all fluent – not with words only, but with abundances of literary knowledge, views and criticisms. He was too easily carried away from what was "practical" from a student's point of view into vague disquisitions, and overwatered the plant, instead of letting it grow.

Pearse and Plunkett (and all his family) I had also known fairly well. The former was an enthusiast of the sombre, humourless kind, with a highly exaggerated sense of the value of the old Irish literature, a sincere Catholic. Plunkett was a poet – native if ever was one, and his published pieces show this, tho' very few of them are satisfactory. One of them contains a beautiful pathetic and strange anticipation of his marriage followed by his death. I hope to write and publish something on both him and MacDonagh. It is all a great tragedy tho' not a new one. Is the curtain at length about to go up on a new play? Will rulers be wise at last?

Yours very sincerely,

G. O'Neill, s.j.

**Father O'Neill was Professor of English Language at University College, Dublin, while Thomas MacDonagh was a lecturer in English. Editor.*

JULY 8

You ask whether Leeson St., was in the line of fire, etc. No place was safe, that is to say, safety in no place could be depended on to continue for another minute. Our bridge, like the others, was frequently barred except to special passes: soldiers frequently firing and fired at, were posted on it. As the soldiers never knew for certain *who* was firing at them, or from *where*, anybody or any place was liable to be riddled by their bullets on a momentary suspicion. Stephen's Green, at foot of street, was a constantly dangerous area. I know *now* that I incurred great danger by going up on our roof during the early days. The amount of ammunition expended was something enormous, and, perhaps ridiculous, but really the situation was extremely difficult to deal with from a military point of view. What would have happened had the priests not induced the rebels to surrender on the Saturday evening? It is too dreadful to think of – doubtless. Yet might things not possibly have turned out more hopeful than they are now? It seems absurd to suggest it: but then things at present are lamentably unhopeful. To return to Easter Week: there were three or four days (say Friday to Tuesday) during which we had a regular inferno (at intervals at least) going on not only at the end of the street but in the space behind our house and between the main streets. I have walked in the garden (fairly safe owing to walls) and heard many a bullet whistling over my head. Two bullets pierced our back windows here, and five a window in the Hall in Hatch St., where our lay brother was expressly aimed at (as a supposed sniper) and very nearly killed. I gave Benediction here on Sunday afternoon, and it was just like what one reads of Masses said in the trenches. You remark that the Saturday surrender was by no means decisive for all: our worst days about here were Sunday and Monday.

For nearly 10 days we had no post and no papers. In order to get a letter down to C(lare)morris I cycled 7 miles and ingratiated myself with a station-master, also got from him news as to the rising (happily very little of it!) in the West. But I think, you have now got enough of my personal experiences.

Adieu!

G. O'NEILL, S.J.

II

A record by Rèv. John Flanagan, C.C.

My first visit to the G.P.O. was paid on Monday night at nine o'clock in response to a request from Patrick Pearse. I went into an office at the back of the Central Hall and was there engaged hearing confessions until half past eleven. During the ensuing two days I attended several men shot in the streets. The military began to close in, on Tuesday evening, and machine gun and rifle fire made it unsafe to be about. On Wednesday morning at eight I said Mass at the pro-Cathedral to a congregation consisting of a few women and the server. The bombardment of Liberty Hall and of other Volunteer positions began as if I had given the signal at the beginning of Mass. I have never discovered what objective the artillery had beside Liberty Hall that morning, but the passage of the shells over the church was a rude accompaniment to the Holy Sacrifice. Marlboro' Street was swept from end to end by machine guns posted on the roof of the Theatre Royal, and Abbey Street from the Custom House. Immediately after Mass, while on my way to attend two boys shot at 6 Lower Marlboro' Street, I had some difficulty in persuading a crowd of people, that I would be safer alone, and that they would be safer at home. One poor man was so far from realising the seriousness of the situation that when I turned him back he objected and said he wanted to get to his work "across the water" – somewhere in Grantham Street!

Subsequently I got down to Jervis Street and with several other priests had a busy day attending the wounded – both soldiers and civilians. Coming home by Parnell Street I noticed some soldiers, home on leave, standing about hallways with their friends. Though in khaki, and well within the danger zone, they did not seem to fear being shot at by the Volunteers. On my return I found the church and sacristy pretty full of refugees from neighbouring houses, and as the night fell, the fire which had been smouldering in Lawrence's at the corner of Cathedral and O'Connell Streets blazed out afresh. A steady west wind swept sparks across the church roof. The Brigade, we were told, in response to a call, would not be allowed out, and further fires

might be expected before the week closed! We therefore spent the night preparing for the removal of books, registers, and sacred vessels, feeling that if the fire spread along Cathedral Street nothing would have saved the church. Luckily the wind died down towards daybreak.

On Thursday morning I said Mass at eight o'clock – again to the accompaniment of the guns – but, as we had closed the church, without any congregation. Two of my colleagues were on duty in Jervis Street Hospital, two away on holidays, and three of us remained in the Pro-Cathedral. About half past ten we were astonished to hear the hall-door bell ring. Responding, I admitted a young lady who had come from the G.P.O. with an urgent request for a priest to attend a dying Volunteer. It did not seem a very reasonable request, considering that the way from the Post Office to Jervis Street Hospital was comparatively safe, and that we had stationed two of our priests there specially to meet such a contingency. However, I accompanied the messenger back to the G.P.O. by a very circuitous route – *via* Thomas's Lane, Marlboro' Street, Parnell Street, and Moore Street. We experienced more than one thrill in Marlboro Street, and while crossing by the Parnell Statue. In Moore Street an old friend was shot down just beside me, and I anointed him where he lay. Some brave boys, procuring a handcart, bore him to Jervis Street Hospital where, after a couple of days, he died. Proceeding on our errand, my guide and I ran across Henry Street, into Randall's hall-way, upstairs, and, through gaps in the walls of intervening houses into the G.P.O.

On my arrival at the Volunteers' Headquarters, I looked among the wounded for the patient to whom I had been called, and received a hearty welcome from as gay and debonair an army as ever took up arms. They evidently had felt their organisation incomplete without a Chaplain! and I immediately entered on the duties of my new position, which kept me pretty busy all day. My services were also in request for the soldier prisoners, one of whom was mentally affected by the unexpected events of the week. We had our first serious casualty about one o'clock, when James Connolly was brought in with a nasty bullet or shrapnel wound in the leg. He endured what must have been agony with

grim fortitude. Soon I had another to anoint; and, though we had many minor wounds to attend to, these were the only two serious cases. As night fell, the fires along the other side of O'Connell Street – from Eden Quay to Earl Street – were a sublime and appalling spectacle. Truly might it be said that Dublin "showed another sight, when the drums beat at dead of night, commanding fires of death to light the darkness of her scenery."

Friday dawned to the increasing rattle of rifle and machine gun. Early in the day I succeeded in getting through the *Freeman* office into a house in Middle Abbey Street where I prepared for death a poor bedridden man whose house soon became his funeral pyre. In the afternoon – about four o'clock – the first incendiary shell landed on the roof of the parapet of the G.P.O. A large hose was at once turned on, but the effect seemed to be rather to spread the flames. All hands were then summoned to the front hall and I asked what could be done for the wounded of whom we had by that time fifteen or sixteen. Earlier in the day a good number of the ladies who had volunteered to help the wounded and see after the commissariat had been sent away under a white flag, and reached their homes in safety. Some, however, remained. We were told we should be quite safe at the back of the building, which was newly built of ferro concrete, or in the crypt. But it soon became clear that we should have to find safety in flight. While the wounded were being prepared for the perilous journey now before them, I stood for a moment discussing the situation with the O'Rahilly. When the word of command came for the charge into Henry Street, he turned to me, and, kneeling down, asked me for a Last Absolution and my blessing. "Father," said he, "we shall never meet again in this world." Then he calmly and courageously took his place at the head of his men. The stretcher cases were than taken in blankets through the walls of intervening houses, across a roof, up a ladder, and into the bar of the Coliseum Theatre. I am glad to be able to testify here that though that element of the Volunteer Army which would correspond to the "Rough Riders" had been in possession of the Coliseum Theatre for nearly a week – a trying and nerve-wracking week – not a single bottle of liquor had been disturbed or taken when we arrived on Friday night. There on the fine deep carpet our

wounded were laid about 7 p.m. Meanwhile the Volunteers had rushed from the central hall into Henry Place – whence they fought their way into houses in Moore Street. The military had set up two barricades – one at the end of Moore Lane and the other at the end of Moore Street – both in Parnell Street. They had, besides, an armoured car from which they poured machine gun fire up Sackville Lane and Moore Street. Passing these streets in the front rooms of the Henry Street houses we had to creep on hands and knees beneath the windows to escape the bullets. That no one of our Red Cross party was hit and that the wounded were got safely into the theatre was really remarkable.

Our first idea was to hang a Red Cross flag out of the roof of the theatre; but the storm of bullets and shrapnel that rained round the doomed building made it impossible to venture on the roof. The G.P.O. was already ablaze and it seemed quite certain that the theatre would soon catch fire too. We searched round for an exit – but all the doors were securely padlocked save one – the last we tried – which gave access to a passage. We pulled the bolts of this door with a sigh of relief and got, by the passage, to the collapsible gate leading into Prince's Street. Having again secured a pickaxe previously left in the post office yard, we broke the lock of the collapsible gate and, still carrying our flag, made for the narrow passage leading from the end of Prince's Street into Middle Abbey Street. The entrance hereto was, however, blocked by a barricade of paper on fire, so we found there was nothing left us but to select the lowest spot and jump across it. One of our stretcher cases, the boy I anointed the previous day, was unconscious all this time. At the other end of the passage we encountered a further barricade before emerging into the battle zone of Middle Abbey Street, just then the scene of a warm exchange of rifle fire between the Volunteers in the houses and a military barricade down at the Dispensary entrance to Jervis Street Hospital.

In the fierce glare from the burning houses in O'Connell Street our Red Cross flag was plainly distinguishable, and the firing on both sides ceased as our little procession made its way to the corner of Liffey Street. There we were halted by a command from the officer in charge of the barricade, who evidently feared a stratag-

em. After five or six interminable minutes, he shouted down the street that the bearer of the flag and one other might advance for a parley. I at once went forward, accompanied by a British officer in khaki, who had been taken prisoner and had humanely given his services to our wounded. Twenty paces or so from the barricade we were halted again and covered by the rifles of the men behind it, we were examined by the officer. He refused point blank to let us pass the barricade; but I explained that our objective was the hospital, which we could enter by the side door without crossing his men or upsetting his sandbags. After a long conversation with a monocled Major, he fetched two of the students from the front of the hospital in Jervis Street. Their recognition of me quite satisfied him, and, after asking who and how many I had in the party, he allowed me to call the rest up from Liffey Street. It was within an hour of midnight when the good Nuns and Nurses in the hospital received us all – weary and well-nigh exhausted.

Next day, Saturday, the male members of our Red Cross party were marched off to the Castle, the ladies being permitted to return home. The wounded all recovered, and neither they nor anyone concerned are likely to forget the experiences of that terrible night.

♣ INSIDE THE G.P.O.

*A memoir by two participants**

In the first rush and bustle of the occupation of the G.P.O. not much thought was given to the upper range of offices, the chief anxiety being to put the place in a state of defence against a sudden assault. It was not until the occupation was an accomplished fact that The O'Rahilly drew General Pearse's attention to the desirability of carrying out the occupation to the upper storeys.

Turning to Mr. Staines, who at that time occupied a very responsible post in connection with the Quartermaster's Department, Pearse directed him to have the upper offices cleared, and put into a state of defence. He also cautioned him to be prepared for opposition. With six or seven men, all armed with automatics or revolvers, Mr. Staines began to ascend the stairs, and met a number of telegraph girls coming down. The majority of them made no concealment of their hostility, but one who knew the men's leader called out cheerily:

"Hello Micheál! That's the stuff to give them!"

Arrived on the landing, opposite to the Telegraph Office the little band suddenly discovered that they were menaced from the rear, and whirling round found themselves covered by seven rifles in the hands of British soldiers. Instantly firing off a volley from their small arms, the Irish Republican troops called upon their opponents to put up their hands.

The sergeant in charge of the party of British troops fell, and rather to the surprise of the attackers, his comrades instead of replying to the fire, promptly put up their hands. Staines on demanding their ammunition was astonished to be told that they had none.

**Published in* An t-Oglach, *January 23, 1926.*

The British troops were fully accoutred, but a careful search established beyond all doubt the fact that they had not a single round of ammunition between them! Yet they were the guard upon the Telegraph Office in the G.P.O., at the time when Europe was resounding with the rumble and turmoil of the World War.

Going to the assistance of the wounded sergeant, who proved to be a Scotsman, it was found that he was not seriously wounded, having only had his forehead grazed by a bullet.

THE SCOTS SERGEANT

Two men were told off to take him to Jervis Street Hospital for treatment, but the sergeant absolutely declined to leave his post. He declared with emphasis that he was on guard on the G.P.O. until six o'clock that evening and could not leave his post until he was properly relieved! He was eventually taken to the hospital, and the authorities were requested to detain him there, but after his wound had been dressed the sergeant insisted on returning to his guard duty at the G.P.O.

This N.C.O. gave further expression of his erratic ideas later on after his return. The prisoners were not rigidly confined, but were allowed the freedom of the upper offices. The Scots sergeant was standing looking out at one of the windows when he observed a priest trying to get the crowds to disperse. Totally misunderstanding this spectacle, he exclaimed:

"I'm no religion no more! Look at the people of Dublin coming to rescue me and the priest is pushing them back!"

The lady in charge of the Telegraph Office – also a native of Scotland – refused to leave her post. She was then instructed that she was not to approach any of the instruments. It was believed and with good reason that her anxiety was to send out telegraphic news to the British troops. After some time she asked permission to send out some telegrams announcing deaths which had been received before the occupation. On being told that these would be sent out by the telegraphists of the Volunteers she realized the futility of remaining any longer and took her departure.

Tuesday was a day of comparative quiet in the G.P.O. Early

in the forenoon M. W. O'Reilly and Pat McCrea took a motor to 46 Parnell Square, where they seized the store of rifles and ammunition belonging to the National Volunteers and removed them to the G.P.O.

Numbers of the Cumann na mBan were engaged carrying arms from various dumps in different parts of the city and depositing them in the G.P.O. This increased the labour of quartermastering, as the supplies had to be graded and taken to the various sections of the great building.

FOREIGN COMRADES

Reinforcements were steadily trickling in, and these had necessarily to be checked, identified and posted to Sections. Amongst these were two seafaring men – a Finn and a Swede – who did not know very much English. Under cross-examination they explained with difficulty but obvious earnestness that "they had small nationalities and didn't like England". Their *bona fides* were obvious and so they were given rifles and actually fought on the roof of the G.P.O.

The commissariat had to be organized, and cooks selected, as well as food supplies procured. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald had charge of this vital task.

Large rolls of newsprint were seized in a printing stores in Lr. Abbey Street and trundled across O'Connell Street for the fortification of the G.P.O., a fact which proves how slow the British were in grappling with the situation. Cumann na mBan despatch carriers were extremely active all day visiting practically all posts and commands in the city. Towards evening a batch of prisoners were brought in under escort from the Fairview side.

Perhaps the most important work begun on Tuesday was the manufacture of additional supplies of bombs, and the filling of shot-gun cartridges with buckshot. There were already large supplies of these, but it was felt that there could not be too much, and as there was a large quantity of raw material a squad of men under an officer of the Citizen Army was set at the work straight away.

Despite the confusion and disorder inevitable in such circum-

stances, even amongst seasoned and disciplined troops, very strict discipline was maintained. Rigid orders were enforced regarding alcoholic drink. The vast majority of the men fully realised the dangers that would result from intemperance at such a time, as exemplified by Irish history, and were very much against taking any liquor. There were, however weaker brethren here and there amongst the garrison.

STERN MEASURES

The looters had pillaged a public-house opposite the G.P.O. in Henry Street, and a woman offered the Volunteers some bottles of stout. These were refused by all except one man, who took a bottle and had it to his lips when an officer appeared on the scene and dashed it to pieces. Having referred to the order on the subject, he announced that the next man found taking a drink without permission would be shot without warning. Such measures had their effect.

So darkness fell on a day of comparative quiet, undisputed possession, and steady preparation. The news coming in from the other Commands was cheering; and only the reports from the country were discouraging. Rumour was a busy jade during the day: the Germans had landed; submarines had ringed round the Irish coast; the Grand German Fleet was on the high seas, and aid was hastening from America. These were some of the fantastic tales that sprang from no one knew where, and were almost promptly forgotten in the glamour of some still more outlandish fiction. He who succeeds in discovering some effective means of killing off Dame Rumour during war will confer a great blessing upon the arms engaged.

Tuesday night passed off without incident. The garrison had been told off into reliefs, and well earned rest was obtained by all.

Wednesday dawned and broadened without any definite hostile acts towards our Field Headquarters. As the morning wore on sniping began from the Northern corner of the G.P.O. towards Amiens Street station, and later towards Parnell Street and Findlater's Place. These bursts of musketry were directed

more against movements of the enemy troops coming into position than as an exchange of fire.

In the afternoon the sniping increased, and now was also directed towards the Custom House and Westmoreland Street and the Rotunda. Enemy snipers apparently in observation posts sent back an occasional shot in reply. These exchanges, however, were brief, and with comparatively long intervals between, and, on the whole, the day passed off without any undue excitement. The middle of the memorable week had been reached without any reverse or casualties to the arms of the young Republic whilst the enemy had suffered in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The first serious blow our garrison received was when General Connolly was wounded. He was despatching a squad to Abbey Street and went boldly out into O'Connell Street and was almost at once picked off by a sniper. He was essentially a man of action, great personal daring and quick decision. Despite the seriousness of his wound he insisted on being brought round from point to point on a stretcher to superintend operations and to help in every way he could.

Wednesday night was ominously calm. Scarcely a sound was to be heard outside the garrison. It was indeed the calm before the storm.

FIERCE ATTACK LAUNCHED

By Thursday morning the enemy had come into effective strength in College Street, Trinity College, Tara Street, the Custom House, Liberty Hall, Amiens Street, and by Parnell Street to Findlater's Place. Shortly after dawn bursts of machine-gun fire were directed against the G.P.O. from all these points. The garrison in the G.P.O. and its adjoining posts hotly returned the fire, and the engagement was fully on.

As the morning wore on the engagement grew in intensity, until at times the din was terrific. A perfect hail of bullets swept around three sides of the G.P.O. The fire from the garrison, however, never slackened, and therefore an assault in any form was out of the question for the enemy.

The duties of the snipers behind the parapets of the roofs were

threefold. They had to locate enemy machine-gun posts, and by concentrating fire upon them put them out of action, or compel them to shift to some other point. They had to locate enemy snipers – a really difficult task – concentrate their fire on them, and knock them out, or compel them to evacuate. Enemy snipers never began until they had discovered a really advantageous point to fire from, and it was essential to shift each sniper with the utmost speed. Finally the Irish snipers had to watch enemy movements in the streets. Observation of such movements was usually only momentary whilst the enemy was rushing across the narrow end of a street, and unless he was spotted instantly he could not be caught with our fire.

Our snipers acquitted themselves with great credit in this work, as many generous spirits amongst the enemy freely admitted in friendly conversations after the surrender. For this form of fighting the "Howth Rifle", as it is popularly called, was a really excellent weapon.

Towards noon there was a sudden ominous boom and a terrific explosion.

A tense, excited phrase ran through the garrison:

"The enemy is beginning to shell us!"

He was; and his first shell, of a highly incendiary type, struck the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* in Prince's Street, the building at once bursting into flames. This was taken by the garrison as a good omen, for in the pre-Rising days that journal had been a strong opponent of the Irish Volunteers.

THE FIRST SHELLING

As a matter of fact, however, the first shelling took place about 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and was directed against Liberty Hall. The enemy was under the impression that the building was strongly held (as a matter of fact it was deserted) and the Admiralty steamer, "Helga", was brought up the Liffey to train her guns on the Hall. This bombardment, however had passed practically unnoticed by the majority of the garrison in the G.P.O.

The posts which had been established at Kelly's Corner at the

O'Connell Street end of Bachelor's Walk (where Kapp & Peterson's shop now stands) and in the premises of Messrs. Hopkins & Hopkins, jewellers, at the corner of Eden Quay and O'Connell Street began to concentrate their fire on the river, with the result that the "Helga", having reduced the empty Liberty Hall to a state of "submission", was unable to approach closer.

As a result of this check the British began to press up from Great Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street) through D'Olier Street to the quays. The scout of this party of British troops was shot by a sniper from Kelly's corner, and the advance from this quarter was also checked. The little garrison in Kelly's was strengthened by a machine-gun, which had a good field of fire both in an easterly and southern direction.

The British next brought a nine-pounder gun into position at Trinity College, facing D'Olier Street, and the direct bombardment of our Field Headquarters and the adjacent posts had begun. It took several shots before the gunners got the range on Kelly's Corner, but when they succeeded the effect was instantaneous, as they were firing incendiary shells. Flames broke out in various parts of the building and the garrison had to evacuate it at once and fall back towards the G.P.O., which they succeeded in gaining.

A remarkable incident which occurred during this bombardment was observed when all was over. One of the shells struck an electric light standard and bored a hole clean through it without bringing the standard down.

The firing of Kelly's shop was the signal for an intensification of the fight all round. Every machine-gun within range began to pour in a fierce fire upon the area, and every soldier, including the British snipers, joined in with rapid rifle fire. The torrent of bullets on and around our Field Headquarters could only be compared to a violent hailstorm. But the garrison, raw as they were, stood up to the ordeal magnificently. Every post was fully manned and a hot fire was poured out in return.

It was believed that another piece of artillery had been brought into position on the North side, somewhere in the vicinity of Parnell Square. The swiftly recurring boom of guns, the screech and explosion of shells, raised the general din to pandemonium.

One of the shells damaged the figures over the porch of the G.P.O., but the gunner registered no direct hit on the building throughout Thursday, which passed in a fierce and hotly contested engagement.

O'CONNELL STREET IN FLAMES

Towards dusk one of the incendiary shells struck Hoyte's drug store, at the corner of Nelson Lane, and a terrific conflagration at once ensued. The fire rapidly gained the adjacent buildings and the garrisons in the North Earl Street area and in the corner of Lower Abbey Street – the last-named being commanded by Capt. T. Wafer – were compelled to evacuate their posts.

Captain Wafer's party retired upon the G.P.O. At the time a torrent of machine-gun fire was sweeping O'Connell Street, and the front of the G.P.O. The party came on in rushes of little groups. One fell, and believing he was shot we began to pray for his soul, but he suddenly jumped up and continued his rush. He had merely slipped on a piece of glass, and the whole party, so far as we could see, got across without casualty.

The heat from the burning block opposite the G.P.O. was beyond belief. Despite the great width of O'Connell Street the sacks, etc., in the windows began to scorch and show signs of smouldering. Batches of men had to be hastily formed to continually drench the window fortifications with water.

Dense volumes of acrid smoke, myriads of sparks and splints of falling debris were being blown towards the G.P.O. by a strong north-easterly wind. Lurid flames leaped skyward, and the spectacle in the gathering darkness could be likened only to Dante's *Inferno*.

The intensity of the heat grew steadily worse, and the water being poured from buckets and hoses was converted into steam as it touched the fortifications. There had to be a withdrawal from the front of the building of all save those who were combating the risk of a conflagration in the Post Office itself. Our struggle with this new danger seemed to go on for interminable hours. The men were soot-stained, steam-scalded and fire-scorched, sweating, weary and parched.

At last the terrific intensity of the heat died down, the smoke lessened somewhat, and although the fire smouldered and burned for some days longer the danger had definitely passed.

The rest of the night passed in peace and quiet, the big guns were silent, and except for an occasional shot from an alert sniper the rifle men and machine-gunners seemed to have gone to sleep.

The grave danger which the Volunteers and Citizen Army ran in evacuating the North Earl Street area and Lower Abbey Street in the open and in full sight of the enemy brought out the advisability of having tunnels or trenches made for purposes of evacuation or communication.

To this end, during the night of Thursday parties were put to the work of attempting to tunnel under Henry Street, but the attempt was not very successful.

It was then decided to break into the Coliseum Picture Theatre, which was immediately behind the G.P.O. in Henry Street. There were several reasons for this. The enemy had established himself along Parnell Street, towards Capel Street, and commanded the G.P.O. from a flank. It was necessary to oppose him in that direction. Casualties, too, were growing, and it was intended to work up towards Liffey Street and then run the gauntlet to Jervis Street Hospital.

At daybreak on Friday the fight broke out with renewed venom. The enemy's artillery came into action shortly after dawn to the accompaniment of continuous bursts of machine-gun fire. The artillery only fired at intervals, obviously seeking the range, and a hard job it seemed to be.

G.P.O. TAKES FIRE

It was not until noon, or shortly after it, that the first shell took effect on the G.P.O. It was not very effective, and the fire it started was quickly got under control.

The first shell to cause serious damage exploded, in the neighbourhood of 3 p.m. over the portico. Fire extinguishers were promptly brought to bear upon the place, but without any great effect, beyond localizing it somewhat for a time.

Eventually the fire caught a lift shaft and despite herculean efforts the flames crept steadily and inexorably down to the cellars. It was possible to keep it from spreading over the floors and through the roofs, but no human efforts seemed capable of staying its downward course.

The artillery having now got the range, incendiary shells began to pour into the building, and serious fires broke out in various sections. Mr. M. W. O'Reilly and Liam Cullen took up posts near the glass roof, at the rear of the main building, with large hoses, which they kept playing on the fires for hours. Smaller hoses, fire-extinguishers and buckets of water were also utilised in fighting the flames.

When one fire had been somewhat subdued a fresh shell would start another at a different point, and by evening the building had caught beyond all hope in various departments.

Whilst this attempt to fight the fires was being maintained a party of men were engaged removing the bombs, etc., downstairs to the courtyard. The majority of the garrison were standing at their posts at the windows, behind the parapets, and at innumerable loopholes, steadily returning the enemy's fire.

Towards dusk the building was alight in every quarter and the front apartments were nothing short of a roaring furnace. The position had become utterly untenable and a general mobilization was ordered to take place in the large sorting rooms at the rear.

THE EVACUATION

That mobilization took place amidst a scene calculated to unnerve the most seasoned war veteran around us. Shells were screaming and exploding with periodic regularity, the ear was assailed with the roar of machine-guns in full action; the incessant pattering and zipping-ing of bullets; the crash of falling beams and tumbling masonry, and a circle of blazing fires menaced them, yet all the men were wonderfully calm and filed in with steady tread.

The actual evacuation began about 8 o'clock on Friday night from the Henry Street side door. General Pearse stood near the door until the last of the contingent passed safely through. He

then went back into the blazing building and made a hasty search through the rooms and apartments to assure himself that no one, wounded or otherwise, was left behind in the doomed structure.

After what seemed an interminable time to the agonized watchers at the side door, who were awaiting the return of their well-beloved leader, Pearse returned, begrimed with soot and dust, his face and eyes swollen with the heat, and passed through to Henry Street.

The defence of the G.P.O., our first Field General Headquarters, was at an end.

♣ THE SURRENDER

Account of Miss Elizabeth O'Farrell, who bore Pearse's message to General Lowe

On Thursday afternoon it became evident that the G.P.O. could not be much longer held. The members of the Cumann na mBann, with three exceptions, left by Commandant Pearse's orders. The three who remained were: Miss Winifred Carney, Miss Julia Grenan and myself.

About 8 o'clock on Friday evening, April 28, 1916, the building being entirely in flames, we retreated from there under very heavy fire, the intention as I understood being to cut our way through at some point and to join up with Commandant Daly at the Four Courts.

We left by a side entrance in Henry Street, crossed to Henry Place and around into Moore Lane. There was a barricade erected mid-way in Moore Lane, and it was very dangerous passing it, as the military were firing over it. We left in three sections. I being in the last. Com. Pearse was the last to leave the building. He went round to see that no one was left behind. We immediately preceded him, bullets raining from all quarters as we rushed to Moore Lane. As I passed the barricade I tripped and fell; in a second some man rushed out of the house on the corner of Moore Lane and Moore Street (Gogan's), where the second section had taken cover, took me up in his arms and rushed back to the house. It was Sean McGarry, of Ballybough Road, since sent to penal servitude for eight years. When I entered the parlour of the house I found some of the members of the Provisional Government already there, the house well barricaded, and James Connolly lying on a stretcher in the middle of the room. I went over to him and asked him how he felt, he answered: "Bad", and

remarked: "the soldier who wounded me did a good day's work for the British Government". After a short time the other members of the Provisional Government came in. Some mattresses were then procured, on which we placed Mr. Connolly, and other wounded men. There were seventeen wounded in the retreat from the G.P.O. and I spent the night (April 28) helping to nurse them. Around us we could hear the roar of burning buildings, machine guns played on the houses, and at intervals what seemed to be hand grenades.

The morning of the 29th I spent in helping to cook for the other Volunteers who had worked hard through the night burrowing from house to house up towards the top of Moore Street. After breakfast, Mr. Connolly and the other wounded men were carried through the holes, and all others followed. Mr. Connolly was put to bed in a back room in 16 Moore Street. The members of the Provisional Government were in this room for a considerable length of time (P. H. Pearse, J. Connolly, J. Plunkett, T. J. Clarke, and Sean MacDermott), where they held a council of war. Willie Pearse was also with them. On the floor of the room lay three wounded volunteers and a soldier, a prisoner, who was badly injured, lay on a bed on the side of the room. Winifred Carney, Julia Grenan and I came in to attend to them. The soldier asked us would Pearse speak to him. Pearse said: "Certainly." The soldier then asked Pearse to lift him a little in the bed. Pearse did this, the soldier putting his arms round his neck. This was all. Pearse returned to James Connolly's bedside, and the consultation was continued in private.

Shortly afterwards, I got orders from Sean MacDermott to provide a white flag – he first hung one out of the house to ensure me from being fired on. I left the house (Gorman's), 15 Moore Street, about 12.45 p.m. on Saturday the 29th, with a verbal message from Commandant Pearse to the Commander of the British Forces, to the effect that he wished to treat with them. I waved the small white flag which I carried and the military ceased firing and called me up to the barrier which was across the top of Moore Street into Parnell Street. As I passed up Moore Street I saw, at the corner of Sackville Lane, the O'Rahilly's hat and a revolver lying on the ground – I thought

he had got into some house. I gave my message to the officer in charge, and he asked me how many girls were down there. I said three. He said: "Take my advice and go down again and bring the other two girls out of it." He was about putting me back again through the barrier when he changed his mind and said: "However, you had better wait, I suppose this will have to be reported." Then he sent another officer with me up Parnell Street, towards the Parnell Statue – he sent into one of the houses there (I think it was 70 or 71 Parnell Street) for someone in command. The officer in command then came out.

I said: "The Commandant of the Irish Republican Army wishes to treat with the Commandant of the British Forces in Ireland."

Officer: "The Irish Republican Army – the Sinn Feiners you mean."

I replied: "The Irish Republican Army they call themselves and I think that a very good name, too."

Officer: "Will Pearse be able to be moved on a stretcher?"

I said: "Commandant Pearse doesn't need a stretcher."

Officer: "Pearse does need a stretcher, madam."

I again answered: "Commandant Pearse doesn't need a stretcher."

To another officer: "Take that Red Cross off her and bring her over there and search her – she is a spy."

The officer, as ordered, proceeded to cut the Red Cross off my arm, also off the front of my apron, and then took me over to the hall of the National Bank on the corner of Parnell Street and Cavendish Row, where he searched me and found two pairs of scissors (one of which he afterwards returned to me), some sweets, bread, and cakes, etc. Being satsified that I wasn't dangerous he then took me (of all places in the world) to Tom Clarke's shop as a prisoner – all this procedure occupied about three quarters of an hour. I was kept in the shop for about another three quarters of an hour, when another military man came to me – whom I learned was Brigadier General Lowe. He treated me in a very gentlemanly manner. I gave General Lowe my message, and he said he would take me in a motor car to the top of Moore Street, and that I was to go back to Mr. Pearse and tell him "That General Lowe would not treat at all until he (Mr. Pearse) would

surrender unconditionally", and that I must be back in half-an-hour, as hostilities must go on. Then the officer whom I first interviewed wrote a note to this effect for General Lowe. They both came with me in the motor to Moore Street. It was then about 2.25 p.m. I went on to 16 Moore Street, and as I passed Sackville Lane, the first turn on the left in Moore Street going down from Parnell Street, I looked up and saw the dead body of the O'Rahilly lying about four yards up the lane – his feet against the steps of the first door on the right (the side entrance to Kelly's shop, Moore Street) and his head out on the curbstone. I gave both the verbal and written message to Commandant Pearse, and told him I was to be back in half-an-hour. The situation was discussed, and I was sent back with a written message. I went back again to the top of Moore Street, where General Lowe was waiting for me in the motor car. He was rather vexed because I was a minute over the half-hour coming, but I really wasn't as I pointed out by my watch – then one of the officers set his watch by mine.

Whatever was in the note from Commandant Pearse to General Lowe I cannot say; but General Lowe's reply to it was: "Go back and tell Mr. Pearse that I will not treat at all unless he surrenders unconditionally and that Mr. Connolly follows on a stretcher." (Here General Lowe apologised to me and said: "It is Connolly that is wounded, not Pearse.") He told me then that unless Mr. Pearse and I came back in half-an-hour he would begin hostilities again. I brought back that message. The members of the Provisional Government having held a short council, Commandant Pearse decided to accompany me back to General Lowe.

It was about 3.30 p.m. when General Lowe received Commandant Pearse at the top of Moore Street, in Parnell Street. One of the officers that had been a prisoner in the G.P.O. was asked to identify Commandant Pearse and he could not – he said he did not see him in the G.P.O. He asked Commandant Pearse was he in the G.P.O. and he said he was – the officer said: "I did not see you there." Commandant Pearse then handed up his sword to General Lowe.

General Lowe to Commandant Pearse: "The only condition

I make is that I will allow the other Commandants to surrender. I understand you have the Countess de Markievicz down there."

Commandant Pearse: "No, she is not with me."

General Lowe: "Oh, I know she is down there."

Commandant Pearse: "Don't accuse me of speaking an untruth."

General Lowe: "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Pearse, but I know she is in the area."

Commandant Pearse: "Well, she is not with me, sir."

General Lowe then suggested that the military should detain me for the night in order to take around next day Commandant Pearse's order for surrender to the other Commandants, when Commandant Pearse would give me a list of the addresses of the occupations by the Irish Republican troops, promising, at the same time, to set me free and give me a safe convoy pass when I should have accomplished this.

Commandant Pearse turned to me and said. "Will you agree to this?" I said: "Yes, if you wish it." He said: "I do wish it." Pearse then shook hands with me, but spoke no word. After this he was taken away in a motor car, down O'Connell Street accompanied by General Lowe's son and another officer inside, and an armed guard on the footboard outside. He was preceded in another car by General Lowe and Captain Wheeler. I saw him no more. There were several officers standing round as Commandant Pearse was driven off, one of whom remarked: "It would be interesting to know how many marks that fellow has in his pocket."

I was then given in charge of Lieutenant Royall, who was told to keep me under close observation, though not to regard me as a prisoner. Lieutenant Royall brought me back to T. J. Clarke's shop in Parnell Street, and provided me with some tea. It was then about 4.15 p.m.

Gen. Lowe shortly returned with Pearse's written order for the other Commandants to surrender, and five or six typewritten copies; one of these was signed by Commandant James Connolly for his own men in the G.P.O. area and in Stephen's Green. General Lowe first gave me an order to take to Moore Street, where the Republican troops from the G.P.O. had taken

over, and a written note as to how they should surrender. The note read as follows:

"Carrying a white flag, proceed down Moore Street, turn into Moore Lane and Henry Place, out into Henry Street, and around the Pillar to the right hand side of O'Connell Street, march up to within a hundred yards of the military drawn up at the Parnell Statue, halt, advance five paces and lay down arms."

At the same time General Lowe gave me an order for the Commandant at the Four Courts. Accordingly, when I had given the order at Moore Street, I procceded down Parnell Street, and Capel Street, towards the Four Courts, being stopped on my way by several officers, and being returned by one who would not let me pass under any condition. I returned to Moore Street, and the officer there sent a guard with me so then I got along all right. The guard left me at a barricade at Little Mary Street, after which I crossed the barricade and proceeded up East Arran Street, and around into Chancery Street (Pill Lane) – here I met Fr. Columbus of Church Street: I had a little white flag with me and I told him where I was going, so he took the flag and offered to accompany me. We passed Charles Street, and went over into the side entrance of the Four Courts. We called in for some volunteers and saw Captain ———. We told him we had a message for Commandant Daly, he told us we would have to go round to the quays to the corner of Church Street; this we did and found Commandant Daly strongly entrenched there. I gave him the order and told him of the Headquarters surrender. He was very much cut up about it but accepted his orders as a soldier should. He walked back with us to the side entrance, and by this time the news had got about of the surrender, and several officers of the Republican Army were down at the rails waiting for us. Having delivered the message I returned to O'Connell Street by the same way I had come. When I reached O'Connell Street, I was again delivered up to Lieutenant Royall, who was told to look after me for the night, and that he was personally responsible for me. It was then about 7.15 p.m.

After about half an hour the Republican troops from the Four Courts marched up O'Connell Street and were lined up outside Crane's; and nearing 8 p.m. the Moore Street men came up the

other side of the street and were lined up about Mackey's. While they were still in the street, Lieutenant Royall took me over to the National Bank and provided me with supper, and procured a bedroom for me at the top of the house, in which I was fairly comfortable and slept well. Lieutenant Royall sat on a chair outside my door all night. About 6 o'clock on Sunday morning I arose. On looking out of the window I saw about 300 or 400 volunteers and Miss Grenan and Miss Carney, who had left the Post Office with me, lying on the little plot of grass at Parnell Street in front of the Rotunda Hospital, where they had spent the night in the cold and damp. All their arms and ammunition were piled up at the foot of the Parnell Statue. I had only just finished dressing when I was told I was wanted downstairs by Captain Wheeler to take round the orders to the other Commandants.

Captain Wheeler had the typewritten copies and he took me to the middle of Grafton Street in a motor car, and I had to walk from there to the College of Surgeons with a white flag. Bullets were whistling round Stephen's Green. There was no one on the streets and I saw no dead or wounded. I got in at the side door in York Street, and asked for Commandant Mallin and was told he was sleeping and that Countess Markievicz was next in command. I saw her and gave her the order – she was very much surprised and she went to discuss it with Commandant Mallin, whom I afterwards saw. I gave her a slip with the directions as to how to surrender – the Southern sides being ordered to surrender at St. Patrick's Park. I don't think this was carried out and I don't know where the College of Surgeons' troops did ultimately surrender. I left and went back to Grafton Street, to Captain Wheeler, who asked me if I had seen Mallin and what he said about it. I said I saw Mallin, who had nothing to say. Captain Wheeler told me I should have got him to say if he intended to surrender or not. He next brought me in the car down to Trinity College, into which he went for a few minutes. Then he decided to take me to Commandant de Valera, at Boland's Mill – Mount Street area – for which purpose he brought the car down Brunswick Street, but the barricades there blocked the way. Not wishing to go near any of the railway bridges because the

Volunteers were on them – he finally drove down Tara Street, to Butt Bridge, and informed me that he did not think he could take me any further. So I started through the firing line from Butt Bridge to Boland's. I did not know whether the Volunteers were still in Boland's or not, so I had to go up to Westland Row to the military to ask them to locate the Volunteers for me. This was a very difficult job and I had to take my life in my hands several times.

When I came into Westland Row the military were lined across the top, and they were screaming to me to go back, but I kept on waving my white flag and the paper. When I got to the top a soldier was sent with me to Clare Street to find an officer – this being done, the officer sent another soldier with me to pass me through the military lines at Holles Street, Merrion Square. I asked a soldier where were the Volunteers firing from, and he said from the gasometer. I went down Holles Street around Wentworth Place and into Harmony Row on the left-hand side, from which I proceeded down under the railway bridge in Brunswick Place and called up to the Volunteers but got no reply. Many people were in the streets in this dangerous area, several women standing in doorways. I then went on into Brunswick Street and over to the gas works, which I tried to enter, but did not succeed. Then to the old distillery, I tried to get in there, but failed. Proceeding across Ringsend Road Bridge towards Boland's mill (the Basin) I saw lying on the ground two loaves and a hat covered with blood. I called out at the bakery, but like the previous places, got no reply. I then went along Barrow Street towards the railway bridge, and here I saw some volunteers who knew me. I enquired from them for Commandant de Valera, and was told I would find him at the Grand Canal Street Dispensary. I went off to the Dispensary, back again towards town, and crossing Grand Canal Street Bridge the firing was terrific. At this point a man crossing the bridge about half a yard behind me was shot. I called to some people in houses down the street, and they ran up and carried him into Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital.

I crossed over to the Dispensary and asked the Volunteer on duty for De Valera, and he sent me round to the back. When I

got to the back the barricades had to be removed and I was lifted in through the window into a small room. Here De Valera came to me. At first, I think, he considered the thing a hoax, but by the time some of my Volunteer friends came in he realised I was to be trusted. He then said: "I will not take any orders except from my immediate superior officer, Commandant MacDonagh." So after my trouble in finding him I had to go off again.

I started off again towards the College where I was to meet Captain Wheeler with Commandant De Valera's answer. I went back to Holles Street, Merrion Square, and into Clare Street. Here I met Captain Wheeler with the car and gave him De Valera's answer, on receipt of which he said we would go up to Jacob's and see Commandant MacDonagh. We went by Dame Street and the Castle Yard, into which Captain Wheeler went for a short time. We then proceeded through Ship Street, into Bride Street, in the middle of which he stopped the car. I got out and walked through the firing line (through Golden Lane, Whitefriar Street and Peter Street) to Jacob's.

At 15 Peter Street I knocked and asked to see Commandant MacDonagh. I was blindfolded and walked about for five minutes. I then heard Commandant MacDonagh's voice and the bandage was taken off my eyes. I gave him the order from Commandant Pearse and told him of our position in the G.P.O. and Moore Street. He brought me into a small room and told me he would not take orders from a prisoner, that he, himself, was next in command and he would have nothing to say to the surrender until he would confer with General Lowe, the members of the Provisional Government already prisoners, and the officers under his command. An interview was then arranged by Fr. Augustine for Commandant MacDonagh with General Lowe. This took place outside St. Patrick's Park at about 3 o'clock.

Commandant MacDonagh then went to Marrowbone Lane Distillery to consult Commandant Ceannt, and after this consultation agreed to surrender also. I remained in Jacob's while all this was taking place, and when Commandant MacDonagh returned, he called the officers together and afterwards told the men there that they had decided to carry out Commandant

Pearse's order. The men were very much against surrendering, but I heard Commandant MacDonagh say to them: "Boys, it is not my wish to surrender, but after consultation with Commandant Ceannt and other officers, we think it is the best thing to do – if we do not surrender now they will show no mercy to the leaders already prisoners." He then gave orders for them to get ready to march out. Just then Michael O'Hanrahan, and his brother Henry, asked me if I would take charge of some silver (about £3 in all) they had in their pockets, and convey it to their mother – this I consented to do. Another young man asked me to take some money from him, £13 in gold, explaining at the same time, that he was saving up to be married, and being in lodgings here, took all his money out with him on Easter Monday – this I also took charge of. I then walked down to Bride Street, where Commandant MacDonagh and his men were to surrender. As I waited at the corner of Bride Street, and Ross Road, Commandant MacDonagh came down to the military to complain that a British soldier had entered Jacob's and was firing on his men. An officer was sent back with him and the soldier was placed under arrest. Commandant Ceannt came down Ross Road at about 6 o'clock p.m. and surrendered with his men and also with the members of the Cumann na mBan who were attached to his command. Both sections of Volunteers were then disarmed, after which Captain Wheeler came over and took me away to the car.

By this time it was getting dusk and he drove to Trinity College to telephone to Commandant Lowe to know if it was too late to go back down to Boland's to Commandant De Valera with the order from Commandant Pearse, which Commandant MacDonagh had countersigned. Whatever information Captain Wheeler received, he conveyed me up to Dublin Castle. It appears that in the meantime De Valera had surrendered.

Taking me into the Castle Hospital, he introduced me to the Matron and told her I was to stay there for the night as a guest, by General Lowe's orders, and that he (Captain Wheeler) would call for me in the morning (Monday, May 1).

I was brought upstairs to a sleeping apartment and given supper. I was very comfortable and slept well. I awoke next

morning about 8.30 and was about to arise and dress when I discovered some of my clothes had been taken away from me, including my coat with the money in the pockets. I asked the nurse where were my clothes, and she told me a medical officer (whose name I do not know) took them. I protested against my clothes being removed, it being understood that I was there as a guest. After about fifteen minutes or so. the officer came up and asked quite a lot of questions, and wanted to know where did I get the money? This I told him, and he seemed to be quite alarmed at any Irish Volunteer possessing £13 of his own. I gave the young man's explanation of the money, and the officer said: "Going to be married, indeed, he looted some safe." He went away then and after some time my clothes were sent up but not the money. When I had dressed, the officer and another soldier came up; I asked where was the money, and he said the Provost Marshal had it and then asked me to come along with him. I enquired where he was taking me, and he said to the Provost Marshal. They brought me downstairs and across the Castle Yard, and whilst crossing the yard I heard the officer say to the other soldier: "What did the Provost Marshal say?" He replied: "Lock her up and keep her there for the day." I understood then that they were going to make me a prisoner although Captain Wheeler had left me there "as a guest", and General Lowe had given me his word of honour that I should not be made a prisoner. They brought me back into the building, opened a door, and ushered me inside – the officer went away and left me in the charge of the other man.

I asked if I was a prisoner, and he replied: "Very much a prisoner." I protested and said that I had General Lowe's word of honour that I should not be made a prisoner and he replied: "Oh, don't worry, you won't be lonely, as your friends, Dr. Lynn, and Miss Molony, and all the rest, will be here in a few minutes – they are only taking exercise. I discovered the place was Ship Street Barracks. In the room there was a couple of tables and a plank affair, something like a bed on the floor. After some time Dr. Lynn, Miss Molony and nine others came in, and were quite surprised to see me – those eleven women had been lodged in this small room from the previous Tuesday. We then

had dinner, consisting of bully-beef, biscuits and water provided by the military, and to this fare I contributed a barm-brack, an apple and a few sweets, which I had since I left the G.P.O. on Friday night. While we were at dinner another soldier came and took our names, and told us that when we had finished we were to be sent off somewhere else. A guard was sitting in the room all the time. After dinner we were brought out to the Castle Yard and lined up together with some men prisoners who had been brought from some other part of the building. A tall man in khaki with black trimmings took charge of us there. I went up to him and said I had General Lowe's word of honour that I should not be made a prisoner, and he said: "Don't be silly, I know for a fact you shot six policemen yesterday." I knew there was no use in arguing with him, so I took my place in the line. After about fifteen minutes we were sent off between the guard to Richmond Barracks. On arrival there we were handed over to two officers, and to these I protested but they did not take the slightest notice of me, so I then informed them that if I was imprisoned I would, when released, "publish to the ends of the earth how General Lowe kept his word of honour." After standing here for about ten minutes the men prisoners were brought into the Barracks, and we were told the women were going to Kilmainham. Just then Fr. Columbus, the same priest who had come with me to Commandant Daly at the Four Courts on Saturday evening, April 29, came out of one of the buildings. I called him, and told him I had been made a prisoner, and he said he would go to General Lowe. He went back to the officer and told him he knew I had General Lowe's promise, and he was going to him immediately. It was about 4 p.m. when we women were marched down to Kilmainham prison and delivered up to two other officers, counted and signed for. The two officers from Richmond Barracks informed the two at Kilmainham that I expected to be released at any moment. Our names were then called out, and we were inspected, after which we were brought upstairs and put into the same cell. I was called out first and brought into another cell, where I was stripped of my clothing and searched by two female warders. My clothes were also searched, and no dangerous weapons being concealed

on me, I put on my coat and boots, carried all my other clothes under my arms, and was conducted to another cell, and locked in to dress at my leisure. After about a quarter of an hour the cell door was opened and Miss Molony, Miss French-Mullen and another girl were put in and the door locked again. While we were chatting, the door was again opened and four tins slid in about the floor – this was our supper. It was awful stuff, neither soup nor stirabout, and while I was sampling it a terrible commotion was being raised outside the door, keys were rattled, the door pushed in, and I was called for, in terrible haste. I went outside to behold, in an apologetic attitude, the officer who had searched my clothes, taken away my money, and put me into Ship Street Barracks that morning. He begged my pardon for the mistake. I was then brought downstairs to a room where Captain Wheeler was waiting for me, having been sent by General Lowe with a motor car to take me away, after Fr. Columbus had seen the latter. Captain Wheeler was also very apologetic and told me General Lowe was very much annoyed that such a thing should have happened, and that he was coming himself to the Castle to personally apologise to me. Captain Wheeler, who was accompanied by a nurse from the Castle Hospital, drove the car around via O'Connell Street, and then on to Dublin Castle.

We reached Dublin Castle about 6.15 p.m. and I was then brought upstairs and provided with some dinner and while I was partaking of it General Lowe arrived and assured me the fact of my being made a prisoner was all a mistake, and wouldn't I understand that a mistake would occur in those strenuous times, that he knew nothing about it, or he would have seen to it immediately. I told him I quite understood a mistake could happen, but what I could not understand was that any of the officers to whom I had protested had not taken the slightest notice of my protest, and, in fact, one of them went so far as to tell me he "knew for a fact, I shot six policemen yesterday" (Sunday, April 30).

General Lowe also said: "I hear you have been accusing me of breaking my faith."

I said: "Yes, I have."

General Lowe: "Well, I'm determined my honour shall be upheld."

I protested that I had been put to the humiliation of being stripped and searched while I was in the position of a "guest".

General Lowe apologised again, and vowed it was a mistake. He then said he would give me a letter, and that I would not have any further trouble with the military. He also offered to bring me home in the car, but this offer I declined. He went out, and after a short time came back with the letter, accompanied by the officer who had taken away my clothes and money. General Lowe then bade me goodbye, and was going off when I asked: "What about the money that was taken from me this morning?"

"What money?" said he.

"There was over £16 taken out of my pocket here."

General Lowe: "Who took the money!"

"That man," said I, pointing to the officer.

General Lowe to the officer: "Where is the money?"

Officer: "The Provost Marshal has it."

General Lowe: "Go and get it immediately and restore it to this lady."

The officer came back with the money and gave it to me. I thanked General Lowe and he went away. The Matron of the Castle Hospital accompanied me down to the Castle gate in Dame Street, and I left Dublin Castle.

Thus finishing my activities in connection with the Surrender. In concluding, I would like to say that I found General Lowe, Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Royall most courteous.

♣ DUBLINERS

Statements concerning civilian deaths in the North King Street area of Dublin, between 6 p.m. April 28 and 10 a.m. April 29, 1916

I

Murder of Michael Noonan (34) and George Ennis (51) at 174 North King Street

Statement of an old woman – Miss Anne Fennell, a tenant still residing in the house, who was present on the day of the murder :

"Mrs. Byrne, now living at 31 Sitric Street, is a sister of the dead man, Michael Noonan. She kept the shop of this house (174 North King Street) as a small general provision store during Easter Week.

"She had occupied the premises during the preceding ten years, and was assisted in the shop by her brother, Michael Noonan, who was 34 years of age and a native of Dublin. On the day of the murder the house was occupied by Michael Noonan, by Mr. and Mrs. George Ennis, an old man named Smith, a bird fancier, who occupied a room in the top of the house, and myself. Mr. Noonan's sister (Mrs. Byrne) was not present as she had left to go to a relative's residence on Wednesday. We were all tenants in the house. George Ennis was 53 years of age and was a carriage body maker in Moore's factory close by. He was a fine strongly built man. Poor Noonan was a very quiet, inoffensive young man, and they were both greatly liked by everyone.

"As well as I can recollect, it was between 5 and 6 a.m. on

Easter Saturday morning the military burst into the shop. There were one or more officers in command and about 30 soldiers. They burst in like wild beasts and shouted harshly at us. We four were in the back parlour behind the shop. The old man, Smith, was not with us. The officer shouted 'Hands up,' and ordered the two men, Noonan and Ennis, upstairs. They asked us were there any other men in the house. I told them an old man who kept birds lived in a room at the top of the house. I afterwards heard he had escaped by the back yard and hid himself in the outhouses.

"I nearly fell on the ground and clasped the officer's hand in terror, but he flung me off. As poor Mrs. Ennis saw her husband being led upstairs she clung to him and refused to be parted from him, and said, 'I must go up with my husband.' One of the soldiers pulled her off and put a bayonet to her ear and uttered the foulest language. She said, 'You would not kill a woman, would you?' He shouted, 'Keep quiet, you bloody bitch.' They then took the two men upstairs and locked us women in the shop parlour and told us not to move at the peril of our lives.

"The soldiers rushed everywhere searching about the house and ripped up the beds with their bayonets. We heard them a long time going through the rooms upstairs. Our men's caps lay on the parlour table beside us. We were surprised at the delay, and waited anxiously for them to return. But they didn't come. We could not leave the parlour as the officer had shut us in.

"After a long time, it must have been a couple of hours, we heard a noise at the parlour door, and to our horror poor Mr. Ennis crawled in. I will never forget. He was dying, bleeding to death, and when the military left the house he had crept down the stairs, to see his wife for the last time. He was covered with blood and his eyes were rolling in his head. He said to his wife, 'O Kate they have killed me.' She said, 'O my God! for what?' He said, 'For nothing.' He asked us to go for a priest for him but we could not leave the house. I was terrified, and asked the dying man, 'would they kill us all.' He spoke very kindly to us and told us they would not touch us. We told him to lie down on the floor and we said the last prayers for the dying

kneeling beside him. He said, 'They killed poor Noonan too.' I stayed with him as long as I could.

"Poor Mr. Ennis did not live more than twenty minutes after he came into us. He died about two and a half hours after being shot.

"On Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock, I stole upstairs to get a cup of tea. When I went up I saw poor Noonan lying on the floor in a pool of blood. They must have bayoneted him as there was a great quantity of blood on the floor.

"Next day the soldiers wanted to take the bodies away, but Mrs. Ennis or Mrs. Byrne would not let them remove the remains, and we got them buried ourselves. The military must have shot them immediately they took them upstairs. We did not hear the report of the rifles as there was firing outside in the street.

"Five officers afterwards came to urge me to go to the Castle. I did not like to go, but I went at length when they cross-questioned me.

"Mr. Ennis was a native of Dublin, and his mother and sister live at 120 Cork Street. Mrs. Ennis now lives at Hill Cottage, Ballycarney, Ferns, Co. Wexford."

Statement by Mrs. Kate Ennis, Hill Cottage, Ballycarney, Co. Wexford.

"I lived with my husband, George Ennis, in the three-storied house, 174 North King Street, Dublin, and was residing there during Easter Week, 1916. The ground floor was occupied by Michael Noonan, who kept a newsagent's and tobacconist's shop there; two rooms on the second floor were occupied by Michael Smith; my husband and I occupied one room on the top floor, and a lady named Miss Anne Fennell occupied another room on the same floor. On the morning of the 29th April, 1916, all the above persons, with the exception of Michael Smith, were in a parlour at the back of the shop on the ground floor. At about 6 a.m. we heard the front door being knocked. Before we could open it the military burst in through the door and windows. One of them asked me how many men were in the house. I replied that there were three. Then he said he wanted to see my apartments. I went upstairs, accompanied by 13 soldiers, and

showed them the room occupied by myself and my husband. They searched this room and the whole house as well, knocking down presses on the floor and thrusting their bayonets through the beds. I asked them could I come downstairs. They said I could not until they were coming with me. After some time, as they were bringing me downstairs, we met my husband and Michael Noonan being brought upstairs by another party of military. I asked to be allowed to accompany my husband but they refused and said they were keeping them as prisoners. I asked our officer for God's sake to be allowed to go with my husband, in reply he ordered me to go into the parlour and to mind my brains. They were threatening me with their bayonets and using foul language all this time. Miss Fennell and I were locked in the parlour. At 8 o'clock my husband tumbled downstairs, struck against the parlour door which burst in, staggered over to me, and fell at my feet, a wound under his heart. He told me he was shot. I asked him who shot him and he told me 'the soldiers.' I said 'Why did they shoot you?' and he said he did not know. I asked him where did they shoot him, and he replied 'through the heart as I asked them,' and he then asked me to go out and ask them to come in and finish him. He asked me to get a priest for him, and just before he died he asked me to forgive the soldiers. He died at twenty minutes past eight (8.20 a.m.). The military left the house immediately the two men were shot. They returned at 6 p.m. to release Miss Fennell and myself, who had been in the parlour all day with my husband's body. We then found Michael Noonan's body lying in a room on the second floor, lying in a pool of blood. He had been shot through the brain. There was another pool of blood on the floor where my husband had fallen. They again asked me how many men were in the house. I replied as before, adding that my husband was dead. They again searched the house. I asked to be allowed to go to my sister-in-law, who was also in King Street. I was brought there by two soldiers. Michael Smith concealed himself and was not discovered in the first search. On the last occasion when the military arrived they brought him away with them and detained him for a short time. The house was not at any time occupied by the Volunteers.

"I declare that the above is a correct statement of what I saw happening on April 29, 1916.

"I also saw on May 1, 1916, the dead bodies of Mr. Hickey and his son, James Finnegan, Patrick Hoey, James McCarthy, and Peter Lawless, all of King Street, who had been shot also by the military. I know that none of these men had been fighting."

Statement of Michael Noonan's sister – Mrs. Byrne – now living at 31 Sitric Street, Dublin.

"I kept the shop at 174 North King Street, where my brother was murdered by the military. I had occupied the premises for ten years, but on Friday of Easter Week was not in the house. On Saturday morning at 1 p.m. I heard my brother had been killed.

"I saw everyone who could give me information about the death of my brother. I have read the statement of Miss Fennell and it agrees in every respect with what I have heard from Mrs. Ennis. My brother was 34 years of age and was of a quiet, kindly disposition."

II

MURDER OF THOMAS HICKEY (38)
HIS SON CHRISTOPHER HICKEY (16),
AND PETER CONNOLLY (39)
IN THE EMPTY HOUSE, NO. 170 NORTH KING STREET

These three victims were taken from Mr. Hickey's shop (No. 168), led through the tenement house next door (No. 169), and deliberately slaughtered in a ruinous disused house next door (No. 170).

Statement of Mrs. Hickey, wife of Thomas Hickey.

"My husband, Thomas Hickey, carried on the business of victualler at 168 North King Street, corner of Beresford Street. You can see the closed, deserted shop with the name over the door still, as I have long since left the premises.

"About 6.45 p.m. on Friday night I had gone across the street

to Mrs. Lawless' dairy opposite. Passing the barricade at Langans one of the Volunteers told me to hurry back, 'the military are just now turning the corner of Capel Street and will be here soon.' I then went into Corcoran's next door, which is just opposite our house, and as the firing now became terribly heavy I was unable to get back, and Mr. Corcoran brought me upstairs. The fusilade continued all night, and we thought the house would be blown to pieces. Next morning I was terribly anxious to get home, and Mr. Corcoran, at great risk, went to the door and got an officer to pass me over the street. This was 10.30 a.m. on Saturday morning. There were five or six soldiers round our shop under cover and the firing was still going on. I said to one of the soldiers, 'I want to go into my home.' 'You can if you like,' he said, 'but there are a few dead bodies lying round over there, you can cross them if you wish.' I was too terrified to venture and returned to Mr. Corcoran's until Sunday morning. On Sunday morning I saw people passing returning from Mass and from the Technical School where they had been held by the military. I asked everyone I knew 'where is Mr. Hickey?' I went about all day searching the hospitals, etc., until I was nearly worn out, little thinking that my husband and son were lying murdered in the house a few yards across the street.

"About 5 p.m. on Sunday evening I again went round to our house at the corner of Beresford Street. Two soldiers were on guard outside. I said 'this is my house. I left my husband and child here. I must go in.' He replied, 'No, you can't, you had better see an officer. I then went to the front halldoor in King Street where I met Mrs. Carroll, the tenant in the next house. She said in a very solemn manner, 'I want to speak to you.' She then stopped and just said, 'Oh, poor Christy.' I knew then they were gone. I then rushed upstairs, the two soldiers following me and shouting, 'You can't be here; come on.' When I rushed into the room, there I saw my poor angel, my darling son. He was lying on the ground, his face darkened, and his two hands raised above his head as if in silent supplication. I kissed him and put his little cap under his head and settled his hands for death. Then I turned and in another place close by I saw poor Tom lying on the ground. 'O Jesus,' I cried. 'my husband too!' and not far off

lay the corpse of poor Connolly. I reeled round and remember no more as soldiers hustled me down the stairs and into the street.

"Afterwards I heard the full particulars from the old woman. Mrs. Kate Kelly, who helped us as a servant in the house, and from Mrs. Carroll, the tenant in the intervening house through which they were led to be slaughtered in the empty house, No. 170 North King Street.

"My solicitor, Mr. P. W. Russell, of 19 Ormond Quay, also took down all the particulars.

"I was brought for examination to the Castle and several times addressed the officers there, asking them why they had killed my son, a young lad not sixteen years of age."

Statement of the old woman, Mrs. Kate Kelly, now living at Lisburn Street, Mrs. Hickey's servant, who was present at the murder of the three men.

"I used to do house-work for the Hickeys and was in their house in Easter Week. When the military came in on Friday evening after Mrs. Hickey went across the street, Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly were chatting together in the street outside. Mr. Connolly was a carrier and had come over about the moving of two mirrors from Hickeys. As the military rushed up about 6.45 p.m. on Friday night, Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly ran into the house for safety. Connolly, although he lived only a few doors away, was never able to get back home. Connolly remained in the house with us all Friday night and was killed with Mr. Hickey and his son Christy next morning.

"That night Mr. Hickey and his son were lying on a mattress stretched on the floor. I was in another room close by. About 6 a.m. on Saturday morning I heard a noise of picking at the walls. I shouted to Mr. Hickey. 'Someone is breaking into the house.' He got up and soon after several soldiers dashed through a hole which they had made in the wall from next door. They had broken into Mr. Hughes's four doors away and made holes in the walls all the way up to us. The soldiers had drawn bayonets and crowbars and picks. They rushed at us and shouted 'Hands up.' We were terribly frightened, and soon after an officer put

his head in through the hole in the wall and shouted, 'How many prisoners have you there?' One of the soldiers replied, 'Three males and one female.' The officer then called out. 'Mind those prisoners till I return.'

"We were kept prisoners for four hours while the officer was away. Mr. Hickey and Mr. Connolly gave every explanation to the soldiers, and said they were not in the Volunteers at all. But it was no use. The officer returned. I remember well, the bell was just ringing for 10 o'clock Mass. We were then led in through the hole in the wall through the rooms of Mrs. Connolly next door (who lodges over Mr. O'Toole's, tobacconist). Passing through her rooms the military, which consisted of an officer and four soldiers, made us enter through another hole into the disused empty house next door – No. 170 – where the men were to be slaughtered without mercy. The officer said, 'March on the female first.' Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and her daughter were in their room, and as they know their neighbour Mr. Hickey well, they spoke to him. Mr. Hickey, as he passed, said to Mrs. Carroll, 'Isn't it too bad, Mrs. Carroll.' 'Yes, indeed, Mr. Hickey,' she said, and the last thing he said to her was, 'Very often the innocent suffer for the guilty.' As I came to the hole in the wall I stumbled, was frightened, and nearly fell down. Mr. Hickey stepped forward and said, 'Wait, Kate, I'll help you,' and assisted me through. Then the child passed next and then Connolly. I fell down on the floor of the empty house when I got inside and called out, 'I hope they are not going to kill us.' The soldier replied with a laugh, 'You are a bally woman, you're all right.' I was left lying in the front room and the men were brought into the back. Both Mrs. Carroll and I heard poor Christy pleading for his father's life – 'O! don't kill father.' The shots then rung out, and I shouted, 'O, my God!' and overcome with horror, I threw myself on my knees and began to pray."

Statement of Mrs. Connolly, now living at Church Street Cottages, wife of Peter Connolly, who was murdered in the empty house, No. 170 North King Street.

"My husband, Peter Connolly, was a carrier and general

dealer. He was 39 years of age, and at that time we lived at 164 North King Street, a few doors from Hickey's. He left a family of eight young children.

On Easter Friday evening at dusk he had gone over to Hickey's to move two mirror glasses. When the firing began apparently he could not return home, and I never saw him alive again. I heard no more until Sunday evening, when I heard he had been murdered by the military, and I was brought over to the empty disused house this side of Dunn's the butchers. The three bodies were left lying in the back room of the first floor upstairs. My poor husband was greatly marked and had several great gashes about the neck and head which appeared to be bayonet wounds."

III

Murder of Michael Hughes and John Walsh (56) At No. 172 North King Street

Statement of Mrs. Sally Hughes (wife of Michael Hughes).

"I kept a small provision shop at the house No. 172 North King Street, where my husband was killed. We had only started in the business two days before the Insurrection, and part of the house was still unfurnished. At the end of the week there were several people in the house, and we allowed several refugees to come in who had left the Church Street area. On Friday night there were in the house my husband, who was afterwards killed, myself, and our three children, a young girl – my niece, Mr. John Walsh (a cattle drover), who was afterwards killed, with his wife and three children, who also came in for safety to our place. There were also Mrs. Roche and her daughter, as well as Mrs. Roche's father, an old man of 78 years. There was also an old blind man named Davis, who occupied a closet at the top of the house. Two young men, Thomas Davis and Joseph O'Neill, of about 20 years of age, were with us for some time, but were afterwards taken away prisoners by the soldiers to Thorpe's, the butchers, opposite.

"Some time very early on Saturday morning – I think about

5 a.m. – the military burst in on us by the front and the halldoor. They shouted 'Hands up!' They rushed about the house searching the shop, the kitchen, and the rooms upstairs. We said, 'We have nothing to do with Sinn Fein.' The military proceeded to search the men. I had left some jewellery of my own in charge of my husband for safety. The soldiers searched his pockets and took the jewellery, which was never returned to me. They then ordered us women and children down into the cellar and took my husband up to the top of the house. Mr. Walsh was brought into the front room on the same floor where we had been. Some time after I heard a voice upstairs say, 'What are you doing that for, we did nothing on you?' This was followed by a terrible thud as if the soldiers were moving, or had dropped some heavy article of furniture, such as a wardrobe. I little thought that it was either of the men who had fallen. We heard soldiers coming and going all the night upstairs. A wounded soldier was carried into the hall, and I assisted him, did all I could for him.

"The military broke passages through the walls of my house, No. 172, up through the neighbouring house towards Hickey's in Beresford Street. Later in the day I brought up a cup of tea to the old man at the top of the house. As I went up the stairs a soldier called to me 'You are not to go up there.' I began to get nervous and anxious. As I passed the front drawingroom door I stopped and looked through the keyhole and to my horror I saw the figure of a man lying dead on the floor near the fireplace. I asked the soldier, 'Who is it?' He replied. 'A rebel from one of the houses.' I was still doubtful, and came down trembling to Mrs. Walsh, and asked her what colour were the socks her husband wore, as I could plainly see the legs of the figure in the room. She saw I was terrified, and she became alarmed too, but I quieted her as well as I could for some time.

"After this I became suspicious and asked the soldiers several times 'Where is my husband?' They replied, 'Your husband was taken to the detention barracks.' I insisted on getting more information, and some of the soldiers said 'I would have to see an officer.' At length, about 10 p.m. on Saturday night, an officer came. After a long delay he allowed me to go upstairs. Before doing so he got a basin of water and a cloth from us and went

upstairs to where the bodies were. This was done, I believe, to wash the blood off the bodies, as we afterwards found the clothes on the dead men quite wet. The officer then came down, and carrying a candle he accompanied me upstairs to an empty room at the top of the house where I found the dead body of my husband."

Statement of Mrs. Ellen Walsh, now living at 93 Upper Church Street, wife of John Walsh (36).

"My husband, John Walsh, who was 36 years of age, was a cattle drover, employed by Messrs. Gavin Low. We and the children were living in this house, 93 Upper Church Street, during Easter Week. On Tuesday we were warned by the Volunteers that it was dangerous to remain. We then went down to Mrs. Sally Hughes' house at No. 172 North King Street. Mrs. Hughes was not long in the house and only some of the rooms were furnished at the time. About twenty families had come in there for refuge. We were not long there until the Volunteers warned us that this house also was dangerous. We all left then except old Mr. Roche and the blind man. We tried to get into the Chapel and into St. Michan's Schools, Halston Street, but they were closed and we could not get in. I and my husband and my children returned in about a quarter of an hour to Mrs. Hughes and stayed there until the end. Mrs. Hughes was the soul of good nature and did all she could for everyone. During the week she gave us the best of everything, cut up flitches of bacon and gave us bovril and other provisions from her shop. The few others – the Roches and the old man – mentioned by Mrs. Hughes, remained with us.

"The Volunteers warned us of the danger, but never occupied the house No. 172 North King Street at any time.

"It was, I think, about 2 or 3 a.m. on Saturday morning when the military burst in from the street. We were all in the back room, first floor. When we heard the soldiers banging at the street door Mr. Hughes called out to his wife, 'Don't open the door, Sally, we shall all be killed.' But as the soldiers kept thundering at the hall door, Mrs. Hughes at length went down and opened it. 'You are just in the nick of time, we were just going to blow you

up.' We then heard a voice cry, 'Are there any men in this house.' Then about 30 soldiers rushed up on us. They ran up like infuriated wild beasts or like things possessed. They looked ghastly and seemed in a panic. There was terrible firing going on outside in the street and an armoured car was near the door. One of the soldiers with stripes on his arm seemed in command. He shouted 'Hands up,' and they presented their rifles at us. We all stood round the room in groups, and my husband and Mr. Hughes seemed petrified at the wild looks and cries of the soldiers and stood motionless with their hands clasped in front of them. I took off my husband's cap and laid it on the table and tried to speak and explain. The man in command shouted 'Search them!' and they then searched the two men and the two boys. At the same time the others rushed about the house furiously searching everywhere. They thrust their bayonets through a feather tick on the floor and ripped it to bits, and stabbed the furniture in a hunt for ammunition. One of our men said. 'There was no one firing from this house.' The Corporal with the stripes said, 'Not firing, eh!' and pointing to a rip on his hat said, 'Look what a bullet did for me. I nearly lost my life.' When they searched my husband they found nothing on him except a small metal statue of St. Anthony in a little tin case. This he always carried about with him, a penknife and a few boot-laces. They went through all Mr. Hughes' pockets and found two watches, a gold bracelet and some other articles which his wife had given him to keep for safety. The corporal said, 'Where did you come across these?' Mr. Hughes replied, 'They are my wife's.' He replied, 'That's all in my eye.' Seven gold rings which Mrs. Hughes had left in a drawer were also stolen from her.

"The women and children were then all ordered down into the back kitchen, and my poor husband and Mr. Hughes were brought upstairs. We were locked in the kitchen. I shall never forget the horror of it. Some time after I heard a voice upstairs crying 'Mercy! Mercy! don't put that on me,' and some one resisting as if being tied up, or having the eyes bandaged. The old man in the upper room close by heard my husband crying, and as they killed him he heard his last words, 'O Nellie, Nellie jewel!'

"With the great noise of the firing outside we could not be sure of the exact time they killed our husbands. With all we could not at the time believe they would kill them with their wives and little children around them, but later we found the devils had slaughtered them in cold blood without trial or enquiry. Throughout the night we heard soldiers moving about upstairs and some wounded were brought in. A Sergeant Banks, who was badly injured, was brought into the cellar. A military doctor was sent for who came and gave him ether. We did all we could for them and even made them tea. Mrs. Hughes, who was very kind-hearted, tore down the window-hangings for bandages. Mrs. Hughes offered to go up and get down the sofa for the wounded man. We little thought at the time that my husband was lying murdered in that room. She also wanted to bring down some sheets from the wardrobe in the upper rooms for bandages, but the soldiers would never let us go upstairs and would always cry, 'You cannot go up there.' The soldiers went up themselves for the sheets, and they also brought down the sofa, and the sergeant was placed on it, whilst our two poor husbands were lying upstairs murdered by those cruel beasts.

"About 3 p.m. a military doctor came down to the kitchen to look at us, and called out, 'How many women have you got there?' and I asked then if we could go upstairs to get some food.

"About 3.30 p.m. Mrs. Hughes brought up a cup of tea to the old blind man in the back room. She looked in through the keyhole of the front room, on the same floor, she saw the figure of a man lying over the fender on his mouth and nose. She came down to me terrified and falling out of her standing. I asked her 'What is wrong with you, Mrs. Hughes.' She hesitated a few moments, and told me about the figure upstairs, and asked me 'what sort of socks has your husband,' as she thought the body above wore military socks. When I told her they were green, she said 'Thank God,' but she was still anxious and went up again and looked more carefully. She then came down crying and told me that she would have to tell me the truth, that it was my husband's body she feared was lying above.

"About 10 p.m. on Saturday an officer came and Mrs. Hughes told him she wanted to go to the top of the house. He asked

her 'Why?' and she said she had an idea her husband was killed up there. At first he said, 'O no,' but as she persisted, he said, 'If you don't kick up a row I will bring you up.' He then asked for a basin of hot water and a soft cloth, and he went upstairs and remained there about half an hour. He was cleaning the blood from the bodies, as the clothes on both bodies were quite wet when we went up. As he went up the stairs he shouted back excitedly – 'If there is any more crying down there, go in and blow all their brains out.' The sentry in the hall was then speechless drunk.

Poor Hughes' hat was placed over his face to cover it, as he lay dead on the floor. After the soldiers first came in the two young men, Davis and O'Neill, were taken down to the cellar, but they were left with us only for a few moments. Whilst searching Davis one of the soldiers shouted 'Give that Irish pig an ounce of lead.' They were both taken as prisoners to Thorpe's the butchers in Coleraine Street, and from there to the Technical Schools in Bolton Street.

We were kept prisoners in the house till Sunday, when there seemed to be free access about the place and people were coming in and out. I did not venture upstairs until about 3 p.m. on that day. Then, sick with fear and horror, I went upstairs by myself. My poor husband lay in the same position across the fireplace, his mouth and nose close to the hearth. I attempted to turn him over but could not do so. My father and three or four men came up later with a stretcher to take him to the Union Mortuary, to where several bodies had been removed. Mrs. Hughes would not let him go until she got permission to bury him from the house. We waked the poor fellows in the shop and got coffins which were placed on chairs one on each side of the shop. Only myself and the hearse driver saw him buried, as we had to get a pass, and one hearse had to go the two journeys to Glasnevin. All day on Sunday the soldiers were going up and down the house, many of them drunk and silly, looting anything they could seize.

"On Sunday afternoon I myself saw soldiers playing cards on a rug thrown over my husband's dead body. The rug had been taken from Dunn's the butchers next door. They were eating bully beef, drinking, laughing and jeering at everyone coming in.

When my father came in he became infuriated and told them what he thought of them.

"Another sorrow came on me at the same time. Early on Saturday morning my young brother, William O'Neill, a lad of 17 years old, was shot dead on Constitution Hill at the end of Coleraine Street, near the Temple. He was with another man and had gone over to look at the body of Mr. Beirnes lying on the ground in Coleraine Street, as he thought it was his father who was killed. Both must have been shot by the soldiers in the window of Dunne's the butcher. This shop is in North King Street and is the only shop that looks up the street. It was full of soldiers at the time, and there was no other position where armed men could fire on the spot where my brother and Mr. Beirnes were killed. My brother was carried to Mrs. Kellers close by and only lived about five minutes. The only words he muttered were 'O, Mother, Mother!'

"My husband, who had been murdered by the soldiers, had been ten years in the army and was through the Boer War, one of my brothers was killed in France in the present war, and the other is home with his arm gone.

"I knew young Knowles who was murdered in 27 North King Street. Mrs. Hughes and I both saw the feather bed burning over their grave in the yard.

"I have heard that Mrs. Hughes was taken by the military to some hospital outside the city to identify the soldiers. She also saw the wounded sergeant in hospital.

"The bodies of both my husband and Mr. Hughes were riddled with bullets, apparently more than a dozen being in the chest and neck."

IV

Murder of John Beirnes in Coleraine Street

Statement of Mrs. Elizabeth Beirnes, wife of John Beirnes, living at 80 Church Street.

"My husband, John Beirnes, was a native of Castleknock, and was about 50 years of age. He had been for several years drayman to Messrs. Monks, bakers, next door. He left five young children.

"During Easter Week we all lived in this house. Early in the week Com. Daly came to and fro to this house, and on one occasion I made a cake for him and his men.

"Later in the week the Volunteers warned us of the danger, and came to and fro to this house as my daughter was ill here, and I went with the others to the N.D. Union building for shelter, but wanted to see after my husband's meals. We all, including my daughter, had to leave this house and go up to the Union when the fighting became bad on Friday. My husband remained behind, and as this house was one of the forts held by the Volunteers, they advised him to leave, and about 7.30 p.m. on Friday night he went to Coleraine Street close by and stayed for the night at the house of Larry Fox, Mr. Monks's yardman.

"At 7.30 p.m. on Saturday morning he started from Mr. Fox's to try and make his way to Monks's yard close by, to look after the horses. But he was shot dead a few paces off in Coleraine Street on leaving the house.

"The only place he could possibly have been shot from was Dunn's the butchers. This house is in North King Street and faces up Coleraine Street. It is the only house covering the street, and the soldiers were firing from the windows at the time. Young O'Neill was killed soon after in Coleraine Street near the Temple building. There were no soldiers or Volunteers at the other end of the street nor in any of the houses in Coleraine Street at the time.

"My husband received a terrible wound, the bullet blowing out his eye, and passing through the back of his head, left a large cavity.

"A respectable shopkeeper close to Dunn's positively states that he saw my husband shot by the soldiers in Dunn's, some of them calling out, 'Put that fellow out of the way!' or some similar words."

V

THE MURDER OF PETER JOSEPH LAWLESS (PEADAR) (21), AMERICAN CITIZEN; JAMES MCCARTNEY (36); JAMES FINNIGAN (ABOUT 40); PATRICK HOEY (25); AT THE "LOUTH DAIRY," KEPT BY MRS. LAWLESS, 27 NORTH KING STREET

Statement by Mrs. Lawless, now living at 115 Upper Dorset Street, mother of Peter Lawless.

"My son, Peter Lawless, was 21 years of age, and was born in New York, and was consequently a citizen of the United States. During Easter Week I occupied the house No. 27 North King Street, known as the 'Louth Dairy.' My son assisted me in the business.

"The military came to our house the latest in the street – between 8 and 9 a.m. on Saturday morning. At that time they must have had already slaughtered the nine poor unoffending people in the houses opposite my house.

"On the Saturday the shop was closed and the following people were in the house:

"Two old friends of mine, Mr. James McCartney, who was manager of Gallagher's tobacco store in Dame Street, and his wife with her baby three weeks old, and accompanied by their maid, a girl named Catherine McEvoy. My son Peter Lawless was there also, and two tenants of mine who lived in the house – breadcar drivers, employed in Brennan's of Dorset Street; James Finnigan, and Patrick Hoey. Mr. and Mrs. McCartney had come over from their place in Exchange Street, thinking they would be safer in my house.

"We had been sitting on the stairs for safety during the night, and when the morning of Saturday came the firing seemed to have ceased and we went upstairs thinking of going to bed.

"Just then, about 8 a.m. (Saturday) we heard a great hammering and knocking at the door and the soldiers shouting outside. Soon a bayonet was thrust through the panel of the hall door. At length I heard my son below opening the door which was followed by the inrush of the soldiers. I heard my son saying, 'Mother, you all go upstairs to the top room, these men are only doing their duty, you need not be frightened.' The four men were then driven up after us with their hands above their heads by the soldiers. The soldiers then lined us all around the walls of the room with hands up. They then proceeded to search the men.

"I asked them 'What are we here for? What have we done?' The man in charge replied, 'We must take these men prisoners.'

I said, 'Where are you going to take them?' 'To the nearest barracks, I suppose,' he replied. Some one then said, 'That is all right, the police will then tell you who we are.' I remember poor McCartney mentioned the name of some military captain of his acquaintance who could identify him. We women, who were in great terror, were then ordered out in charge of some soldiers. As I passed out my poor son, who stood near the door, came out on the landing to try and reassure me, and said, 'Mother, it will be all right. You go to Britain Street. I'll find you there.' It was the last I saw of my poor son alive. It was then about 8.30 a.m. The soldiers then brought us down to a cottage in Linenhall Street a few doors off, where we stayed during the day. As I left the house I heard shots, for I remarked at the time, 'Are you going to put us out in the street in that shooting?' But I cannot be certain whether the sounds came from the house.

"In the evening, about half-past seven, I returned to our house accompanied by a soldier. A sentry was on guard at my door (No. 27), and as I attempted to go in he said, 'You can't go in there.' I said, 'Why cannot I go in there? Can't I go into my own house?' 'Well,' he said, 'there are four dead men in there.' Terrified, I said, 'Four dead men! Are they soldiers or Volunteers?' He replied, 'Neither, civilians.' I then said, 'I left four men there, and I'm going in to see. If you shoot them, you may shoot me too.' I then shoved past him, and the soldier who came with me from Linenhall Street accompanied me to the top landing. And then a scene of horror met my eyes. My son lay dead in the same spot I had left him – on the landing of the top-back room, his body half in and half out the doorway. Poor Mr. McCartney lay dead against the wall in a sitting position. Their brains had bespattered the curtains. Poor Finnigan was in the same relative position, but had fallen dead across the bed. Patrick Hoey was out of his old place where I had left him, but he must have received fearful treatment as his head was burst open and macerated.

"I was overcome with horror. I went to Ann Street Presbytery where the priests kept us all night.

"On Sunday morning the soldiers refused admission to the clergy as no doubt they feared that their foul deed might see the light of day.

"The soldiers buried the four bodies in the yard of the house, and replaced the tiles over the grave. They then burned the tick and clothes of the bed, as well as the curtains, in the yard. They were seen burning and smouldering by several of the neighbours.

"The remains of all were discovered on Monday morning and buried by us."

Statement by Mrs. Mary McCartney, wife of James McCartney.

"Myself, Mr. McCartney, and our baby only a few weeks old went over to Mrs. Lawless's, 27 North King Street, in Easter Week. We were accompanied by a maid servant, Catherine McEvoy. The Lawless's were very old friends of ours and I thought we might be safer there. I had been only twenty months married.

"On Saturday morning when the military came about 8 o'clock things were very quiet and we thought the fighting was nearly all over. The military, who rushed in, were a savage brutal crew, a disgrace to mankind. An ignorant sergeant, who seemed to be in command, seemed particularly cruel and would listen to no explanation. As we stood lined up in the top room, the sergeant accused the men of firing from the top of the house. Mrs. Lawless spoke up to them, and asked, 'How could the men fire when they had no arms or ammunition?' His only reply was a brutal laugh, and 'Where have you hid them?' He was also asked how could the men get back when the military surrounded the house and where there was no fanlight or skylight. Pointing to a bullet rip in his hat he said 'How did I get that?' Mr. McCartney said, 'I could certify that I have nothing to do with the organisation,' and gave the name of a friend of his, a Captain Irwin of the Recruiting Office in Brunswick Street as a reference. Poor Mr. Finnigan said, 'I have never carried arms in my life.'

"I was terrified, screamed, and was almost fainting with terror. Poor young Lawless, who had known me for years, said, 'Don't cry, Mary,' and tried to comfort me. He would say, 'Can't you stop crying, the men will do you no harm.'

"But the soldiers forced us away from them. It was, although

we could not believe it, a last parting on this earth. As we went down stairs I sat for a moment in the room below, sick with terror. I thought of the keys, and asked the maid to go back upstairs to Mr. McCartney to get them. When she went up the soldier savagely snapped the keys from my husband's hands, gave them to the maid and hurriedly thrust her away. The men had now become terrified at the foul demeanour of the soldiers. Evidently they were now intent on their bloody purpose and were determined to show no mercy, for the girl heard one of the men in the room say, 'O my God! What are they going to do with us?'

"I can never for one moment believe that any of those soldiers really thought that the men had fired on them.

"My poor husband's watch was stolen, also a safety razor which he carried with him. He had marked a sovereign which he kept as a keepsake to be given to his infant child in later years. It also was stolen. A diamond pin only, a present which his employer's wife, Lady Gallagher, had made him when he was appointed manager, was found upon his body. As his life's blood had trickled over it doubtless it escaped the covetous eyes of his executioners.

"One of the soldiers was afterwards heard to say: 'The little man made a great struggle for his life and tried to throw himself out of the window: but we got him:' "★

★*See also pp. 271–73; the murders of Partick Bealen and James Healy followed the same pattern.*

☘ SEAN O'CASEY'S EASTER

From his autobiography

THE EASTER VIGIL WAS NEARLY OVER. THOUSANDS WERE crumbling tobacco in the palms of their hands, preparing for the first smoke in seven long Lenten weeks of abstinence; the time had passed for forcing oneself (if you were lucky) to swallow sharply-tasting potted herrings, leathery strips of salted ling, and tea without milk. Steak and onions, bacon and cabbage, with pig's cheek as a variation, would again glorify the white-scrubbed kitchen tables of the Dublin workers. Dancing for the young; the rollicking call into Eden would again swing into life to the tune of *Hoosh the Cat from under the Table* or *Lift the Roof Higher;* older ones, thinking of their children, would be getting ready for a trip to Portmarnock's Velvet Strand, or Malahide's silver one; and those who weren't would be poring over the names of horses booked to run at Fairyhouse on Easter Monday. The danger aglow in an All-Ireland Parade of the Volunteers had passed. It had been whispered, only whispered, mind you, that it had been planned by a few of remember-for-ever boys to suddenly change the parade from a quiet walk into an armed revolt. A near thing. Only for God's gillie, Eoin Mac Neill, Chief of Stuff, and Bulmer Hobson, God's gillie's gillie, the Volunteer Sacredary, neither of whom had been told about the plan, but who caught the wisp of a whisper, the deadly dreama would have been on top of the people. But these two sent out couriers in trains, on horseback, on bicycles, in donkey-carts, and on roller-skates, running, galloping, and puffing all over the country, to countermind the whole thing, and so muted the silver trumpets that had lifted themselves up to call to the great race that was to come. So the country stretched itself before the fire, examined the form of the horses, filled its

pipe, and watched the pig's cheek simmering on the fire for the morrow's dinner, thanking God that the long threatening hadn't come at last.

And on Easter Monday, off they went to the races, to their velvet strands, or got out their pretty frocks for the night dancing, all in a state of grace after the Easter devotions, full up of the blessed *joie deo feevre;* part of the country coming to the city to see the Museum, the Four Courts, the Custom House, and the Pro-Cathedral; while up one street Roger Casement, surrounded by armed detectives, was being taken to a boat chartered to land him at the nearest point to Tyburn; and down another street Bulmer Hobson, in the midst of armed I.R.B. men, was being taken to where he could do no good. All was quiet as a none breathless in madoration. Then down the centre of O'Connell Street, silent but for the tramp of their feet, came hundreds of armed Volunteers and Irish Citizen Army, led by Pearse, Connolly, and Tom Clarke, to halt, wheel, and face the General Post Office.

—There go the go-boys! muttered an old man, half to himself and half to an elderly, thin lady beside him who had stopped to help him stare at the Volunteers. Well, Mac Neill put a stop to their gallop! What th' hell are th' up to now? They seem to be bent on disturbin' th' whoremony of the sacred day. Goin' in, eh? Wha' for, I wondher? Can't be wantin' postage stamps. Can't be to get th' right time, for there's a clock in th' window. What'r they doin, ma'am? I dunno. Somethin' brewin'? Ma'am, there's always somethin' brewin'. I'm seventy, an' I've never known an hour that I didn't hear tell of somethin' brewin'. Be God, they're takin' th' clock outa th' window! That's odd, now. Looka, they're smashin' out th' windows with their rifles! There's a shower o' glass – right over th' passers-by! That's goin' beyond th' beyond. Tha's, tha's just hooliganism. We betther be gettin' outa here – th' police'll be here any minute! Didn' I tell you before, ma'am, I dunno! They're shovin' out the Post Office workers; pointin' their guns at them. We betther be gettin' outa here while we're safe. Houl' on a second – here's someone out to read a paper. What's he sayin'? I dunno. How th' hell can you expect a fella to hear from here? Oh! pushin' th' people off th'

streets, now. Eh? G'on home, is it? An' who are you t'ordher me about? Takin' over th' city? D'ye tell me that? Well, you're not goin' to take over me! I'm a peaceful man out on a peaceful sthroll on a peaceful day, an' I stand be me constitutional rights. Gunfire here soon? Arrah, from where? From where, ma'am? I dunno, I'm tellin' you! He says he's speakin' in th' name of th' Irish Republic, so now you're as wise as I am myself. Th' police'll soon explain matthers. Don't be talkin', looka what's comin' up O'Connell Street! A company o' throttin' lancers – full regalia with carbines, lances, an' all! Comin' to clear th' Post Office. Don't be pushin' me ribs in, ma'am! Hear th' jingle of them! This looks like business. Here we see, ma'am, the Irish Republic endin' quicker'n it began. Jasus, Mary, an' Joseph! th' fools are firin' on them! Here, get outa th' way, ma'am, an' let a man move! Near knocked you down? Why th' hell are you clingin' on me tail for, then? Didn' I tell you hours ago that it was dangerous dawdlin' here? D'ye hear that volley! Looka th' police runnin' for their lives! Here, let's get outa this; we've dilly-dallied too long where we've no real business to be!

—Oh, looka them breakin' into the shops! Isn't that provokin', ma'am? After all, th' boys are out for somethin' higher. Looka this fella comin' along with a gramophone. Eh, sonny boy, where'd you get that? Didja hear that answer? Go an' find out! Uncivilised lot. Looka these comin' with a piano, no less! Didja hear that? Give them a shove! Cheek, wha'? Look, they're bringin' out hand-carts an' prams. A sad day for Dublin's fair name. What's that fella in beard an' knickerbockers doin'? Pastin' up bills. Willya read that – callin' on the citizens to do nothin' to dishonour the boys. Why doesn't he mind his own business? Sheehy-Skeffington? Never heard of him. One o' Ireland's noblest sons? Is it on for coddin' me y'are? If he was less noble an' less unselfish, I'd ha' heard a lot of him? Maybe; but he's not goin' to be let dictate to me. It's none o' his business if I want to rifle, rob, an' plundher. Looka! There he goes, now, with two others, in a web o' soldiers! That doesn't look like he was noble. What was that, now, went whizzin' by me? A bullet? You're jokin'! I can tell them, if they harm me, there'll be more about it!

The tinkle of breaking glass wandered down the whole street,

and people were pushing and pulling each other, till through broken windows all the treasures of India, Arabia, and Samarkand were open before them. Sean watched them as they pulled boxes down on top of themselves, flung clothing all over the place; tried to pull new garments over their old ones; while one woman, stripped naked, was trying on camisole after camisole, ending with calm touches that smoothed out the light-blue one that satisfied her at last. All who were underdressed before, were overdressed now, and for the first time in their frosty lives the heat of good warm things encircled them.

He heard the humming zipzz of bullets flying a little way overhead, and guessed someone was firing to frighten the looters; so he dodged into the doorway of a shop to put a protection between him and them. A solidly-built man came trotting along carrying a large jar by the handle against his right thigh, while from his left hung a pair of vividly yellow boots. A sharp ping sounded, and the jar separated into halves, letting a golden stream of liquor honour the road. The man stopped, and gazed at the jagged neck of the jar left in his hand.

—Jasus! he said, not a dhrop of it left – the wasteful bastards!

Sean squirmed round an angle of the doorway to get a look into the shop. Through the great jagged hole in the window he saw the inside was a litter of tossed clothing, caps, shoes, collars, and ties on which people were trampling, and over which they were jostling each other; ignoring the value of what lay on the floor or what was spread over the counter, for the hidden value of what lay neatly folded in the still unopened boxes. One man, alone, was rooting among a heap of caps on the floor, feverishly planting one after the other on his head, and flinging to the far end of the shop those which didn't seem to fit. Another, trying by main force to pull a delicate-looking pair of tweed trousers over a pair of big thick boots, was cursing loudly when he discovered they wouldn't go, and cursing louder still when he found he couldn't get them off again. A third was holding his old coat tightly between his legs while he excitedly thrust raggedly-shirted arms through the sleeves of a bran-new one; while yet another was calling out that if anyone came across a seven-size in socks, they might let him know. And there, too, was the old man, leaning

on the counter directing with his stick a younger man on a ladder, busy searching among the boxes on the higher shelves.

—What's in that one to your left? he shouted to the man on the ladder; to your left, man! Shirts? What kinda shirts? Ordinary cotton ones? Aw, don't waste time clawin' them things! They can be picked up anywhere. That box to your right – to your right! Good God, man! D'ye not know your right from your left? De Luxe written on them? Throw them down, throw them down! Where'r you pushin', ma'am? This isn't a spring sale. You'll have to keep ordher if you want to do business here. Wha'? How th' hell do I know where to direct you to the ladies' department! One, two, three, four, five, six, an' one for Sunday – they'll be about enough for the time bein'. Have a look for a box marked pyjamas – I always had a notion of wantin' to feel how they felt on a fella. Wha's that? What do they want th' ambulance for? A woman's been shot? Wha', just outside? Who done it? A sniper, or somebody? God Almighty, where's our boasted law an' ordher!

Sean watched their wonderful activity, and couldn't desecrate their disorder with dishonour. All these are they who go to Mass every Sunday and holy day of obligation; whose noses are ground down by the clergy on the grindstone of eternal destiny; who go in mortal fear of the threat of a priest, he thought; but now he was glad to see they hadn't lost their taste for things material. In spite of the clergy's fifing and drumming about venial and mortal sin, they were stretching out their hands for food, for raiment, for colour, and for life. If the lilies of the field, that neither toiled nor spun, could be lovely, how much more that these whose lives were a ceaseless labour should be lovely too? The time would come when they would no longer need to take their kingdom of heaven by violence, for they would build it themselves, and warmth, adornment, and satisfaction in the midst of fair sounds and bright colours would be their own.

When the shooting seemed to have got less, Sean slid cautiously out of his shelter and, keeping close to the walls of shop and house, made his way home. Darkness had fallen, and his near-sighted eyes could see but a few feet in front of them. Coming to the bridge across the canal at Spencer Dock, his semi-consciousness

heard a calm, tired voice say somewhere, Halt! Who goes there? A few steps farther, and the voice, tired no longer, terse and threatening, said again, Who goes there! In the hesitating shock of seeing nothing, he managed to say, Friend, and a moment after, passed by the dim form of a soldier with the rifle at the ready, who passed him by with the advice of, Answer quicker, next time, friend. A narrow squeak, that! A few seconds more of hesitation and he'd have been high among the stars. Watch your steps, Sean. A little farther on, his breast almost touched a bayonet as another voice said, Who goes there? Murmuring, Friend, the bayonet was lowered, and a soldier's voice said, Pass on, friend. They were dotted along the road up to the corner of the street that held his home. Pouring in by the North Wall, and no-one here to stop them. Poor ould Ireland!

He halted at the doorway thrust through with the knowledge that it was dangerous for him to be abroad at night. His eyes were blank in the darkness. He thought of the things that had happened, and wondered how it would all end. It was a deserted city now, but for those who fought each other. The pubs had emptied, the trams had jingled back to their sheds, the shops were shut. Lansdowne Road, Rathmines, and Rathgar gathered up their fine clothes and ran home; the janitors of the Bank of Ireland came rushing out to slam-to the great iron gates with a clang, turning the thick lips of the lock with hurried hands, and the sentries rushed into the guardroom; those coming home from Fairyhouse had been stopped by British barricades, and choruses of How th' hell am I goin' to get home ascended to God and His blessed saints. And Sean, standing in the doorway of his house, gazed back towards the centre of the city and saw a great plume of flame rising high into the sky: the first passion-flower had blossomed.

The next day, early, not allowed to cross the canal, Sean took a longer back way over the railways, and got to the nearer fringe of the city where talk was furious, and wild guesses were made of what was happening.

—Th' attack on the Castle's failed, and Sean Connolly, the modest and noble, had died, murmuring that he died for Ireland. And you can't even climb through O'Connell Street, the dead

are piled that high in it. An' th' Sinn Feiners have taken th' Bank of Ireland!

—What!

—Occupied it; overpowered the senthries, shot them before, shot them behind, and flung their riddled bodies at the foot of King Billy's statue.

—No? God, what'r we comin' to! With th' Bank of Ireland gone, we'll all be ruined. How'r we goin' to get our old-age pensions; an' ring-papers won't be worth a damn!

—An' – listen, man alive – an', an' th' figures of Liberty, Fortitude, an' Justice that stood on th' top of the ayste side of the Bank is sthrewn over th' wide world. Smithereens they are now; rubble; dust.

—No! An' th' others, Hibernia, Fidelity, an' somethin' – what's happened to them?

—Them? Aw, them was took down an' brought in for safety till betther times came. Just in time.

—But wait till I tell yous: a fella standin' on the Park Magazine Hill says he could see plain an army of Germans marchin' forward dead on th' horizon. No I don't mean frontier – I said horizon. Which horizon? Dtch dtch! There's only one horizon, man, an' it's th' place where th' sky an' earth meet together. You hope it's thrue? Well, I don't; it's bad enough now between our own and the English; but what would it be between the three of them? Only the lark in the clear air 'ud be safe then, an' he'd have to fly higher than usual.

Sean was behind his mother when she gawked out of the window in the back room, seeking to see something of what was happening.

—There's some soldiers in th' church tower, she said, the last word blending with a crackling roar, while the two of them staggered about the room, choked and blinded from a cloud of powdered mortar thick as a white thundercloud.

—I'm shot, Jack, she whimpered; but feeling her all over, he found she wasn't; and he hurried her into the other room where she lay down, panting, on the old horsehair sofa. He gave her a drink of water, then coaxed her down to a neighbour below who set about making a cup of tea for her. As he was going back to see

what had happened, a number of soldiers, in charge of an officer and sergeant, came in and went upstairs with him, leaving two men to guard the outside door. The officer stood beside Sean, a revolver in his hand, while the sergeant searched the back room. After some time, the sergeant came out and whispered to the officer.

—Come downstairs with me, said the officer to Sean.

They placed him stiff against the wall of the house, outside, while the sergeant searched him, taking off his old boots to have a look inside, a soldier kneeling on one knee before him, butt of rifle to the knee, the bayonet but a foot away from Sean's chest. They were searching for an automatic, they told him, and he wondered how one could fit into either of his boots. A violent explosion in the waste land beyond the wall bordering the railway sent a storm of stones, tufts of grass, and bunches of poppies skyhigh, showers of them falling around Sean and his searchers. Another, and then, a second later, a vicious ping on the wall beside him, sent Sean word that some sniper was having a shot at the soldiers around him. The officer slid down the street into a shop, and the soldiers, bending low, followed him, leaving Sean stretched out against the wall, alone, watched by neighbours who were peeping from their doorways in the houses lower down the street. He took his outstretched arms from the wall, turned in, and mounted the stairs to his home. While by the wall, he had felt that his end was near, and had had a stiff time trying to hold on to his pride and dignity. Now he was shaking, and tense with fright. Either the badly-aimed shells fired from the gunboat *Helga* or the sniper's bullet may have saved his life. For a long time he had tried to keep out of danger, and as often had found himself in the thick of it. Three times, at work, he had had narrow escapes: once when a bucket had been whipped from a swinging hand by a train passing by at fifty miles an hour; once when a scaffold had collapsed, and he had come down with it, escaping with a bad shock and many sore bruises; and once on a high roof, cleaning glass, a fellow-worker, in a hurry to show the foreman how alert he was, stepped on a plank, leading over the glass, before him; the plank had snapped, the glass had given way, and the poor devil had fallen forty or fifty feet, to be smashed to pieces on a

concrete floor below. And today, he and his mother had had a stream of machine-gun bullets sweeping between their two heads, making a hash of the wall behind them. How often during the riots of drunken policemen had he escaped a batoning? More often than he wished to remember. He didn't like this sort of thing at all. As he grew in grace and wisdom, he was growing less and less of a hero. Like the fine and upright Alderman Tom Kelly, he wanted to die in bed surrounded by medicine bottles.

Good God! looka th' mess the back room was in! The one old palliasse they had had been ripped open with a bayonet, and the dirty feathers had been scattered about. Their one mattress, too, had been torn the same way, and the straw, mixed with the feathers, littered the floor. And all this on top of his aching, trembling legs, and oozing neck. Had he been made of less sterner stuff, he'd have sat on the edge of the ruined bed to weep. But he must sway his thoughts away from an inclination to tears to hard resistance, and an icy acceptance of what was beyond his power to avoid.

He lighted some sticks, put some water into a small saucepan, and made himself a cup of tea. In the old dresser he found a small lump of a loaf, and cut himself a slice; no more, for the neighbours might send back his mother any minute and she'd need her share. But he ate all the bread there, for he wanted all he could get to modify with new strength the energy lost through his oozing neck, his aching legs, and troubled mind. He was sipping the tea, when in came a sergeant and two Tommies, and his heart sank again.

—'Ere, you, said the sergeant, motioning towards the Tommies, go with 'em; the church; 'urry! Why? never mind the why. They 'as their orders – that's enough for you.

—Whose orders – the Lord Lieutenant's?

—Naw! Company Officer's. 'Urry!

Sean sighed, and slipped a volume of Keats into a pocket, put on his cap, and went with them to the church. In the porch a young officer sat by a small table, a notebook before him, pencil in hand. Name? Address? Age? Occupation? Sean saw the officer bend a searching look at him when he said, Unemployed. Another search. What's this, eh? Oh, a book! Poetry – harmless enough.

Why don't you join the army? No interest in armies – not even the Salvation Army. Civil answers, my man, will serve you better. Into the church with him.

Soldiers were asleep, asprawl, in the baptistery; others snored lying on the tiles of the chancel; and an armed sentry stood at the east end and west end of the church. Piles of haversacks, belts, boots, and rifles were heaped on, and around, the Communion Table. But two other prisoners were there, each widely separated from the other. It was strange to be this way in a church where he had so often sat as a worshipper, in which he found his first genuine, educated friend – the Rector. How angry he would be if he knew the soldiers were making themselves at home in the House of God! Do This in Remembrance Of Me were words forming a semicircle above the Holy Table.

That whole evening, and throughout the night, he sat wearily on the hard bench, finding out that things even of beauty weren't joys for ever. He could but give now the faint smile like a star shining through autumn mists. It was a wry smile, but it wasn't a tear. Even here, even now, even so, perhaps he was one with those

> Who love their fellows even to the death,
> Who feel the giant agony of the world,
> And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
> Labour for mortal good.

The deadly whiteness of the lilies was here upon him; but not the deadly whiteness of the snow: not yet, though sunken from the healthy breath of morn, and far from the fiery noon and eve's one star.

He had to put every thought of anxiety about his mother away from him. Sit here; say nothing – that was all he could do. What use would he be at home, anyway? We were all helled by the enemy. The neighbours would keep her on her feet till he came back, and they took counsel together. In spite of his pride, his bowels yearned for a share of the Maconochie stew some of the soldiers were eating.

The next evening, all the lusty men of the locality were marshalled, about a hundred of them, Sean joining in, and were marched under guard (anyone trying to bolt was to be shot dead)

down a desolate road to a great granary. Into the dreary building they filed, one by one; up a long flight of dark stone steps, to a narrow doorway, where each, as he came forward, was told to jump through into the darkness and take a chance of what was at the bottom. Sean dropped through, finding that he landed many feet below on a great heap of maize that sent up a cloud of fine dust, near choking him. When his eyes got accustomed to it, he saw a narrow beam of light trickling in through some badly-shuttered windows, and realised he was in a huge grain store, the maize never less than five feet deep so that it was a burden to walk from one spot to another, for each leg sank down to the thigh, and had to be dragged up before another step could be taken. It took him a long time to get to a window, and crouch there, watching the sky over the city through a crack in the shutters. A burning molten glow shone in the sky beyond and it looked as if the whole city was blazing. One ear caught the talk of a group of men near by who were playing cards. He couldn't read Keats here, for the light was too bad for his eyes. More light, were the last words of Goethe, and it looked as if they would be his last words too.

—I dunno how it'll end, said one of the card-players; the German submarines are sweepin' up th' Liffey like salmon, an' when they let loose it's goodbye England. My thrick, there, eh!

—I heard, said another player, that th' Dublin Mountains is black with them – coal-scuttle helmets an' all – your deal, Ned.

—Th' Sinn Feiners has taken to an unknown destination that fella who ordhered the Volunteers in th' counthry to stay incognito wherever they were – what's his name? Oh, I've said it a hundhred times. What's this it is?

—Is it Father O'Flynn? asked a mocking voice in a corner.

—No mockery, Skinner Doyle; this isn't a time for jokin'. Eh, houl' on there – see th' ace o' hearts!

Then they heard them, and all the heads turned to where Sean was crouching at the window; for in the fussy brattle of ceaseless musketry fire, all now listened to the slow, dignified, deadly boom of the big guns.

—Christ help them now! said Skinner Doyle.

Next day, he heard his name called from the hole at the end of

the store where the sentry stood. Wading through the corn, he was told to leap up, and leaping, was caught by a corporal who helped him to scramble to the floor above. He was to go home for a meal, accompanied by a soldier, for while the rest were permitted to disperse home for an hour, they were suspicious of him because his room was the one that received the fire from those searching out a sniper. He was covered with the dust of the corn, and though he had pulled up the collar of his coat to protect the wound in his neck, he felt the dust of the grain tearing against its rawness, and felt anxious about it. But he had to be patient, so he trudged home, silent, by the side of the soldier. When he sat down, and, in reply to the soldier's question, said there was nothing in the house with which to make a meal;

—Wot, nothink? asked the soldier, shocked. Isn't there somewhere as you can get some grub?

—Yes, said Sean; a huckster's round the corner, but I've no money to pay for it.

—'E'll give it, 'e 'll'ave to; you come with me, said the Tommy; Gawd blimey, a man 'as to eat!

So round to Murphy's went the Saxon and the Gael, for food. Murphy was a man who, by paying a hundred pounds for a dispensation, had married his dead wife's sister, so that the property might be kept in the family; and Sean thought how much comfort and security for a long time such a sum would bring to his mother and to him. The soldier's sharp request to give this prisoner feller some grub got Sean a loaf, tea and sugar, milk in a bottle, rashers, and a pound of bully beef. On the way back, Sean got his mother, and they had a royal meal, the soldier joining them in a cup of scald.

In the sky the flames were soaring higher, till the heavens looked like a great ruby hanging from God's ear. It was tinging the buildings with a scarlet glow, while the saints stretched their ears to catch the tenour of the Irish prayers going up, for each paternoster and ave maria mingled with the biting snarl from the Howth guns, and the answering roar from Saxon rifle, machine-gun, and cannon, that were weaving a closer cordon of fire round the Sinn Feiners, the fire creeping towards the group of innocents blessed with arms in their hands for the first time. Now it was

above them, licking away the roof from over their heads, and they were too weary to go on trying to put it out. Their haggard faces were chipped into bleeding jaggedness by splinters flying from shattered stones and brick; the wounded were in a corner making their moan to themselves, while a few men and women were risking their lives to get the seriously hurt away to some hospital, wending through falling walls, fire and brimstone, and gauntlets of burning buildings. The grey-green Volunteer uniforms now no longer looked neat; they were ragged, and powdered thick with the pulverised mortar clouding from the walls. The fighters now looked like automatons moving unsteadily about, encased tightly in a fog of dust and acrid ashes. They were silent, unshaven, maybe muttering an act of contrition for things done before they went to war; wan-eyed, they persuaded their drooping lids to lift again, for drowsiness might mean a sudden and silent death to them. Those handiest with a rifle kept firing into the flames coming closer; a few, hoarse and parched, still tried to control the flames with tiny buckets of water, their leaders, before a wall of flame, standing dignified among them, already garlanded for death; gay outwardly, and satisfied, their inner wakefulness wondering how they'd fare when the world faded. They had helped God to rouse up Ireland: let the whole people answer for them now! For them, now, tired and worn, there was but a long, long sleep; a thin ribbon of flame from a line of levelled muskets, and then a long sleep. For evermore, Ireland's Easter lilies would have a crimson streak through them.

The thyme had turned to rue. And through the ring of fire and smoke, passing by the flying bullets, went the brown-robed Capuchins, bending over the wounded, unable to do much, but standing by their people and the danger. Father Aloysius, with a white apron on a broomstick, hurries to the British barricade to ask for a surgeon, but an elegant Colonel Taylor turns his back on him and leaves him there alone with the Tommies and with God; and later on an equally elegant Captain does all a man can do to help the minister with humane thoughts and a courteous address. And Cathleen ni Houlihan, in her bare feet, is singing, for her pride that had almost gone is come back again. In tattered

gown, and hair uncombed, she sings, shaking the ashes from her hair, and smoothing out the bigger creases in her dress; she is

> Singing of men that in battle array,
> Ready in heart and ready in hand,
> March with banner and bugle and fife
> To the death, for their native land.

A rare time for death in Ireland; and in the battle's prologue many a common man, woman, and child had said goodbye to work and love and play; and many more in an hour or so would receive a terse message that life no longer needed them. There they are, lying so quiet – a child surprised in the doorway; an old man stretched in the street; a young man near a lamp-post which he had clutched when the bullet struck him, and down which he had slid when he died, his curiously white face containing wide eyes staring upwards, as if asking the sky why this had happened, a stiff arm still half-encircling the lamp standard; a young lassie in holiday attire, lying on her face, maybe hurrying home when she heard the uproar, but going too slow, for on the brilliant white blouse a purple patch of death was spreading over the middle of the back; an old woman on the floor of her tenement room, alone, her blood seeping through the ceiling below: all of the goodly company of the dead who died for Ireland. Jesu, have pity! Quiet, comrades, quiet. It was necessary that you should die for Ireland too. You didn't want to die. I know, I know. You signed no proclamation; you invaded no building; you pulled no trigger; I know, I know. But Ireland needed you all the same. Many will die like that before Ireland can go free. They must put up with it. You will be unknown for ever; you died without a word of praise; you will be buried without even a shadowy ceremony; no bugle will call your name; no gunshot will let loose brave echoes over your grave; you will not be numbered among the accepted slain. But listen, comrades, listen: Whitman will be there to meet you; he will marshal you into the march-past with the greater dead; on the cornet he will give you a shrill salute. Listen – there it goes! Forward! March!

Here comes Paudrig Pearse down the silent street, two elegant British officers waiting for him. He comes steadily, in no hurry; unafraid, to where two elegant British officers are waiting to meet

him. His men have been beaten; the cordon of flame has burnt out their last fading hope. *The struggle is over; our boys are defeated; and Ireland's surrounded with silence and gloom:* the old ballad is singing in his ears. He wears a topcoat, for the Easter sun has gone west, and a nipping breeze blows. It is the wind of death blowing keenly on this brave man's pure face. His eyes droop, for he hasn't slept for days. He has lain down, but not to sleep. Soon he will sleep long and well. He feels this is no defeat; that to stand up in an armed fight against subjection is a victory for Ireland. So he stands silently, and listens to the elegant British officer demanding unconditional surrender. The fools, the fools! So he agrees, and hands over his sword; bows, and returns to marshal his men for a general surrender. Soon Whitman will be shaking his hand, and reciting,

> Vivas to those who have failed!
> And to all generals who lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!
> And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

The sky had gone black and the rain was falling; cold rain, with the sting of vanishing winter in it. Along the silent, empty street small groups of men come marching. They are tired, tattered, and sleepy, hungry shadows of the neat, trim, and steady Volunteers who had marched the opposite way a week ago. Crowds behind the soldiers cheered when they saw the proud but woebegone men come marching through the blackened lanes of smouldering buildings. They marched silent; no whistle or lilt came from any parched lip or dry throat: the time was past for song. The hot, bitter vapour from charred wood, leather, and cloth seared their nostrils; and cinders, smoking red in the centre, strewing the street, crunched under their passing feet. Down they came, covered with hundreds of rifles, with machine-guns trained on them, thousands of soldiers staring at them piling their poor arms in a heap; the Tommies wondering and bewildered that such a pitiable pile of metal should try to overthrow the might and power of England's armed forces.

—Larfable, I say. Th' wild Irish. Drink gores to their 'eads! Cawn't savvy 'em. Never knows w'en you 'as 'em. Don't arst

me, mite. Blinkin' lot of 'em oughter be in a 'ome! Wot was bitin' 'em? Barmy, th' lot of 'em. Wot did they do it for?

A dream! To make again the white sails crowd in on Ireland, so that her harbours, the finest in the world, could hardly hold her ships; to set up the sale again of our potteries and textiles; Huguenot poplins woven since Jacquard de Lion first sang *The Palatine's Daughter;* crowded bales of supreme cloth, red, green, green-russet, and yellow to Cologne, Naples, Catalonia, Ypres, and the Rhine. To send out fine marbles, green, red, jet, and dove-grey, fine and smooth, as Spenser vouches for in his *Faerie Queen*, to Bologna, Brabant, making palaces for princes of Lithuania; to give to the civilised world again beef, lard, tallow, bacon, butter, wax, wool, tanned leather, well embroidered; hawks and horses, gold from Wicklow, and silver from Tipperary, coined and uncoined; to send the whitest linen to the Netherlands, Italy, and the city of Chester. To make the land a centre of prime books, well tooled and illuminated, like them of old, the book of Fenagh, of Monasterboice, the psalter of Cashel, and the Red Book of the Earls of Kildare.

So that St. Furze might again become the patron saint of the fierce O'Flaherties, and the Feast of Brendan on May the tenth could be safely kept again in Galway by the ancient dwellers on the quay street; that the Dublin men might be free to again become members of the Corpus Christi Guild of Coventry, and make a new path round that fair city; and to be able to send clean white boards for the church of Salisbury, and oak and elm beams to England to be made into galleys and shapely vessels of a fine length.

—Whhoorish! shouted a sergeant; is it treadin' on th' tile of me coat yez want to be now? Oirish, an' prawd of it, wot?

—Ay, and so as to again excel in carving rich and diversified designs on all churches, within and without the walls; to build round towers higher than the high ones already here; to have multitudes of great bells and lesser bells aloft in bunches in all suitable and desirable places; and to have piles of rare images, altars, gems, and hundreds of square miles of painted glass for all our church windows.

—And mike Iahland a plice fit for 'eroes to live in, Paddy, eh wot?

Ay, and our famous fairs will no longer cower away in old, unhonoured corners, but step into the open again, like the Fair of Telltown, known to all the lords and ladies of the well-mapped world; the Fair of Garmain, the Fair of Clapping of Hands, the Fair of Opening Eyes, the Fair in the Valley of Squinting Windows, the Fair of the Foggy Dew, the Fair of the Valley Lay Smiling Before Me.

—Never 'eard of 'em, Paddy; musta been in old Gord's time.

And the Fair of Fairs of the Blessed Saints, twelve in number – Cing Bully of the Boyne of Contention, Carzen of the Papes, Mishe Lemass More, a Talbot a Talbot, Lily Bullero, Shantee Ohkay, Roody the Shrover with his Pendraggin Piety, the Irish Sweep who Beat Miraculous Melody from a Drum, Elfie Byrne of Ballyblandus, Guffer Gaffney, Prayboy of the Festerin World, Billora et Labora O'Brien, and Gee Kiaora Jesterton the Laughing Diwine.

And where are these precious things now? Buried in the black ruins, hidden heaps of rubble, scarred with the venom of fire. All our dear dreams gone: tread light, soldier, for you tread on our dreams. These Sinn Fein madmen have tossed them into insignificance; their blow at England has fallen on the head of Ireland, and all is lost as well as honour.

—I wouldn't tike it too much to heart, daddy; no use of gettin' riled wif us – we didn't start the shindy.

—Make no sport of me, soldier, for there's no Fergus of the kindly tongue now to cool a man's anger! To hell with yous, spawn of Cromwell! May none of your race survive; may God destroy yous all; each curse of the holy book of psalms and the prophets upon yous fall!

—Easy, easy, there, daddy; have a heart!

Oh! Every cedar in the land is down; every Irish oak has fallen! There's not that much wood left would make the lintel of a door. The starry head of the Old Woman is lit now but by the death-light in the eyes of them about to die. Listen! Listen all! And a dead silence swept the land, and all the people listened. There they go – clear on the air of a misty dawn: a volley; another, and

another. What Irish heart is thrilled now by the eagle's whistle? What Irish ear bothers about the notes of the cuckoo calling summer closer? What foot will move to the sound of a violin making merry with sound? What hand will light a bonfire to welcome a joy?

The listening people hear the quick, short, sharp steps of Tom Clarke over the stony square of Kilmainham. There is the squad waiting, khaki-clad, motionless, not knowing the argument. Here, in front, halt! A brown-robed friar stands aside, hurrying prayers over his rosary beads. There is no bravery here save in the thin figure with its arms bound tight; a cloth over the gleaming eyes. The guns suddenly give forth a jet of flame, the figure jerks rhythmically, slides awkwardly to the ground, twitches for a second, then lies for ever still. Ireland has scored another victory over England, for the people begin to ponder over what this man has done, and search for everything he has said, that what was spoken by the prophets might be fulfilled – he will be remembered for ever.

Then another came forth to die, with head, usually bent, now held high, for Pearse has bidden farewell to the world, though he still holds Ireland by her rough and graceful hand, loth to let it go: farewell to St. Enda's, its toil, its joy, its golden brood of boys; farewell to Emmet's Fort, to the Hermitage, the lake in the woods, the scented hayfield; farewell to the azure sky, the brown bog, the purple heather of Connemara; farewell the pageants that wheeled broad palaces into simple places and turned greyness into magic colours; farewell the jewelled quaintness in the thoughts and play of children. – Oh, farewell! The moments have grown bigger than the years.

The face of Ireland twitches when the guns again sing, but she stands steady, waiting to fasten around her white neck this jewelled string of death, for these are they who shall speak to her people for ever; the spirit that had gone from her bosom returns to it again to breathe out hope once more, and soon to sing.

Ere the tiny curl from the gun-muzzles has hid in the upper air, the flames lash out again, and Connolly, last of the lost leaders, loses his place in life, and becomes a marbled memory.

Black prison vans, packed with prisoners, cavalry with naked

swords before and behind them, move swift through the streets. Crowds, silent and sullen, watch them go by at the street corners, and stare at white faces pressed against the tiny grating at the back of the van, striving for a last glimpse of Erin ere they walk the decks of the ship that will carry them to the prisons of England. And the Castle is alert and confident; files all correct, and dossiers signed and sealed for the last time. Now the Irish may be quiet, and quit their moan, for nothing is whole that could be broken. And the glasses are full of wine, and cigar-smoke incenses the satisfaction.

But Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan, walks firm now, a flush on her haughty cheek. She hears the murmur in the people's hearts. Her lovers are gathering around her, for things are changed, changed utterly:

A terrible beauty is born.

Poor, dear, dead men; poor W. B. Yeats.

♣ THE EXECUTIONS

*By Max Caulfield**

ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE PEOPLE had been killed or severely wounded – officially. One hundred and seventy-nine buildings in central Dublin, enclosing sixty-one thousand square yards, had been irrevocably ruined and the cost, in terms of the monetary values then existing, was two and a half million pounds sterling. One hundred thousand people – approximately one-third of the total population – had to be given public relief.

It was a time for wisdom. Had General Sir John Maxwell, in the last analysis, been something more than an unimaginative soldier, he might have understood that from the Imperial point of view, the way to treat the insurrectionary leaders was to make them look ridiculous. Had he, in effect, spanked them and sent them home with a stern warning to be good boys in the future, Britain might well have avoided the disasters of the years which followed – which ate into the fabric of the Imperial idea as surely as any German Army. The consequences were immense; not least among them the continual fostering by Irish-Americans of the traditional dislike felt by the United States for colonialism.

Yet, all in all, perhaps it was asking a little too much to expect Maxwell to foresee any of this. Possibly almost any man, placed suddenly in his position, faced with the precedents he had to face, would have done very much as he did. The sentences he confirmed were hardly barbaric and he allowed the leaders to die a soldier's death when he might so easily have hanged them as common felons. Against the charges that the courts-martial were set up and carried through with an almost indecent haste, is to be set the fact that, while the menace of a German invasion re-

*The Easter Rebellion, *1964*.

mained, time was of the essence. Rebels and rebellion must be crushed, and the quicker it is done, the better. Perhaps the real irony lay in the fact that by executing Pearse and his comrades in the way that he did, Maxwell was only doing what they really wanted him to do. Only in death, most of them knew, could they achieve victory.

Pearse, MacDonagh, and Clarke were shot at dawn on the morning of Wednesday, May 3, 1916, in the yard of Kilmainham Jail. In his court-martial speech Pearse went to some lengths to refute the suggestion that the insurrection had been financed with German gold as was genuinely believed by most people at the time:

"I desire in the first place to repeat what I have already said in letters to General Sir John Maxwell and Brigadier-General Lowe. My object in agreeing to unconditional surrender was to prevent further slaughter of the civilian population of Dublin and to save the lives of our gallant fellows, who, having made for six days a stand unparalleled in military history, were now surrounded and (in the case of those under the immediate command of headquarters) without food. I fully understand now, as then, that my own life is forfeit to British law, and I shall die very cheerfully if I can think that the British Government, as it has already shown itself strong, will now show itself magnanimous enough to accept my single life in forfeiture and to give a general amnesty to the brave men and boys who have fought at my bidding. In the second place I wish it to be understood that any admissions I make here are to be taken as involving myself alone. They do not involve and must not be used against anyone who acted with me, not even those who may have set their names to documents with me. (The Court assented to this.)

I admit I was Commander-General Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the Irish Republic which have been acting against you for the past week and that I was President of the Provisional Government. I stand over all my acts and words done or spoken in these capacities. When I was a child of ten I went down on my knees by my bedside one night and promised God that I should devote my life to an effort to free my country. I have kept that promise. First among all earthly things, as a boy and as a

man, I have worked for Irish freedom. I have helped to organize, to arm, to train, and to discipline my fellow countrymen to the sole end that, when the time came, they might fight for Irish freedom. The time, as it seemed to me, did come and we went into the fight. I am glad that we did, we seem to have lost, we have not lost. To refuse to fight would have been to lose, to fight is to win, we have kept faith with the past, and handed a tradition to the future.

I repudiate the assertion of the prosecutor that I sought to aid and abet England's enemy. Germany is no more to me than England is. I asked and accepted German aid in the shape of arms and an expeditionary force, we neither asked for nor accepted German gold, nor had any traffic with Germany but what I state; my aim was to win Irish freedom; we struck the first blow ourselves but I should have been glad of an ally's aid.

I assume I am speaking to Englishmen who value their own freedom, and who profess to be fighting for the freedom of Belgium and Serbia. Believe that we too love freedom and desire it. To us it is more desirable than anything else in the world. If you strike us down now we shall rise again and renew the fight. You cannot conquer Ireland; you cannot extinguish the Irish passion for freedom; if our deed has not been sufficient to win freedom then our children will win it by a better deed."

On the morning of his execution Pearse wrote to his mother:

"My dearest mother,

I have been hoping up to now it would be possible to see you again, but it does not seem possible. Good-bye, dear mother. Through you I say good-bye to 'Wow Wow' [a sister], Mary Brigid, Willie, Miss B., Michael, cousin Maggine and everyone at St. Enda's. I hope and believe Willie and the St. Enda's boys will be all safe.

I have written two papers about financial affairs and one about my books which I want you to get. With them are a few poems which I want added to the poems in MS. in my bookcase. You asked me to write a little poem which would seem to be said by you about me. I have written it, and a copy is in Arbour Hill barracks with other papers.

I have just received Holy Communion. I am happy, except for the great grief of parting from you. This is the death I should have asked for if God had given me the choice of all deaths – to die a soldier's death for Ireland and for freedom. We have done right. People will say hard things of us now, but later on will praise us. Do not grieve for all this but think of it as a sacrifice which God asked of me and of you.

Good-bye, dear mother, may God bless you for your great love to me and for your great faith and may He remember all you have so bravely suffered. I hope soon to see papa, and in a little while we shall all be together again. I have not words to tell you of my love for you and how my heart yearns to you all. I will call to you in my heart at the last moment.

Your son,
Pat."

The poem to which he refers was called *The Mother*:

I do not grudge them; Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generation shall remember them,
And call them blessed!

Little of what Tom Clarke had to say – if he said anything much – has survived to us. To his court-martial judges he announced that he would do the same again if spared. To his wife, on the last night of his life, he said, "I am to be shot at dawn. I'm glad it's a soldier's death I'm getting. I've had enough of imprisonment."

MacDonagh wrote his own epitaph:

His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long

His deed was a single word
Called out alone
In a night where no echo stirred
To laughter or moan

But his song's new soul shall shrill
The loud harps dumb
And his deed the echoes fill
When the dawn is come.

At midnight the news was broken to MacDonagh that he would be shot at dawn. His wife was not able to get to him but his sister, a nun, found him in "a dank, vile cell" lighted by the butt of a candle. He had already confessed by the time she arrived, had had Holy Communion, and had written to his wife. When his sister entered the cell and saw that there was no water, she asked the sentry, "Will you give him some water to wash in?" The sentry, acting under orders, refused. MacDonagh's sister then handed him a Rosary which had belonged to their mother and he put it around his neck. "I hope they will give me this when it is over," she said. "Ah, no," he said quietly, "they will shoot it to bits." (They did not – only four beads were shot away and the Rosary was eventually returned to his sister.)

In his court-martial speech MacDonagh said:

"Gentlemen of the Court-martial. I choose to think that you have but done your duty, according to your lights, in sentencing me to death. I thank you for your courtesy. It would not be seemly for me to go to my doom without trying to express, however inadequately, my sense of the high honour I enjoy in being of those predestined in this generation to die for the cause of Irish freedom. You will, perhaps, understand this sentiment, for it is one to which an Imperial poet of a bygone age bore immortal testimony: 'Tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country.' You would all be proud to die for Britain, your Imperial patron, and I am proud and happy to die for Ireland, my glorious Fatherland."

(A member of the Court): "You speak of Britain as our Imperial patron."

(MacDonagh): "Yes, some of you are Irishmen."

"And what of your Imperial patron; what of Germany?"

"Not if Germany had violated and despoiled my country and persisted in withholding her birthright of freedom."

(President): "Better not interrupt the prisoner." (The prisoner bowed.)

"There is not much left to say. The Proclamation of the Irish Republic has been adduced in evidence against me as one of the signatories; you think it already a dead and buried letter, but it lives, it lives. From minds alight with Ireland's vivid intellect, it sprang; in hearts aflame with Ireland's mighty love it was conceived. Such documents do not die. The British occupation of Ireland has never for more than one hundred years been compelled to confront in the field of fight a rising so formidable as that which overwhelming forces have for the moment succeeded in quelling. This rising did not result from accidental circumstances. . . ."

The rest of the manuscript, whose authenticity has been questioned, but which is accepted as wholly true by MacDonagh's family, is missing.

Late the same night, Mr. Stoker (the Grafton street jeweller who had been standing outside the General Post Office when Joseph Plunkett had headed the rebel charge into it) was just about to close his shop when "a taxi stopped at the front door and a beautiful young woman stepped out and asked me to show her some wedding rings. The best, as she put it, that money could buy. She had a thick veil, but I could see that her eyes were red with weeping and, noticing continuous convulsive sobs as she spoke, I ventured to ask the reason. It was then that she revealed the terrible tragedy she was about to suffer. 'I am Joe Plunkett's fiancée,' she said. 'We are to be married in prison tomorrow morning, an hour before his execution. Oh, I can't tell you how I love him and he loves me. We belong to each other. And even if we are to be together for only a single hour I mean to marry him in spite of everything, in order to bear his name through life.'"

The "beautiful young woman" was Grace Gifford. At 1.30 a.m. on May 4th, 1916, she was led into the small chapel of Kilmainham Jail and stood waiting until the ailing Joseph

Plunkett was brought in, in handcuffs, and led up beside her before the altar. Owing to a lighting failure, the marriage was performed by the Reverend Eugene MacCarthy by the light of a single candle, held by a British soldier, while twenty others, with bayonets fixed, lined the walls of the chapel. Immediately after the ceremony the couple were separated, but just before Plunkett's execution at dawn, the bride was allowed to see him for a further ten minutes. During those last few minutes fifteen soldiers stood guard in the cell, and the time was regulated to the second by a soldier who stood by with a watch.

At dawn Plunkett, Commandant Edward Daly, Michael O'Hanrahan (MacDonagh's second in command at Jacob's), and Willie Pearse were all shot together.

The gallant Major John MacBride died alone on May 5th.

On the same day, to her intense chagrin, the death sentence on Countess Markievicz was commuted to life imprisonment.

On the following Monday morning, May 8th, four more men were executed – Edmund Kent, Michael Mallin, J. J. Heuston, and Cornelius Colbert; nineteen other death sentences were commuted to varying terms of imprisonment.

On Thursday, May 11, the death sentence passed on de Valera was commuted to one of life imprisonment.

Finally, on Friday, May 12, Sean MacDermott and James Connolly were shot – the last men to pay the supreme penalty.

These last two executions shocked public opinion as none of the others had. The earlier ones had taken place while most Irish people were still stunned and still full of resentment against the Sinn Feiners. But as penalty followed penalty a feeling of revulsion set in; the belief took hold that the Government was indulging in an orgy of revengeful blood-letting. Strong voices were raised in protest; the United States Senate requested the President to transmit to the British Government an expression of "their hope that Great Britain would exercise clemency in the treatment of Irish political prisoners generally." Redmond and the Orange leader, Carson, appealed for clemency in the House of Commons. "No true Irishman calls for vengeance," said Carson magnanimously. "It will be a matter requiring the greatest

wisdom and the greatest calmness in dealing with these men. Whatever is done, let it be done not in a moment of temporary excitement but in a moment of deliberation."

When eventually Irish Command announced that de Valera had been spared the death sentence (Maxwell had taken into account de Valera's American birth), there was general relief and a feeling that wisdom and statesmanship were likely to heal the breach rapidly. Sinn Fein, after all, had been crushed; its principal leaders were dead. True, Connolly lived, but the man had been severely wounded, and one thing was certain – he would never again lead another military rising. And who, anyway, could shoot a wounded man?

The people of Ireland were stunned to learn that General Maxwell could – and from that moment on he and the nation he represented earned their hearty opprobrium; even today his name is still execrated as "Bloody" Maxwell. The shock was the more severe because, on the day before Connolly's execution, an official announcement had stated: "The trials by court-martial of those who took an actual part in the rising in Dublin are practically finished. . . ."

The last persons, outside his jailers and executioners, to see MacDermott alive were the two Ryan sisters, Mary and Phyllis, who later married men well known in modern Ireland. Today Phyllis is Mrs. Sean T. O'Kelly; Mary, the wife of General Richard Mulcahy. In her contemporary account of the last meeting, Mary Ryan wrote: "The last time I saw him [MacDermott] was in his prison cell at Kilmainham Jail at three o'clock on the morning of May 12. He was shot at 3.45 on the same morning. . . . The cell was small with walls whitewashed. There was a raised board in the corner – a plank bed. There was a small, rough table near a light on which was placed a tall, brass candlestick. . . . On the plank bed were a couple of soiled blankets. MacDermott had a smile on his face. He was cheerful. There were two soldiers there all the time. He sat on the plank bed discussing the revolution. He told of the insults hurled at them by the British after they'd laid down their arms – the inhuman treatment in Richmond Barracks. He did not complain – almost as if he did not expect better treatment. He preferred to talk of casual matters,

asking about different people we knew, enjoying little jokes almost as though we were in Bewleys [a well-known Dublin coffeehouse]. The most pathetic scene was where he tried to produce keepsakes for different girl friends of his we mentioned. He sat down at the table and tried to scratch his name and the date on the few coins he had left and on the buttons which he cut from his clothes with a penknife reluctantly provided by a young officer who stood by. His beautiful head bent assiduously over the work. At three o'clock on the arrival of the prison chaplain, we bade farewell. He had a beautiful head, black hair with deep blue eyes, dark eyebrows and long lashes. Illness had left him lame and somewhat delicate – he often looked tired and frail. He had wonderful charm. He had worked and planned for Irish independence since boyhood. . . . His last words, aside from prayers, were 'God save Ireland.' At four o'clock, when the shooting was done, a gentle rain began to fall – the tears of Dark Rosaleen."

James Connolly's daughter, Nora, has left an account of the last days of her father as he lay wounded in Dublin Castle, uncertain as to his fate.

"On Tuesday [May 9] I went with mother. There were soldiers on guard at the top of the stairs and in the small alcove leading to Papa's room. They were fully armed and as they stood guard they had their bayonets fixed. In the room there was an R.A.M.C. officer with him all the time. His wounded leg was resting in a cage. He was weak and pale and his voice was very low. Mother asked was he suffering much pain. 'No, but I've been court-martialled today. They propped me up in bed. The strain was very great.' She knew then that if they had court-martialled him while unable to sit up in bed, they would not hesitate to shoot him while he was wounded. Asked how he had got the wound he said: 'It was while I had gone out to place some men at a certain point. On my way back I was shot above the ankle by a sniper. Both bones in my leg are shattered. I was too far away for the men I had just placed to see me and was too far from the Post Office to be seen. So I had to crawl till I was seen. The loss of blood was great. They couldn't get it staunched.' He was very cheerful, talking about plans for the future, giving no sign that

sentence had been pronounced an hour before we were admitted. He was very proud of his men. 'It was a good clean fight. The cause cannot die now. The fight will put an end to recruiting. Irishmen will now realize the absurdity of fighting for the freedom of another country while their own is enslaved.' He praised the women and girls who fought. I told him about Rory [Connolly's son; the boy had been arrested with other rebels but had given a false name and was released along with all other boys under sixteen]. 'He fought for his country and has been imprisoned for his country and he's not sixteen. He's had a great start in life, hasn't he, Nora?' Then he turned to mother and said: 'There was one young boy, Lillie, who was carrying the top of my stretcher as we were leaving the burning Post Office. The street was being swept continually with bullets from machine-guns. That young lad was at the head of the stretcher and if a bullet came near me he would move his body in such a way that he might receive it instead of me. He was so young-looking, although big, that I asked his age. 'I'm just fourteen, sir,' he answered. We can't fail now.

"I saw father next on Thursday, May 11, at midnight. A motor ambulance came to the door. The officer said father was very weak and wished to see his wife and eldest daughter. Mama believed the story because she had seen him on Wednesday and he was in great pain and very weak, and he couldn't sleep without morphine. Nevertheless she asked the officer if they were going to shoot him. The officer said he could tell her nothing. Through dark, deserted sentry-ridden streets we rode. I was surprised to see about a dozen soldiers encamped outside Papa's door. There was an officer on guard inside the room. Papa turned his head at our coming.

"Well, Lillie, I suppose you know what this means?"

" 'Oh, James, it's not that – it's not that.'

" 'Yes, Lillie. I fell asleep for the first time tonight and they wakened me at eleven and told me that I was to die at dawn.' Mamma broke down and laid her head on the bed and sobbed heart-breakingly. Father patted her head and said: 'Don't cry, Lillie, you'll unman me.'

" 'But your beautiful life, James. Your beautiful life!' she sobbed.

" 'Well, Lillie, hasn't it been a full life and isn't this a good end?' I was also crying. 'Don't cry, Nora, there's nothing to cry about.'

" 'I won't cry, Papa,' I said.

"He patted my hand and said: 'That's my brave girl. . . .'

"He tried to cheer Mama by telling her of the man who had come into the Post Office during the Rising to try and buy a penny stamp. 'I don't know what Dublin's coming to when you can't buy a stamp at the Post Office. . . .'

"The officer said: 'Only five minutes more.' Mama was nearly overcome – she had to be given water. Papa tried to clasp her in his arms but he could only lift his head and shoulders from the bed. The officer said: 'Time is up.' Papa turned and said good-bye to her and she could not see him. I tried to bring Mama away but I could not move her. The nurse came forward and helped her away. I ran back and kissed Papa again. 'Nora, I'm proud of you.' Then the door was shut and I saw him no more. . . .

"(Later) We saw Father Aloysius who had attended him in Kilmainham. 'How did they shoot him . . . how could they shoot him?' asked Mama. 'He couldn't sit up in his bed.'

" 'It was a terrible shock to me,' said Father Aloysius. 'I'd been with him that evening and I promised to come to him this afternoon. I felt sure there would be no more executions. Your father was much easier than he had been. I was sure that he would get his first real night's rest. The ambulance that brought you home came for me. I was astonished. I had felt so sure that I would not be needed that, for the first time since the Rising, I had locked the doors. And some time after two I was knocked up. The ambulance brought me to your father. I'll always thank God as long as I live that He permitted me to be with your father until he was dead. Such a wonderful man – such a concentration of mind. They carried him from his bed in an ambulance stretcher down to a waiting ambulance and drove him to Kilmainham Jail. They carried him from the ambulance to the jail yard and put him in a chair. . . . He was very brave and cool. . . . I said to him, 'Will you pray for the men who are about to shoot you?' and he said: 'I will say a prayer for all brave men who do their

duty.' His prayer was 'Forgive them for they know not what they do . . .' and then they shot him."

Adding fuel to the flames of anger and resentment sweeping the country were "the atrocities" – first the rampaging personal acts of Captain Bowen-Colthurst and second, the behaviour of the 2/6th South Staffordshire Regiment in the course of the savage fighting in North King Street. Allegations of at least six cases of cold-blooded murder were to be levelled against Bowen-Colthurst; fifteen against the South Staffs.

Army authorities might very effectively have dampened down the Bowen-Colthurst affair had it not been for the intervention of Major Sir Francis Vane who, as he put it, was "alive to the good name and reputation of the British Army" and was convinced that Bowen-Colthurst's behaviour well warranted official investigation and censure. He first made it his business to protest to General Friend, Colonel Kennard, and Major Price at Dublin Castle, insisting that Bowen-Colthurst be relieved from command pending an investigation. The three men responded by deprecating "the fuss" he was trying to make, Price adding, "Some of us think it was a good thing Sheehy-Skeffington was put out of the way, anyway." So, early in May, Vane crossed to London and visited the War Office and on May 3 interviewed Lord Kitchener, who assured him that he would send a telegram ordering Bowen-Colthurst's arrest.

Maxwell, alleged Vane later, simply ignored Kitchener's telegram; not only that – instead of dealing with Bowen-Colthurst, he took action against Vane, depriving him of his rank and dismissing him the service. Skeffington's widow carried on the campaign for redress until eventually she was received by the Prime Minster, Mr. Asquith, who expressed himself as horrified at the allegations against Bowen-Colthurst but even more horrified at the suggestion that General Maxwell was assisting the resident military authorities in Dublin to hush up the case. "I confess I do not and cannot believe it. Does anyone suppose that Sir John Maxwell has any object in shielding officers and soldiers, if there be such, who have been guilty of such ungentlemanly, such inhuman conduct? It is the last thing the British Army would dream of."

When Mr. Asquith crossed to Ireland himself, a few days later, however, he found that the British Army, as it was constituted in Ireland anyway, was unfortunately quite capable "of inhuman conduct" and General Maxwell or his subordinates only too anxious to hush up anything unpleasant. As a result, Captain Bowen-Colthurst was formally court-martialled on June 6 and after a number of witnesses had testified as to his character and behaviour before and after the Skeffington affair, he was found guilty, but insane, and incarcerated in Broadmoor Criminal Asylum.

No unprejudiced person could possibly attach blame to an army because it was unfortunate enough to have at least one lunatic – or near-lunatic – in its ranks. Resentment primarily arose – and still lingers in Ireland – because the Army authorities, by refusing to act promptly against Bowen-Colthurst, appeared to condone his behaviour. Asquith and Maxwell, however, soon found themselves deep in the mire of something a great deal more unpleasant. This time a whole Battalion of English troops, it was alleged, were involved. Sent across to Dublin to act as the guardians of authority and upholders of the law, the 2/6th South Staffs. had behaved like barbaric savages in North King Street. No less than fifteen innocent civilians, it was alleged, had been bayoneted to death during military operations in the area – fifteen men who, despite protests and expostulations, despite the pleas of their family, were dragged away and either shot or bayoneted simply "because they [the military] were determined to wreak vengeance on the helpless inmates whom they found in the houses."

Although stories of the horrors alleged to have occurred were rife in the city from May 1, it was not until the bodies of two victims whom members of the South Staffs. had buried in a cellar were dug up that the authorities were forced to take note. The inquest was adjourned to give Colonel Taylor an opportunity to be represented, but he consented merely to forward a statement saying:

"I cannot discover any military witnesses as to the manner in which the two men, Patrick Bealen and James Healy, met with their deaths, but I cannot believe that the allegations made at the

inquest can be correct. To the best of my knowledge and belief, during the military operations in Capel Street and King Street, which lasted from 6 a.m. on Friday, April 28 until the truce was declared on the afternoon of Saturday, 29 (and which were, in fact, continued for some hours after that by the rebels in that area) only those houses were entered by the military which the exigencies of the case rendered actually necessary, and no persons were attacked by the troops other than those who were assisting the rebels and found with arms in their possession.

The premises, No. 177 North King Street, were indicated to me as one of the houses from which the troops had been repeatedly fired upon, and the troops were also continually fired upon both during the night of April 28 and the whole of the following day from the distillery, at which the deceased man, James Healy, was stated to have been employed. The operations in the portion of King Street, between Linenhall Street and Church Street, were conducted under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger for the troops engaged, who were subjected to severe fire, not only from behind several rebel barricades, which had been constructed across King Street and other barricades in Church Street and the side streets, but practically every house in that portion of King Street and other buildings overlooking it.

Strong evidence of these difficulties and dangers is afforded by the fact that it took the troops from 10 a.m. on April 28 until 2 p.m. on the 29th to force their way along King Street from Linenhall Street to Church Street, a distance of some 150 yards; and that the casualties sustained by the regiment (the great majority of which occurred at this spot) numbered five officers, (including two Captains) wounded, eleven N.C.O.s and men killed and twenty-eight wounded.

I am satisfied that during these operations the troops under my command showed great moderation and restraint under exceptionally difficult and trying circumstances."

The Coroner's court saw things in a different light. They returned a verdict as follows: "We find the said Patrick Bealen died from shock and haemorrhage, resulting from bullet wounds inflicted by a soldier, or soldiers, in whose custody he was, an

unarmed and unoffensive prisoner. We consider that the explanation given by the military authorities is very unsatisfactory, and we believe that if the military authorities had any inclination they could produce the officer in charge."

It was clearly impossible now to simply bulldoze a way through the affair. In a statement to the *Daily Mail*, General Maxwell tacitly admitted that brutalities had been committed: "Possibly some unfortunate incidents, which we should regret now, may have occurred . . . it is even possible that under the horrors of this attack some of them 'saw red'; that is the inevitable consequence of a rebellion of this kind."

Inevitably there was an inquiry. An elaborate identification parade was laid on at Straffan camp, outside Dublin, where the whole Battalion was paraded, and the wives or mothers of the dead men were invited to pick out the soldiers who had committed the alleged crimes. They were unable to identify anyone – and certainly in the case of Bealen and Healy this would have been difficult as the two culprits who had shot the men and then buried them in the cellar were safely back in England, having been got out of the way quickly on the orders of their company officer. One of the culprits was a Corporal Bullock, who is now dead, the other a sergeant who is now living in quiet retirement.

The latter was the man referred to in a letter sent by Maxwell to Lord Kitchener: "In one case a sergeant acted like a madman, the redeeming feature being that he reported what he had done. It must be borne in mind that there was a lot of house to house fighting going on, wild rumours in circulation, conflagrationists, and, owing to the darkness, a good deal of 'jumpiness.' With young soldiers and under the circumstances, I wonder there were not more."

Despite this, announcing the result of the inquiry to the House of Commons, the Prime Minster said: "The conclusion arrived at after a full hearing in all the cases was that the deaths occurred in the course of continued and desperate street and house to house fighting which lasted for nearly two days and in which soldiers were constantly exposed to sniping from windows and the roofs of houses. There can be little doubt that some men who were not taking an actual part in the fighting were in the course of the

struggle killed by both rebels and soldiers. But after careful inquiry it is impossible to bring home responsibility to any particular person or persons."

So there it was; between them, the Army and Government had managed to get all the skeletons safely, as they thought, locked away in the cupboard. It mattered not that ordinary Irish people – who desperately wanted to believe that English "atrocities" had ended with the disappearance of the redcoats and the solution of the agrarian difficulties of the nineteenth century – now began to feel that the English leopard could never change his spots and that the only compatible solution for Ireland, if she was ever to enjoy any kind of peace, was to go along with the Sinn Feiners and cut all connecting links.

Of the other actors in the drama of the Rebellion, Lord Wimborne, Mr. Birrell, and Sir Matthew Nathan handed in their resignations almost immediately after the cessation of hostilities and on the eighteenth of May a formal Royal Commission of Inquiry began its sittings in Westminster. In its findings, the Commission exonerated Wimborne from all blame, and partially exonerated Sir Matthew, but added: "We consider that he did not sufficiently impress upon the Chief Secretary during the latter's prolonged absences from Dublin the necessity for more active measures to remedy the situation in Ireland." They found Mr. Birrell "primarily responsible for the situation that was allowed to arise and the outbreak that occurred."

This left Maxwell undisputed Lord of Ireland, a position which he no longer really relished. He constantly agitated against the Government's policy of oscillation between conciliation and coercion, demanding that they at least make up their minds which policy they wished to employ. He himself favoured the appointment of an executive who would "meet a warm-hearted people half-way in redressing grievances." He expressed himself as disgusted with the poverty and squalor he found in Dublin, which "could be easily prevented" and emphasized the evil of allowing absentee landlordism to continue in other parts of the country. Finally he blamed all the trouble on the Government's pusillanimity in allowing Carson to form the Ulster Volunteers,

naming this as the primary cause of the Rebellion and the growing unrest which succeeded it.

It would seem, certainly, that he grew more and more anxious to undo as much as he possibly could the damage he himself had caused by executing fifteen rebels. But such was the virulence of the campaign against him both in Ireland and in England that by October he was no longer in a position to exercise any further influence on Irish affairs. The Government terminated his appointment in Ireland and as a clear mark of their disapproval of the way he had handled affairs there, relegated him to the relatively unimportant post of G.O.C., Northern England. For the man who, both in the Middle East and Ireland, had enjoyed almost the status of a pro-consul, it was a bitter disappointment. He had washed the Government's dirty linen for it, and this was his thanks. . . . Thus, in bitterness and disappointment, ended his career.

Not that either Pearse or Connolly would really have wanted that. In sentencing them to death, he had only done what they wanted him to do – he had made them glorious martyrs.

And that, in the end, would free Ireland.

Max Caulfield, *The Easter Rebellion*

♣ A PACIFIST DIES

*Hannah Sheehy-Skeffington's account of her husband's murder and its aftermath**

FRANCIS SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON WAS AN ANTI-MILITARIST, a fighting pacifist, a man gentle and kindly even to his bitterest opponents, who always ranged himself on the side of the weak against the strong, whether the struggle was one of class, sex or race domination. Together with his strong fighting spirit, he had a marvellous, an unextinguishable good humour, a keen joy in life, a great faith in humanity and a hope in the progress towards good.

At the beginning of the outbreak on Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, my husband was in Dublin. At the assault on Dublin Castle, a British officer (Captain Pinfield) was reported gravely wounded and lying bleeding to death near the Castle gate. As there was considerable cross-firing no one dared to go to his aid. My husband, learning this, persuaded a chemist to go with him to the rescue, and crossed the square under a hail of fire. He found, however, that some of his friends had managed to drag the officer inside the Castle gate, there being left only a pool of blood. When I remonstrated that night with my husband on his running such a terrible risk, he replied simply, "I could not let anyone bleed to death while I could help," – characteristic of his simple heroism, cool courage and horror of bloodshed.

All Monday and Tuesday he actively interested himself in preventing looting by British sympathizers. He saved various shops, posted civic guards and enlisted the help of many civilians and priests. He talked to the crowds and held them off. But by Tuesday evening everyone was afraid. He called a meeting that evening to organize a civic police. I met him about 5.30. We had tea together and I went home by devious routes, for I was anxious about my boy. I never again saw my husband.

**From her lecture, delivered in 1917.*

Because of my husband's work on behalf of the freedom of Ireland his arrest was desirable, from a British standpoint, and his description had been circulated at the bridges, which he would have to pass on his way home. Accordingly, when, between 7 and 8 he passed Portobello, Lieutenant Morris, who was in charge, had him arrested. He was unarmed, carrying a walking stick and was walking quite alone in the middle of the road. As he came to the bridge some of the crowd shouted his name. He was arrested and taken, without resistance, to Portobello Barracks, and was searched and questioned. No papers of an incriminating character were found on him. The Adjutant (Lieut. Morgan) reported the arrest, with that of others, at headquarters, saying that there was no charge against Skeffington, and asking whether he would release him, with others against whom there was no charge, that night. Orders were given to release the others, but to detain Skeffington. The charge sheet was produced at the Simon Commission hearing, and I saw it. Against my husband's name was entered, "no charge."

When told he was detained, he specially asked that I should be informed, but this was refused. *No message was ever allowed to reach me, no notification of his death, of his first or second burial was ever issued, and every scrap of information with regard to his murder has had ever since to be extracted bit by bit from the reluctant authorities.*

About midnight, Captain Bowen-Colthurst came to the captain of the guard, Lieutenant Dobbin, and got him to hand over his prisoner. This was an illegal act. The captain of the guard is supposed to hand over no prisoner under his care (in what they call the "King's Peace") without a written order from the commanding officer. My husband was taken out as a hostage, his hands bound behind him with a rope. He was then taken out with a raiding party in charge of Captain Bowen-Colthurst and Lieutenant Leslie Wilson. As they went they fired at various houses along the Rathmines Road to prevent anyone appearing at the windows.

Opposite Rathmines Catholic Church they saw two boys (one a lad called Coade, 17 years of age). They had been attending church that evening and were going home. The captain questioned them and asked them did they not know that martial law

had been proclaimed, and that he could shoot them "like dogs." As Coade turned away, Colthurst said, "*Bash him*" and one of the underling officers broke his jaw bone with the butt end of his rifle, knocking him senseless. Then Colthurst whipped out his revolver and shot him as he lay. He was left lying in his blood (the stain marking the spot for several days); later he was taken by the ambulance to the Barracks, where he died that night without ever regaining consciousness. My husband protested against this horrible murder, and was told by Colthurst to say his prayers (Captain Colthurst, like Cromwell, was a very religious man), as he would likely be the next.

A few yards further down another murder was committed by Captain Colthurst, but we have not been able to elicit any facts. The Simon report states, "The evidence of the different witnesses can only be reconciled by inferring that *more than one case of shooting occurred during the progress of Captain Colthurst's party.*" It goes on, "*None of the evidence offered to us afforded any justification for the shooting of Coade; it is, of course, a delusion to suppose that martial law confers upon an officer the right to take human life, and this delusion had in the present case tragic consequences.*"

The evidence as to the above atrocities was carefully omitted at the military court-martial held in June on Colthurst. It was only against the strongest protest from the military that Sir John Simon insisted on this case being investigated at the Commission. We have evidence that at least *two other murders* by Colthurst later in the week were perpetrated, but this was ruled out at the Commission as "not within their scope."

My husband was then taken as far as the bridge and left by Colthurst in charge of Lieutenant Leslie Wilson. Colthurst said a prayer over him (*O Lord God, if it shall please Thee to take this man's life, forgive him, for Christ's sake*) and left instructions that if his party was sniped at during their expedition Skeffington was to be shot forthwith. Leslie Wilson testified that he saw "nothing strange" in the order and would have carried it out, and it was in fact a common practice with these parties engaged in suppressing liberty in Ireland to take such "hostages."

Captain Colthurst then bombed Alderman James Kelly's premises (they mistook him for his namesake Alderman Tom

Kelly, a Sinn Feiner). They sacked the premises and took prisoners the shopmen and two editors, Dickson and McIntyre, who had taken refuge there. They flung live bombs into the house without warning and wounded one of the men. I have seen the house; it bears the marks of the bullets and bombs yet. As there was no resistance from the unhappy people, my husband was escorted back alive to the Barracks with the two other editors. Dickson was a cripple. He was the editor of "The Eye-Opener," McIntyre, editor of "The Searchlight." By a strange irony both had been loyalist papers and Alderman James Kelly had helped to recruit for the army, but owing to the initial mistake, protests were useless. The soldiers confused "The Searchlight" with a paper called "The Spark" (a volunteer organ) and editors' lives were cheap during those days. Dead editors tell no tales – though sometimes their wives may. Again my husband was flung (according to some, still bound) into his cell. Whether he was further tortured that night I shall never know. Captain Colthurst spent, according to himself, the rest of the night in prayer. At three o'clock he found a Bible text which seemed to him an inspiration – from St. Luke – " But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." (Ch. xix: 27). He interpreted "I" to mean the British Empire, the message as a divine command.

Shortly before ten o'clock the next morning (April 26) Colthurst again demanded my husband from the guard, together with the two editors. Lieutenants Toomey, Wilson and Dobbin were present in charge of the guard with 18 men. He stated that he was going to "shoot Skeffington and others, that he thought 'it was the right thing to do.' " They were handed over accordingly, and the rest of the story we pieced together from the evidence of the other unhappy civilian prisoners who were in the guardroom and heard what was going on, for the military naturally do their best to prevent anything being known.

It seems, according to the account, that my husband was taken out from his locked cell by Colthurst. As he walked across the yard (the yard was only about 12 feet long by 6 feet wide) he was *shot in the back without any warning whatever by the firing squad.* While he lay, the two other editors were marched out also and

murdered in cold blood without warning. The other prisoners listened eagerly the while, and as they heard volley after volley ring out, said, "Another poor fellow gone," and thought their own turn would be next. Then (after the second volley) they heard Dobbin say, about my husband, to Sergeant Aldridge, "*That man is not dead.*" My husband moved as he lay on the ground. Dobbin then reported this fact to Colthurst, who gave orders to "finish him off." Another firing squad was then lined up and my husband's body was riddled as he lay on the ground. After that the other prisoners heard washing and sweeping going on for about two hours and when they were allowed into the yard it still bore the marks of the murder. The wall was blood-stained and riddled with bullets. No surgeon was called to examine the bodies; one stated that "about noon" (two hours later) he visited the mortuary and they were transferred to the mortuary. Up to the present moment I have never been able to find out how long my husband may have lingered in anguish, or whether the second volley did its work more effectively than the first.

The British were careful to prevent my seeing the body or having it medically examined, and later, when I attempted to have an inquest held, permission was refused. At eleven Major Rosborough again communicated with the garrison adjutant at headquarters and with Dublin Castle. He was told – to bury the bodies. Captain Colthurst sent in his report (as ordered by Rosborough), but he was kept in command, and no reprimand made to him.

On the same day Captain Colthurst was in charge of troops in Camden Street, when Councillor Richard O'Carroll surrendered (one of the labour leaders in the Dublin City Council). He was marched with his hands over his head to the back yard and Captain Colthurst shot him in the lung. When a soldier pityingly asked was he dead, Captain Colthurst said, "Never mind, he'll die later." He had him dragged out into the street and left there to be later picked up by a bread van. Ten days later O'Carroll died in great agony. For six days his wife knew nothing of him and when at last she was summoned to Portobello, he could only whisper in her ear his dying statement which she repeated to me.

The authorities, as usual, refused all inquiry. Three weeks after his murder, his wife gave birth to a son.

On the same day Captain Colthurst took a boy, whom he suspected of Sinn Fein knowledge and asked him to give information. *When the boy refused, he got him to kneel in the street and shot him in the back as he raised his hand to cross himself. Inquiry into this case has also been refused – it is but one of the many.*

My husband was buried on Wednesday night, secretly – in the Barrack yard – his body sewn in a sack.

Meanwhile, from Tuesday night, when he did not return, I had been vainly seeking him. All sorts of rumours reached me – that he had been wounded and was in a hospital, that he had been shot by a looter, that he was arrested by the police. I also heard that he had been executed, but this I refused to believe – it seemed incredible. I clung to the belief that even if he had been condemned to die he would have been tried first, at least before a jury, for martial law did not apply to non-combatants – and that I would be notified, as were some of the wives and families of the other executed men. Of course, the reason of the silence is now clear. It was hoped that my husband would "disappear" as so many others, that we could never trace his whereabouts, and that it would be taken for granted that he had been killed in the street. My husband's murder was but one of the many – the only difference being that in his case the murder could not be kept dark. On Tuesday, May 9 (13 days after) Mr. Tennant stated in the House of Commons in answer to a question, that "*no prisoner had been shot in Dublin without a trial.*"

All Wednesday and Thursday I enquired in vain, and on Friday horrible rumours reached me. I tried to see a doctor connected with the Barracks, but was stopped by the police, for by this time the police had been restored and were helping the soldiers. I was watched, as I have since been, carefully under police supervision. Houses were being raided and pillaged. Mme. Markievicz's house was broken into on Wednesday, and all her pictures stolen, and other valuables taken and the door was left broken open. Whole streets were ransacked and the inhabitants terrified while the soldiers thrust their bayonets through the beds and furniture.

On Thursday evening, about seven, I met Mrs. MacDonagh

(the wife of one of the Irish prisoners shot by the firing squad) wheeling her two babies to her mother's house; the soldiers had turned machine guns on her house. Soldiers sold their loot openly in the streets – officers took "souvenirs." While the volunteers were holding their stronghold their wives and families were thus tortured.

On Friday, to allay my growing anxiety, my two sisters, Mrs. Tom Kettle and Mrs. Culhane, went to the Portobello Barracks to inquire. They were at once put under arrest and a drumhead court-martial was had upon them. They afterwards identified the officer who presided as Colthurst. Lieutenant Beattie and other officers were also present. The crime they were accused of was that they were "seen talking to Sinn Feiners" (to me, probably).

They were refused all information by Captain Colthurst, who said he knew nothing whatever of Sheehy-Skeffington, and told them, "the sooner they left the Barracks the better for them." They were marched off under armed guard, and forbidden to speak till they left the premises.

It being then clear that we had information, the next step was to try and find my husband guilty on *post facto* evidence. That afternoon I managed to see Coade, the father of the murdered boy. I got his name from a doctor – and he told me that he had seen my husband's dead body with several others in that mortuary when he went for his son. This a priest afterwards confirmed, but he could give me no other information.

I went home shortly after six and before seven was putting my little boy to bed, when the maid noticed soldiers lining up around the house. She got terrified and dashed out with Owen by the back door. I went to call her back, for I knew that the house would be guarded back and front, and feared the boy, especially, might be shot if seen running. When I got to the foot of the stairs a volley was fired in front of the house at the windows, followed almost directly by a crash of glass which the soldiers shattered with the butt-ends of their rifles.

They broke in simultaneously all over the house, some went on the roof, and Captain Colthurst rushed upon us, the maid, Owen and myself, with a squad with fixed bayonets, shouting "Hands up!" to the boy and me. The boy gave a cry at the sight of the

naked steel, and I put my arm around him and said, "These are the defenders of women and children." That steadied them a little. The party consisted of about forty men and was in charge of Colonel Allett (an officer of 29 years' service), Captain Colthurst (16 years' service) and a junior officer, Lieutenant Brown.

We were ordered all three to be removed "under guard" to the front room and to be shot if we stirred, while they searched the house. This was done: Soldiers with levelled rifles knelt outside the house ready to fire upon us, and inside we were closely guarded by men with drawn bayonets. This lasted over three hours. The house was completely sacked and everything of any value removed – books, pictures, souvenirs, toys, linen, and household goods. I could hear the officers jeering as they turned over my private possessions. One of the soldiers (a Belfast man) seemed ashamed, and said, "I didn't enlist for this. They are taking the whole bloomin' house with them." They commandeered a motor car in which were women, and made them drive to the Barracks with the stuff – ordering the men to keep a safe distance "in case of firing." They left an armed guard on the house all night. Colthurst brought my husband's keys, stolen from his dead body, and opened his study (which he always kept locked). All my private letters, letters from my husband to me before our marriage, his articles, a manuscript play, the labour of a lifetime, were taken. After endless application I received back a small part of these, but most of my most cherished possessions have never been returned, nor was any attempt made to find them.

The regiment took with them to Belfast as a "souvenir", my husband's stick, and an officer stole from his dead body my husband's "Votes for Women" badge. For days my house was open to any marauder, as none dared to come even to board up my windows. Captain Colthurst later falsely endorsed certain papers as found on my husband's body.

On Monday, May 1, another raid was made during my absence, and this time a little temporary maid was taken under soldiers' guard to the Barracks. She was detained in custody for a week, the only charge against her being that she was found in my house. Why I was not taken I never knew, but one of the officers (Leslie Wilson) publicly regretted "*that they had not shot Mrs. Skeffington*

while they were about it." It would have saved them (and me) much trouble if they had. Colthurst continued in charge of raiding parties for several days.

On May 1, Major Sir Francis Vane, the second in command at Portobello, was relieved of his command by Lieutenant Colonel McCammond, for his persistent efforts (unavailing) to get Colthurst put under arrest. He was told to give up his post (that of commander of the entire defenses of Portobello) and hand it over to Captain Bowen-Colthurst, *who was thereby promoted six days after the murders.* Later (on May 9) he was sent in charge of a detachment of troops to Newry, and not until May 11, the day of Mr. Dillon's speech, was he put under "close arrest". I leave it to American intelligence to decide whether these facts once proved before a Royal Commission were consistent with the theory of lunacy.

Sir Francis Vane is the only officer concerned who made a genuine effort to see justice done. He went to Dublin Castle, finding that the Portobello officers would do nothing. He saw Colonel Kinnard and General Friend, as well as Major Price (head of the Intelligence Department). All deprecated the "fuss" and refused to act. Major Price said, "Some of us think it was a good thing Sheehy-Skeffington was put out of the way, anyhow." This was the typical attitude of the authorities. On Sunday (May 7), also by order of Colonel McCammond, bricklayers were brought to the yard to remove the blood-stained bricks, stained with the blood of my murdered husband, and carefully replaced them with new bricks.

Sir Francis Vane, thoroughly horrified at the indifference of Dublin Castle to murders committed by an officer (they were busy trying "rebels" for "murder"), crossed early in May to London, interviewed the war office, and on May 3, saw Lord Kitchener and the latter was reported as sending a telegram ordering the arrest of Colthurst. This was disregarded by General Maxwell, then in command in Dublin. Instead of anything being done to Colthurst, the only result of Sir Francis Vane's efforts was that he, himself, was dismissed from the service ("relegated to unemployment") by secret report of General Maxwell, deprived of his rank of Major and *refused a hearing at the court-*

martial, although he had previously been favourably mentioned in the despatches by Brigadier McConochine, his superior officer, for bravery.

On May 8, my husband's body was exhumed and reburied in Glasnevin, without my knowledge. That day I managed to see Mr. John Dillon and told him my story. I never saw a man more moved than he by the tragedies of Easter Week. He read my statement in the House of Commons on May 11, and his wonderful speech on the horror he had seen, compelled Mr. Asquith to cross at once to Ireland. Mr. Asquith said of my statement, "I confess I do not and cannot believe it. Does anyone suppose that Sir John Maxwell has any object in shielding officers and soldiers, if there be such, who have been guilty of such ungentlemanlike, such inhuman conduct? *It is the last thing the British army would dream of!*" I do not blame him for his disbelief. He went to Ireland, found every word I said was true, as verified at the Commission – he found there other horrors – the North King Street atrocity, for instance – surpassing even mine. *Yet he did his best to help the military to shield the murderers and hush all inquiries.* In a few short days secret court-martials had condemned to death no less than sixteen Irish leaders – whose crime was that they had wished Ireland as free as is your country, a "free republic." Early in May a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the causes of the rebellion, but all inquiry was refused into the atrocities committed by the troops while in Dublin.

The court-martial was presided over by Lord Cheylesmore and consisted of twelve senior officers – a more wooden tribunal it is impossible to conceive. All the witnesses were military, and all were drilled to tell a special tale. They were sworn, and yet at many points their story later to the Commission flagrantly contradicted the previous one – yet they have never been brought to book for perjury. I was not allowed to present evidence. Mr. Healy said of the court-martial: "Never since the trial of Christ was there a greater travesty of justice." Its findings were afterwards completely discredited by the Royal Commission; the evidence was doctored and all legal forms violated, the prosecutor and defender playing into each other's hands. Dr. Balch, who had refused to certify Colthurst insane, was not questioned, and he

was afterwards sent to Sierra Leone, and would not be produced at the Commission. Sir Francis Vane was not called, no evidence of the other murders was given, or of the part played by Dublin Castle in cloaking the murderer. Colthurst was under no restraint during his trial. He stayed at a well-known hotel in Dawson street with his family during the days, and, though found insane later, was not shut up for several weeks. Finally, when feeling ran high, he was transferred as a "patient" to Broadmoor, England, and was allowed to continue to hold his rank as captain and to draw half pay for several months. Later he was "retired," *but has not been dismissed from the service.* He is detained "during the King's pleasure" and will be released when "cured." As has been the case of the perpetrator of the Bachelor's Walk murders, in July, 1914, he will probably be given some important post when this trouble blows over.

In July I went to London to interview editors and members of Parliament to force the Government to administer justice. On July 19 I was sent for by Mr. Asquith, who had, with his "wait and see" policy, been shuffling and evading a direct answer for months – I brought a witness with me, a well-known suffragist, Miss Muriel Matters. Mr. Asquith saw me in the room where the Cabinet meets (Downing Street). The wily statesman explained to me the difficulties in the way of keeping his pledge, regretted that no adequate inquiry could be given. The House, he said, would refuse a sworn inquiry, and that alone could be satisfactory. Would I be satisfied with an inadequate inquiry, which was "the best they could do"? I told him I would not be satisfied with any inquiry that he told me in advance would be unsatisfactory and inadequate, and that, while I must accept the best he could give – I would not be "satisfied." I said I would take further action if I wasn't – for even then I had in view a visit to America to tell an honest country what British militarism could do. Then Mr. Asquith carefully approached the question of "compensation" in lieu of inquiry – proposals had previously been made to me, unofficially, from various sources (my boy's future at stake, etc.). I was told that no inquiry could be given – that the military wouldn't allow it – but that "adequate and even generous" compensation would be assured. Mr. Asquith now put this point ever

so delicately (it was clearly his object in sending for me) tapping his fingers on the green baize table – he sat with his secretary at the middle, and my friend and I at the end – and glancing sideways at me, for he never looked me straight in the face throughout the interview. He is mellow and hale, with rosy, chubby face and silver hair, a Father Christmas air about him. He explained that the other injured people were asking for compensation, would I not consider it, too? He said nothing could undo the past, etc. I told him that the only compensation I would ask or take, was the redemption of his promise, viz.: a full, public inquiry into my husband's murder.

I inquired, "Were the military blocking him?" "No, no," he replied, "the military *court* inquiry!" "In that case, Mr. Asquith," I said, "will you say yes or no? It is time that I had an answer." He would reply on Thursday to Mr. Dillon, and so our interview ended. He is an able, astute politician, the ex-Premier, but his pitiful little traps and quibbles and his "hush money" suggestions were hardly worthy of a great statesman.

He finally granted the Commission of Inquiry with Sir John Simon at its head, and a judge and well-known lawyer to sit with him. But Asquith, as usual, broke faith (unbroken record) as to the scope of the inquiry, by narrowly restricting the terms of reference. The court could not produce or examine Colthurst, the chief culprit, because he was in England – evidence was voluntary, other atrocities were carefully ruled out. The military had purposely scattered important witnesses. Several were at the front, some had been killed in the interval, some were afraid of vengeance.

The Military refused to produce others, Colonel Allett had died mysteriously in the interval – according to some he committed suicide in Belfast when Colthurst was condemned, saying, "The game is up." Every device was used by the Government and the Military to defeat the ends of justice. Yet, in spite of all, the Inquiry Report established many important facts – the promotion of Colthurst, the failure to take any disciplinary measures against the other officers, the dismissal of Sir Francis Vane, the raids on my house for incriminatory evidence after the murder. Doubt was cast upon the insanity of Colthurst and grave censure passed on the Military.

As a public exposure the Commission had a great effect, and the attitude of the Military under the searching heckling of Mr. Healy and the questions of Sir John Simon showed them at their worst. *One officer actually fainted in court and his cross-examination had to be suspended.* Francis Sheehy-Skeffington could not have imagined any more damning exposé of the militarism he detested and under which he perished. No writer of fiction could have imagined a more harrowing story of unrelieved brutality than may be found in the cold and lawyer-like language of the Simon Report. But all these officers still enjoy favour. Major Price still rules in Dublin Castle.

"A martyr fights in death more terribly than many warring saints. He is entrenched, you cannot reach him with your heaviest shot." My husband would have gone to his death with a smile on his lips, knowing that by his murder he had struck a heavier blow for his ideals than by any act of his life. His death will speak trumpet-tongued against the system that slew him.

♣ THE LAST DAYS OF ROGER CASEMENT

*Memoir of his cousin, Gertrude Parry**

On Thursday, April 20, 1916, I was staying at Frinton-on-Sea for my Easter holiday. I had had a very severe cold and was in bed. Two days previously I had been awakened by the shaking of the windows of my bedroom. I had learned that the Germans were bombing Lowestoft from the sea. On the following Tuesday, being still ill, my sister went out for a walk and returned whitefaced and scared. "There is bad news on the posters." "What is it?" "They say Roger has landed in Ireland and been captured."

I got out of bed, packed at once and went to London with my sister. We stopped at the Wilton Hotel near Victoria Station. The same evening I went to see Mrs. A. S. Green at her home in Grosvenor Road, S.W., to ask her advice. We had few friends in London, none of them influential. Our first wish was to get into communication with Roger, and I thought Mrs. Green (who knew so many people in London) could advise.

She was in despair at all the events; the Rebellion in Dublin she characterised as "madness"; the return of Roger to Ireland and his arrest she said was a calamity brought on by the insane desire of Roger's as well as the rest of the Irish Rebels to follow Wolfe Tone – she saw no hope, could offer no advice. Later this first despair yielded to a more hopeful disposition, but at first she was unable to give any advice.

In her study I wrote to the Home Secretary asking for an interview with Roger. She read and approved of the note, and then I left her. I took the tram down Vauxhall Bridge Road. Suddenly the tram stopped and all the people got out. I sat there

**née Bannister: her memoir is in the National Library of Ireland.*

quite unconscious of the fact until the conductor said, "Don't you want to get out? There's a Zeppelin overhead". I said, "Is there? I don't care – isn't the tram going on". He looked at me as if he thought I was mad. The tram went to the end of the Vauxhall Bridge Road and I went back to the hotel and told my sister. We went down to the Home Office next morning, handed in the letter and asked to see the Home Secretary. Of course we were refused. We wrote a note asking for an interview and sent it in. Herbert Samuel was Home Secretary. A young upper clerk or lower secretary came out – he said the Home Secretary would not see us. He said in any case it would be useless as Roger was not in civil custody but in military. We then went back to the hotel and wrote to the Secretary for War (Mr. Tennant) and asked permission to visit Roger. We took it down. The Secretary for War refused to see us and sent a message that we should apply to the Home Office. We wrote again that we had already applied to the Home Office and they said Roger was in military custody. The secretary who came to the room where we were said that the War Office knew nothing about Roger at all, why not apply to Scotland Yard? We then sent a letter to Scotland Yard, to B. Thomson – a formal acknowledgement was the only result.

Thus passed day after day of weary trudging from Public office to Public office, always refused with absolutely blank, stony indifference to our reiterated requests to see Roger. Then I wrote a short note, simply saying we were there in London, striving to see him, praying hourly for him and longing for a word. This note was enclosed in one written to the Governor of the Tower, begging him to give it to Roger or even to read it to him. He did neither. The most awful part of that time was the feeling (amounting to a certainty of mind) that Roger was feeling in despair and imagining that he was being deserted by everyone.

In the meantime Mrs. Green had introduced me to George Gavan Duffy, who was practising as a solicitor at 4 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. I went to ask him to undertake Roger's defence. He consented at once. I felt that it was the only possible way of getting at Roger. We knew that he was in the Tower, and my sister and I went down and wandered round the Tower,

trying to make our thoughts penetrate to Roger. Mr. Gavan Duffy applied as soon as ever I left him for permission to visit Roger and consult with him about his defence. Permission was refused.

We heard rumours that he was to be shot at once. We redoubled our efforts and wrote to the Prime Minister for permission to visit him – with no result.

We went again to the Home Office and again were told that Roger was in military custody and that only the Secretary for War could give permission to see him. Then, as a friend suggested that the Treasury were preparing the case against Roger, I went to the Treasury and sent in my card and asked to see Sir Charles Mathews. To my surprise he consented to see me. I asked him to let us, his cousins, visit Roger. I told him that I had heard that Roger was to be shot at once in the Tower and begged for one interview. He said, "Your cousin is in military custody. The civil authorities have nothing to do with his arrest or detention. I have no influence. No civil authority has anything to do with the matter." He then went on to express much sympathy with me personally and to suggest I should leave the matter alone. I went back to the subject of an interview and told him of my visits to the War Office and my letters and told him that they denied they had any authority to grant an interview, and that only the Home Office or Treasury could do it. Sir Charles Mathews repeated that it was not so. I then said, "If Roger is entirely in military custody why has he been taken on two occasions to Scotland Yard and interrogated by Basil Thomson? And why are you engaged in drawing up a case against him?" His face and his manner became cold and harsh, and he asked me, quite sharply, how I knew Roger had been to Scotland Yard. I would not tell him. As a matter of fact the police had talked about it and it had been told to me. I saw that it was useless begging him to give me any help, so I left him, refusing to allow him to escort me or get me a lift or anything. I hated him.

Then we again went forth every day to see anyone and everyone who might help or give us information. One man told me that Roger was really in the custody of the Life Guards – I thought it unlikely, but we set off again to Whitehall and went to the

Life Guards and sent in our names. At last we saw a certain Major Arbuthnot who showed sympathy. He said it was really the Governor of the Tower to whom application must be made and when I told him I had written to the Governor and received no reply he said, "I will write personally." He then told us he had seen Roger. He said he needed clothes and suggested we should send in some.

Mr. Gavan Duffy had at last received permission, the day before, to visit Roger and had gone down to the Tower. We went off and ordered clothes at a ready-made tailors and then went back to see if Mr. Gavan Duffy had returned. He had, and Mrs. Green was with him; he told us that he had seen Roger. He said that he was not sure that it was really Roger (though he knew him well), that he was terribly changed, that his clothes were dirty, his face unshaven (he had shaved his beard off in Germany and it was half grown) and his eyes red round the rims and bloodshot; his manner hesitating, and he was unable to remember names or words. His tie, bootlaces and braces had been taken away from him and his boots were hanging round his ankles; he was collarless and he had to hold up his trousers. I discovered afterwards that his cell in the Tower was verminous, and his poor arms, head and neck were all swollen with bites. Thus does England chivalrously treat her enemies. Mrs. Green, on hearing this horrible story from Mr. Gavan Duffy, wrote it out in detail and sent it to Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith made his Secretary telephone at once to the Horse Guards, hence Major Arbuthnot's suggestion that we should send him clothes. We were with him apparently while Mr. Asquith's secretary telephoned. Mrs. Green had hinted that the letter might be sent in duplicate to the American papers if no notice was taken by the Prime Minister.

The next day but one after we had seen Major Arbuthnot, we had a permit from the Governor of the Tower to visit Roger. We went there and were shown into the guard-room and sat there for an hour. Men kept coming into the room, looking at us and going out again. At last a soldier came and took us into a room with glass doors and a horse-hair sofa and a table and some chairs. We waited some time and then Roger was brought in

by two soldiers and Major Arbuthnot with them. They all stood by while we clung to Roger in silence, none of us able to speak. At last I turned and said, "Couldn't you leave us alone?" Major Arbuthnot hesitated for a minute and then told the two soldiers to go outside and stand by the glass doors, from which we were all visible, and he went away.

The interview was terrible. Roger thought he was to be shot and that was why we had been brought to say good-bye. We told him that we had been trying from April 25 till that day, May 5, every day to see him. He had not been told this; in fact, he had been deliberately told that none of us had made any effort to see him as we were all disgusted at his "treachery". Damn all those people who told him those lies and tried to break his heart.

He said that he had come over in a submarine, had landed in Kerry and had been arrested as we knew. He said he had been taken to Dublin, put in Arbour Hill Barracks, stripped naked and subjected to every indignity. That he had been taken over from Dunleary in the "Ulster" and that the steward had brought him cigarettes and whispered words of hope and encouragement. The only kind word he had had. He had then been taken to Brixton Prison and kept there for two nights. He had been taken to Scotland Yard and been interrogated by Sir Basil Thomson and Sir Reginald Hall. A shorthand writer was there taking down notes. All this time Roger had never had his clothes off, except for the search at Arbour Hill. He had been upset in landing at Currahane into the sea and had swum ashore. His boots were hard and his clothes sticky and dirty with sea-water. He was collarless, unwashed, unshaven. Sir Basil Thomson and Sir Reginald Hall, these two high-minded, chivalrous English gentlemen were dressed with all care and deliberately humiliated their prisoner by making him appear before them in a filthy condition. They tried to get out of Roger all his plans and hopes and the names of his friends in Ireland. He was unaware of the Rising, knew nothing about the fate of his two companions in the submarine, the traitor Bailey* and Robert Monteith. After he had told them of his own journey he refused any other

**Bailey or Beverley turned King's evidence against Casement. Editor*

information. They turned the young shorthand writer out of the room then. As he passed, he touched Roger lightly and whispered, "Greater love hath no man than this!" God reward you, kindly young shorthand writer.

Then Sir R. Hall began to question Roger about Germany. Roger apparently admitted that the Germans had not carried out their promises – that they had let him down on several occasions. (Sir Reginald Hall, who was the head of the Admiralty secret service spy system, knew really practically all that Roger could have told him – I found this out afterwards when I met Captain Spindler, the captain of the Aud, which brought over a cargo of arms from Germany to Ireland and was captured off Tralee by the "Bluebell".) Sir R. Hall tried on a time-honoured trick. He told Roger that Bailey and Monteith had both been captured (Bailey certainly was, and turned traitor to Roger – but Monteith never was). Sir R. Hall told Roger he had interrogated Monteith and that Monteith had absolutely given Roger away, and he invited Roger to tell him everything from his own point of view as there was now no reason for sheltering Monteith. Roger refused to believe the story. Sir Reginald Hall told him that, of course, he, being a gentleman or a man of honour or some such phrase, would naturally not give his friends away but that Monteith had been "less scrupulous" and had told them all. Roger did not fall into the trap. After this long inquisition and torture he was taken to the Tower of London and there put in a cell to which daylight did not penetrate and which was lit by one dim electric lamp. Two soldiers were with him day and night. They were forbidden to speak to him. They belonged to a Welsh Regiment. After days of this, one of the guards suddenly said, "I don't care whether it's orders or not I'm going to speak to him. I want you to know, sir, that lots of us are very sorry about this and hope you will get off. We think you are a brave man".

This young soldier never was on guard again, so it is to be presumed that the other gave him away. I was able to tell Roger that the story about Monteith being captured was untrue; that I knew for a fact that he was in hiding in Ireland. I was afraid to say more because I thought that probably what we were saying was overheard. I think it was because Roger told me that he and

Monteith had buried some papers, etc., at McKenna's Fort (Co. Kerry, near Ardfert) and that he could describe the place. I made a note of this – but when we sent a message, the place had been found, and the papers, etc., removed. They apparently went straight to the spot and dug them up. So I suppose word was sent over that day to get them. At the end of threequarters-of-an-hour Major Arbuthnot came in and said Roger must go and the soldiers took him away.

We did not see him again until we went to Bow Street on May 15 for his preliminary trial before the magistrate. By that time he was shaved and clean-looking but was wearing the clothes we had sent in which were hopelessly bad. The account of this hearing is given in "The Trial of Roger Casement" by Knott. He was committed for trial on a charge of High Treason.

He was then removed to Brixton Prison. Here conditions were much better. He was put into the Prison Hospital and given hospital diet and his friends were allowed to send him in occasional gifts. He was allowed to see visitors. The warders were decent and courteous. One of them told me that the Governor told them to try to imagine themselves in the position of the prisoners and as far as possible to treat them as they would wish they had been treated if they were there instead.

Roger was constantly visited by my sister and myself and Mrs. Green, and he also saw Mr. Richard Morton (an old friend), Robert Lynd, Mr. Henry Nevinson, Sydney Parry, Professor Morgan, who afterwards helped in his defence, and one or two others. He was allowed to write and receive letters. The Governor visited him (as was his duty) but refrained from reproaching him with his "treachery" as the Governor of Pentonville did.

He asked me to procure him some insecticide as his head had become infested with lice in the Tower and caused him torture. Finally the doctor at Brixton did give him something and the torture ceased. It is things like that that make one despair entirely of the decency of any people when at war and really scared, as the English were. They lost any idea of what was human. Roger was an Irish Traitor to them and no beastliness was too bad for him.

Roger remained in Brixton Prison from the time of his committal from the police court until his trial, June 26–29. His

health improved greatly under the changed conditions of his imprisonment. His solicitor, Mr. Gavan Duffy, saw him constantly and so did Mrs. Green and myself and my sister, but we always had two warders in the room. The question of Roger's defence was always before our minds. He himself wanted to conduct his own defence, but Mr. Gavan Duffy and Mrs. Green and other friends were much against this course. Mrs. Green attempted to get Sir John Simon to undertake it but he refused. Mr. Tim Healy was approached but returned the same answer.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, with whom we had made friends and who was helpful and generous and sympathetic, wrote out a suggested defence of Roger which he sent to him in Brixton; the gist of it was: "I am an Irishman. I deny England's right to rule our country and I submit that as an Irishman I owe no allegiance to England and I claim the right to go where I choose and appeal to whom I like for aid against England. I took the course I did with my eyes open and if England claims my life let her hang me and be damned to her." This appealed to Roger and he was ready to adopt this line and refuse all legal help. It came to our ears. however, that F. E. Smith planned a desperate attack on Roger personally if he could get him to go into the witness-box – he was anxious for this to happen. His friends felt, rightly or wrongly, that if Roger were put into the witness-box and subjected to F. E. Smith's insults and jibes, he might break down, as his health was so shattered by his experiences both before and after his arrest, that his nerves might give way. As it happened Roger's health and nervous system improved at Brixton and he would probably have been much more able to stand the strain than we feared. As it was, his friends, acting on Mr. Gavan Duffy's advice, consented to ask the latter's brother-in-law, Mr. Serjeant Sullivan to undertake the defence.

A most unfortunate choice, as Serjeant Sullivan was entirely out of sympathy with Roger and his ideals, was also *most* anxious to create a good impression at the English Bar and to get on good terms with Lord Reading then Lord Chief Justice and the other Judges of the King's Bench. He got his wish and is now carrying on a lucrative practice at the English Bar. He absolutely refused to put in the pleas that Roger suggested, that he was an Irishman

and as such he claimed the right to act against England.

Serjeant Sullivan sought to base his argument on the analogy of Roger's action with that of the Ulster rebels under Carson and the very F. E. Smith who was conducting the prosecution. Small chance such a plea had before those who had been mixed up in those same rebellious actions and had been backed up to the hilt by the English aristocracy. Roger had not much hope of the efficacy of Serjeant Sullivan's advocacy and told me so.

We were able, while he was in Brixton, to get some of Roger's clothes that he had left with a friend two years before, so that he was decently and adequately clothed when he went to the Law courts to await his trial. Professor J. H. Morgan, who had met Roger frequently at a mutual friend's house in former days, offered to help in his defence. This was an entirely disinterested action – Professor Morgan alone among those who helped in Roger's defence neither asked nor received any fee. My own feeling was that if he alone had undertaken the defence it would have been a better one than Serjeant Sullivan's but Professor Morgan kept to the constitutional side of the question, and only argued the legal points. The other counsel was Mr. Artemus Jones, an amiable and apparently capable young lawyer.

On the day of the trial Roger was brought to the Courts in a taxi with two warders. The usual crowds of sightseers bombarded the entrance with cameras, etc. Roger was taken in by a back entrance and escaped their curiosity. The Jury was called in and Mr. Gavan Duffy on behalf of Roger challenged some of them, and the Attorney-General others – but finally twelve were chosen and the rest dismissed. The Lord Chief Justice Reading presided, and with him were two other justices, Avory and Horridge.

The trial is fully reported in the Times Law Reports and in "The Trial of Roger Casement" in the Notable English Trials Series published by Hodge & Co., so I will not describe the evidence or speeches in detail.

When my sister and I reached the courts, to which we were admitted as relatives, a lawyer friend told me that it was customary to allow the prisoners to see their friends in the interval

for lunch. My sister and I, therefore, sent in a request to the warder in charge of the cells below the court. He said the Lord Chief Justice was the one to ask. I went up and found the Lord Chief Justice's secretary. He said the Home Secretary could give leave. We thereupon took a taxi and went down to the Home Office and saw Sir Herbert Samuel's secretary. He went in with a note I had written and saw Sir Herbert Samuel and asked him to give us permission to see Roger.

He sent out a message that he had no objection and the Lord Chief Justice would no doubt accede. He also said that he would send a note to Lord Reading.

We hurried back to the Courts and again saw Reading's secretary. We told him that Sir Herbert Samuel had said he had no objection to our seeing Roger in the lunch interval, and that the Lord Chief Justice might and probably would give us permission.

While we spoke the secretary was nervously looking down at a piece of paper in his hand. I looked at it and saw it was my note to the Home Secretary, and on it written in red largely, "This request should by no means be granted". That was the sort of abominable trifle that was always happening. We could not have left the Home Office a minute before the note which the Home Secretary said he would send to the Judge was on its way, and was exactly the opposite of what they had made us believe they would send. It was so pettily mean.

Roger looked wonderfully tall and dignified and noble as he stood in the dock. He seemed to be looking away over the heads of the judges and advocates and sightseers, away to Ireland – probably his mind's eye was fixed on some well-known spot such as Fair Head or Murlough Bay – certainly he had no look of one who was conscious of his awful and sordid surroundings

A small band of his friends were in Court – Mrs. Green (best and truest of friends), myself and my sister, Miss Ada McNeill, Miss Eva Gore Booth, Miss Roper, Mrs. Lynd, Mr. Henry Nevinson and perhaps a few more. Mrs. Gavan Duffy sat at the solicitors' table with her husband.

There were crowds of reporters – two of them, I remember, Martin and Harold Begbie, wrote rather a wonderful description

of Roger the first day, but because it rather tended to excite sympathy for the prisoner he brought down on himself a reproof and was told not to indulge in any attempts to make Roger less black than he was painted.

The worst paper was the *Daily* —— . . .

When the first day's trial was over Roger was hurried back to Brixton in his taxi. We hurried round to see Mr. Gavan Duffy and to hear how Roger felt. He said Roger was tired but undaunted. I asked him if Roger had had any lunch in the lunch interval as one of the warders had said to me as we waited to see if he would come out: "He will be glad to get back; he is tired and hungry!" Mr. Gavan Duffy told me that the only lunch provided for Roger was thick slices of bread with cold mutton in between, and that it was so dry that Roger could not eat it. The next day I went and asked the warder in charge of the cells whether we could not send in lunch to Roger. He said: "Surely you can – it's always done." Another warder plucked him by the sleeve and said something in a low tone, so then the first said: "No, after all, you can't. He will be given something here."

I told him of the mutton sandwiches of the day before and he looked embarrassed. I said, "Why is this prisoner to be treated differently from other prisoners? You said it was always done." The other warder said, "Look here, we have our orders, and if you want any information, apply to the Home Office."

I went out of Court while my sister remained, and I went again to the Home Office and asked to see Sir Ernley Blackwell. I waited about half an hour and then to my surprise (I was by now so used to being told I could not see this one or that one) I was shown into a room where Sir Ernley Blackwell was sitting at a table. A pale, narrow-faced, thin-lipped man with the sort of expression I knew, by much bitter experience, meant "Get through with what you have to say quickly – I will consent to nothing you want. I care nothing at all about you or the suffering all this ghastly tragedy entails. All I want is to do and see that all legal forms are observed; all humanity and love and Christianity and joy and charity are put into the place where they belong, the place of the futilities of life."

I told him I had come to ask permission to have luncheon sent in to Roger at the Law Courts. He said, "It is impossible." I said, "It cannot be impossible. You mean that *you* will forbid it." He said, "I have no power to allow it". I said, "You have. I have already inquired on that point from the officials at the Law Courts." He said, "I fear I cannot do it." I said, "You mean you will not although you could". A long silence, then: "Can you not imagine that this prisoner is going through a terrible strain and needs a little help – and even the knowledge that we are thinking of him and planning for him is likely to help?" Just a blank stony stare. I said, "I beg of you to be humane enough to grant this very simple request." He said, "I have no power." I said, "But you have". Finally he said, "I fear I cannot continue this interview". I said, "I fear I cannot leave until you accede to this simple request" – and so on. I sat for a long time. He went out of the room. He returned. I was still there. He said, "If I accede to your request it must be understood that this is the only matter in which a concession may be made". I said, "I agree. Will you please telephone here and now to the warder at the Law Courts saying you permit this?" He said, "It is unnecessary. You can say I said so." I (remembering Sir H. Samuel's trick of the day before) said, "I should prefer you telephoned now, in my presence, or else give me a note". He said, "I will not give you a note".

Then after a pause he took up the telephone and telephoned – there was no trick about it because I sent in a luncheon of roast chicken, etc., and a bottle of wine and Roger was allowed to have it.

A small number of Roger's personal friends were in court, as I said before. A certain episode deserves recording. Henry Nevinson had to leave the court before the trial was ended. He was sitting in the body of the court and, when he got up to go out, he strode across the court to the dock, and, before anyone could prevent him, stretched out his hand, grasped Roger's and said "Good-bye!" Only those who lived through that time and knew the insane and hysterical hatred of Roger that was worked up by the lower type of newspaper, such as the *Daily* ——, *Daily* ——, etc., could appreciate the splendid bravery

of Nevinson's action in thus publicly to greet his friend when such a gesture might have brought down on him a furious attack or even an assault. As it was, he was constantly attacked for his attitude to Roger and to Ireland, but, nothing daunted, he goes on his fearless way, the type of all that is finest and most chivalrous among English gentlemen. Would there were more like him.

Roger had never met Eva Gore Booth, Countess Markievicz's sister, but there was a curious sort of affinity in their two characters. Both were mystics, Eva more so than Roger. Both hated cruelty and deceit; both loved Ireland and idealised it; both worked in their several spheres to help the lot of the down-trodden; both incurred the enmity and cheap sneers of the worldly and materialistic.

I asked Eva to go to Roger's trial. She said, "I don't think I could bear to go and look on him thus. It would seem like going to stare at his misfortune." I said, "Do you realise that the court will be packed to overflowing with people hating Roger, looking for a sensation, anxious to be in at the death. Better that there should be some friends who can send him loving thoughts and try to sustain him." She had not thought of it in that way. While she sat in the gallery looking down at him, Roger suddenly raised his head and turned and looked full at her and smiled. Eva smiled back, and Roger waved his hand. It was as if a flash had passed between them, and from that moment those two people who had never met, never spoken to each other, formed a real friendship. On several occasions when I visited him in Pentonville Roger asked, "What does Eva say, or think, about this? What is Eva doing?" Always he spoke of her thus, simply by her Christian name, and until her death, she too thought and spoke of him as if he had been her intimate friend all her life.

The trial ended as it was bound to end, in a verdict of Guilty and in Roger being condemned to death. To hear the Jew Isaacs pronouncing those dread words and ending up with "May the Lord have mercy on your soul" was so awful and revolting to me that I murmured "And may he *never* have mercy on yours". A reporter saw my lips move and said in his report, "A woman attempted to address the court but was promptly suppressed", which was, of course, a lie.

Roger's speech from the dock was a wonderful piece of oratory, beautifully worded and perfectly delivered. His voice was calm and his manner simple and direct. F. E. Smith was referred to in an allusion to the Ulster leader's playing with treason "but the difference is that in the case of my accusers their treason leads to the Woolsack, mine to the dock". A prophecy which was fulfilled when years later the same F. E. Smith was made Lord Chancellor of England. Smith, to show his contempt of Roger, got up ostentatiously and lounged from the court with his hands in his pockets and a most unpleasant sneer on his face.

After the trial Roger was not taken back to Brixton but was taken to Pentonville and put into the condemned cell. He was dressed in a blue convict's dress and given a dreadful cap – "A felon's cap's the brightest thing an Irish head can wear", he quoted to me the first time I was allowed to visit him and saw him thus clothed.

Visits were not allowed frequently. No one, of course, ever saw him alone except Father Carey, Canon Ring and the Catholic Chaplain, Father McCarroll. He was allowed to read letters but not allowed to keep them. By some manner of means he managed to keep one or two. One, a long letter from C—— (a man who knew him and was constantly at Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger's, Ardrigh, Belfast), was written on foolscap and only on one side of the paper. On the other side Roger wrote a long letter to me, which was smuggled out of the prison and never went through the hands of the authorities.

At the interviews in Pentonville he was brought into a long room with a long table in it – a warder sat on each side of him and another warder always stood just inside the door. There was a big window just behind Roger's back, of ground glass, and outside that one could see a warder's figure, pacing up and down. I saw him in all five times. Mrs. J. R. Green saw him twice. Mr. Gavan Duffy, of course, saw him, and also Mr. J. H. Morgan, as they decided to appeal against the sentence.

At our interviews the feeling of the warders being there and the horrible gloom of the place seemed to put a blight over everything, and one felt unable to speak freely. One day he said

to me, "I wish you would write to some people for me; I will tell you what to say, and explain to them exactly my views on the justice of my action". I had an envelope in my hand and I took a pencil and began to jot down a few words – the warder at the door at once went out and came back in a few seconds and said to me, "Come to the Governor's room and bring that paper". I went, feeling sick with apprehension. The Governor said, "Give me that paper". I handed it up. He said, "You are not to take down any notes of what the prisoner says to you – you are to confine yourself entirely to personal and family matters – if you do anything against regulations you will not be admitted. In fact, I think I shall not admit you again." I said, "I am sure you could not inflict such a cruel punishment on us for doing something which we did not know was forbidden". After a few minutes he gave in and let me go. This incident added to the nervousness and misery of the interviews. On going out that day the Governor again sent for me and gave me a long lecture about the wickedness of the Irish in rebelling against England in the middle of a war. Roger should have known better than to encourage such infamy. Why didn't the Irish wait till England's hands were free? – was the burthen of his remarks. I said, "Because there are only 4,000,000 in Ireland and over 40,000,000 in England, and unless England had something to occupy her troops, we in Ireland should have less chance of gaining anything than we have now".

The appeal took place on July 17 and 18 and is fully reported in "The Trial of Roger Casement" by Knott. Serjeant Sullivan conducted it. He did not do well, was much too "niggling" on tiny points and did not drive home the things that really mattered. I will not enter into the details here, but my own feeling was that if this appeal had been left in the hands of Mr. Morgan he could have done better. He was more fearless – Sullivan was obsequious and afraid of standing up to the judges. Morgan was a much better lawyer and also was inclined to take a more definite stand.

The appeal was dismissed and the execution was fixed for August 3. This gave us a fortnight for trying to get petitions signed for a reprieve. We were at once up against a campaign of

lying and intrigue. The *Daily* —— (editor, ——), an organ that was devoted to F. E. Smith, constituted itself the vehicle for all the attacks it could think of on Roger. They said he had always been in the pay of Germany since the Congo days – that he was immoral – that he had never been known to take any interest in Irish affairs until 1913, etc. Also the story that Roger was a moral pervert was spread throughout all the London clubs. F. E. Smith and Basil Thomson sent for various men who could be trusted to do their dirty work and showed them Roger's supposed diary and asked them to spread the stories. Roger had been visited constantly both in Brixton and Pentonville by Father Carey and had given deep thought to the question of becoming a Catholic. He would not act on an emotional instinct but wanted to be rationally convinced of the truths of the Catholic religion. When he had definitely made up his mind, the Cardinal (Bourne) was approached. I was told by a priest and by Mr. Gavan Duffy that the Cardinal tried to insist on Roger signing a sort of recantation in his belief in Irish freedom and a confession of abhorrence at his own action.

On my third visit to him he said, "I want to be a Catholic, but they are trying to make me betray my soul. They have put my body in bonds but I cannot betray my soul." I was entirely in the dark as to what he meant, and did not dare to question him because of the warders. Afterwards, when I told the chaplain of this, he said it was "the paper they tried to make him sign". Finally, on the day before he died, he made his confession, was reconciled to the Church (he had been baptised a Catholic in infancy but had never practised) and received Holy Communion. Father McCarroll said that when he approached the altar he put off his shoes (as a sign of humility) and as he raised his head to receive the Host his face was transfigured – he remained a long time in prayer at the altar rails.

On Thursday, July 27, I went to see him alone. He had had an interview with the Governor which had upset him, the Governor having told him that he felt it right to tell him how abhorrent his action had been. Also he had tried to get his oldest friend, Herbert Ward, to send him a message (he had asked one of his counsel to try) and he had had a rebuff. He was for the first time

broken and sorrowful. We both tried to keep cheerful on the surface. Then he said, "What will you do, Gee, when it is all over?" I cried, "Don't, don't, I can't think of that". He said, "Go back to Ireland, and don't let me lie in this dreadful place – take my body back with you and let it lie in the old churchyard in Murlough Bay". I said, "I will", and then I broke down, I couldn't help it, it was the only time I was in tears when I was with him. He, too, wept and said, "I don't want to die and leave you and the rest of you dear ones, but I must". With a super-human effort I stopped and said, "It won't be, we are working, all of us to prevent it – there are petitions". But he broke in, "No, Gee, don't delude yourself – they want my death, nothing else will do. And, after all, it's a glorious death to die for Ireland – and I could not stand long in a place like this – it would destroy my reason."

The warders broke off the interview and marched him out. I stood up and stretched out my hands to him; he turned at the door and said, "Good-bye God bless you" – I went out and in the corridor outside I simply abandoned myself to my grief. I couldn't help it. I cried loud and uncontrollably. A warder took me across the courtyard and put me into the little waiting-room at the gate where the warder with the keys was. He got up to open the outer gate, and I said. "Stop, I can't go yet." I was shaking so I could hardly stand and the sobs were rending me. "You can't wait," he said, "you must go". "I can't go like this," I said, "into the public street. Do ask the policeman outside to get me a taxi." "No," he said, "pull yourself together and go on now". And he opened the gate and pushed me out and locked it with a clang behind me.

I wanted to shriek and beat on the gate with my hands. My lips kept saying, "Let him out, let him out". I staggered down the road, crying out loud, and people gazed at me. I got home somehow. Now, writing it down, I cry and cry and want to scream out, but what's the good. I can't see now to write any more to-day – he was inside waiting for death, such a death. I was outside and wanted to die.

♣ THE COUNTESS IN PRISON

*Memoir by her sister, Eva Gore-Booth**

As the *Leinster* steamed into Dublin Bay on that May morning of 1916 the world seemed transfigured with beauty and delight. There was nothing to remind one of that blind will of domination, violence and greed that has for centuries made of these blue waters a highway of destruction. White sea-gulls flashed against a blue sky and the mountains had about them the radiance and peace of the early morning hours. The sea shifted and glittered and dreamed. It was hardly possible to believe that any man could look upon the vessel's shining track merely as the road to Empire and domination. Yet, as the syren suddenly shrieked out its harsh warning, the sight of a great mass of khaki-clad soldiers crowding round the gangway shook the glamour of the scene and brought queer memories of past generations.

Soldiers of all times, of the same nationality and on the same quest. Soldiers in the queer bulky armour of the early Middle Ages, soldiers in the gay colours of the Elizabethans, soldiers in Cromwell's drabs, soldiers in the stiff reds of the last century, and now soldiers in khaki. Soldiers with bows and arrows, soldiers with spears, soldiers with swords and muskets and all manner of old-fashioned weapons, soldiers with quaint and unwieldy cannon, and soldiers with rifles and revolvers and machine-guns. Soon there would be soldiers with tanks and aeroplanes. An endless procession of soldiers, with every kind of weapon, always on the same errand, always going, as they are going now, to conquer and hold down Ireland.

And Ireland the Unconquerable suffering them helplessly, watching them land in their thousands, with that same old self-conscious gesture of hers, half-passionate, half-cynical, partly

**From* Prison Letters *(1934)*.

tragic and wholly contemptuous. Like the human soul smiling through an agony of weakness at the secret of her enigmatic strength.

It was easy to pass unnoticed through the rather sheepish crowd on the pier, who were doing their best to look Prussian and efficient. The soldiers were not at all aggressive. It was hard to believe they were engaged in crushing a Rebellion and holding down an oppressed nation. By the most vivid stretch of the imagination, you could not credit them with any sinister designs.

Dull and lethargic they seemed for the most part, sometimes they were quite amiably frivolous. One wondered if Cromwell's soldiers were like that.

"Stay where you are, for God's sake!" I heard a laughing soldier say in mock-tragic accents to a group of civilians who were in too great a hurry to land. "If I let you go over there, I shall be court-martialled and shot at dawn!"

Ten minutes after that the world turned black, as I read the words that shrieked in huge letters from every hoarding in the town: "Execution of James Connolly." "James Connolly shot this morning."

In days past I had known James Connolly, most kindly and humane of men. A man who had that quality, rare indeed among politicians, that however absorbed he might be in fighting for a cause, he did not forget to answer the appeal of individual suffering.

Afterwards, the story went round that one of those told off to shoot him was a miner, one who had personal cause of gratitude to him. But he did not know who it was he was going to shoot. Anyway, he stood there with the rest, submissively waiting for the word of command. So would any other soldier, the very man who joked about executions would have done it. Without anger or hate or any conscious cruelty, but simply because he was told to. So insidious a thing is that vile creeping obedience that deprives man of his sense of right and wrong, his very soul and will and mind.

Realisation of the happenings of the past weeks rushed upon us in a flood as we drove through the smoking ruins of O'Connell Street.

The driver seemed rather nervy, surly and suspicious, most unlike the usual talkative Dublin driver. He confined himself to a long grumble about being starved with his family during the Rebellion, not being allowed out of the house for three days. It had been impossible for him to get food for himself and his children.

Driving past Stephen's Green, he began to tell us some rather fictitious details about dead bodies of men and women being carried away at night and buried secretly.

And my thoughts rushed back to that dreadful Sunday in London when I had read in *Lloyd's Weekly News* a circumstantial account of the finding of my sister's dead body in Stephen's Green, and of the terrible days that followed, when I had almost wished the discredited story had been true, so much worse does it seem to the human mind to be executed coldly and deliberately at a certain hour by the clock than to be killed in the hurry and excitement of battle. Perhaps this is because such a death is so wholly unnatural.

In every form of natural life, destruction comes silently and unexpectedly or, at the worst, wrapped in a haze of uncertain hours and vague moments. The foreknowledge of the exact minute of death is a form of mental torture entirely invented by human beings, in the fiendish ingenuity of vengeance sanctified by pious traditions. The world, as God made it, may be cruel in many things, but it is not cruel enough for that supreme and unnatural outrage.

This slow and excruciating and delicately applied brain torment has been brought to a terrible pitch of perfection by a generation that prides itself on the abolition of the rack, and the rougher methods of their ancestors, too blunted themselves to realise the more refined and exquisite possibilities of brain and nerve torture.

But the worst had not happened. My sister, condemned to death for her part in the Rebellion, had been reprieved.

And now I was on my way to visit her in prison.

After visiting the kind friend who had by some means procured the permit, the three of us started for Mountjoy.

The Dublin streets were terrible. They had a sort of muddled

desperate look, rather like but infinitely more tragic than the look one used to see in London on an air-raid night, just after the warning was given. As if everybody, even the very houses, were crouching down, hiding from something.

Oddly enough, we chanced on the same car that had driven us from the station earlier in the day. But the car driver was transfigured when he heard the address to which we were going.

All his surliness and suspicion vanished in a moment, and as we got down at the gate of Mountjoy, he turned on us with a beaming smile. "It's little I thought this morning when I drove you from the boat, it was to the prison I'd be taking you!"

From his manner you would have thought (as doubtless he did) that the dingy prison gate was the entrance to some very select Paradise, sacred to the greater Saints and the more exalted Archangels.

Prisons are all the same, built after the same dreary pattern. Very imposing and grand on the outside, they gradually get squalider and squalider the farther you get into them. We were let in through a little postern door in the main gate by a long-suffering porter who spends the livelong day opening and locking the gate. He does not guard the prisoners, but he is like a sentinel in a besieged city, opening the door for a moment to let in a cart of supplies and shutting it again hastily in the face of the enemy. For to all that live in that gloomy place, our free and kindly human life is the enemy to be shut out at all costs – except the prisoners, and sometimes one thinks that the only people in a prison whose point of view has not become wholly perverted and insane are the prisoners. For they have no "duty" to prevent their being kind and loving to their neighbours.

The Mountjoy porter looked at our permits, and presently the big iron gate was unlocked and we crossed the yard into that inner building which is the prison itself. As I walked through the long corridor, my mind was obsessed by one horrible thought: "They have shot all her friends: James Connolly and Eamon Ceannt only that day: did she know? should I have to tell her?" Afterwards I knew that this was a quite unnecessary anxiety. She knew everything. The shots that killed Padraic Pearse and the

others she had listened to morning after morning in her cell at Kilmainham.

Suddenly there was her face behind a sort of cage: it was cut into sections by the cross-bars. But one could half see, half guess how calm and smiling she was.

She talked very fast, and was full of all sorts of commissions she wanted carried out, asked a great many questions and seemed only really puzzled by one thing: "Why on earth did they shoot Skeffy?" she said. "After all, he wasn't in it. He didn't even believe in fighting. What did it mean?"

At the time I could not answer her: afterwards I found out. Nobody who has not gone through the ordinary prison visit can realise how unsatisfactory it is, nor what a strain it is, to fling one's intimate conversation across a passage with a wardress in it, to a head appearing at a window opposite. And then to know that these few minutes must last one for months, and that one has probably forgotten something important.

There was much to hear: her adventures in the Rebellion, details of her court-martial, her anxiety for the wife of a dead colleague who was ill, in hiding and without money. Many and very insufficient directions as to how to find her. About her own treatment the prisoner had not much to say. She was a "convict" and a "lifer" and that was all about it. And anyway, it was splendidly worth while.

For one glorious week, Ireland had been free . . . and then back she went to stories of that wonderful time, of the night-scouting and the trench in Stephen's Green and the machine-gun on the Shelbourne and how they were forced to retreat into the College of Surgeons. And how they could have held out for days, and the shock and grief of the order to surrender on that Sunday morning when I had run up and down London trying to find out if she was really dead. And she told of the executed colleague who had marched with her down Thomas Street where Emmet had been hung a hundred years ago, for the same cause, by the same power. They had discussed together what seemed to them the only doubtful point in the immediate future: whether they would be shot or hung.

This rebel had a very strange story. He had been in the past

for many years a private in the British Army. In India long ago he had met another Irish soldier, who told him when next they met he would not be fighting for England.

In South Africa, years after, he came on him again, a prisoner condemned to death for fighting with the Boers against England.

This man made such an impression on the other Irish soldier, awakening in him such a sense of shame to be found on the side of Empire and the conquistadores and oppressors of Ireland, that he got away from the Army as quickly as possible and joined the growing rebel army in Ireland. Now he, too, had been shot.

At the end of twenty hurried minutes of rapid talk we said good-bye for the next four months, and the oddly becapped head disappeared from the window, vanishing into what unimaginable scene of dullness, dinginess and squalor.

The next morning we set out early to try and find my sister's friend and spent many weary hours walking through endless poverty-stricken streets, questioning naturally suspicious and incredulous people, and causing many a fit of nerves no doubt, to those who were afraid of being suspected of rebel tendencies, and who now obviously thought we were Government spies. In the course of our wanderings we passed one of the great fortress-like barracks that seem to over-awe Dublin. Round the gates a miserable crowd collected, of patient white-faced men and women, standing under the great grey wall in a sort of hopeless grey dejection. We were told they had been there for days. They were the relatives and friends of prisoners, waiting to try and get some news of them. And the story goes that four of the soldiers having been killed in the fighting, the young officers in the barracks had sworn to have forty rebel lives in exchange.

No one will ever know what went on in those barracks behind those towering walls.

An old woman came towards us in the road, crying and begging for news of her son who had been deported to England. She was sure they would try to force him into the Army. "He won't don the khaki. He won't don the khaki," she reiterated drearily. Perhaps it was some vague tradition of what had happened after the last rebellion that made her so certain of what would happen to him. "A year ago," she wailed, "his work was taken from him

because he would not don the khaki, and he'll not don the khaki if they shoot him for it."

Poor soul, I hope her son came back safe and sound and without any khaki. At the time it seemed impossible to persuade her that there was the slightest hope that he would not be shot.

In the end we found a little chapel full of people, where a priest was saying Mass. After the service was over, we went to the vestry and appealed to him for help. Though not a Sinn Feiner, he was a very sympathetic man, and he had been outraged and horrified at the treatment of the Irish prisoners behind that terrible wall, starved, deprived of water and every necessity of life, left to lie for days crowded together, 500 lying on the floor in unspeakably insanitary conditions, some of them wounded, one of these with only his boots for his pillow. So that many of the men were hardly conscious when they were court-martialled. The priest told us of the people waiting there outside day after day, begging for news and of the utter callousness of the authorities. His voice was choking with grief and indignation. He had been a doctor in his youth. It was the horrible inhumanity of the whole thing that he minded. One poor girl was in prison for waving to my sister as she passed marching among the other prisoners on her way to the barracks. Yes, he could find the woman we wanted: he knew some of her relations. It would be quite easy.

At lunch at our hotel we listened with some interest to a conversation between a soldier and a local Unionist. They were shouting to one another from different tables. "I must say," said the Unionist, "your people were pretty free with your bullets. A friend of mine, a strong Orangeman, had stayed in his house for three days as directed, and at the end of the third day he opened the front door to get a little air and the soldier in the street shot him dead."

"Stupid sort of thing to do, to put your head out at a time like that," said the soldier, shrugging his shoulders.

Truly, life is cheap in these days and death needs little formal apology or introduction. Fresh from that Flanders shambles the soldiers forget that many civilians have kept a pre-war standard of value, for their own lives at all events.

At the same time, talking to Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington that afternoon, one realised there was much more in the story of her husband's murder than mere military carelessness and indifference. Both she and her husband were strong pacifists and they possessed no weapons, but the windows of the room in which she sat were still broken by the volley fired into it by the soldiers when there was no one in the house but herself and her little boy of seven. Since then the story of her husband's murder has been often told, but at that time the horror of it was still fresh. She showed us the poor little parcel returned from the barracks, containing a watch, a tie and a collar, worthless things that bore pathetic witness to the almost insane truth, – that those who did not scruple to steal human lives were yet most honourable and honest in their dealings with property – to them a much more important matter.

Hearing Mrs. Skeffington talk, one realised that though her husband never had a weapon in his hand, militarism was wise in its generation, and in Sheehy Skeffington militarism had struck down its worst enemy – unarmed yet insurgent Idealism. It was not for nothing that the half-mad officer who carried out the murder was promoted a week afterwards.

The authorities knew their business well.

All his life Skeffington had never "ceased from mental fight" against all forms of tyranny, oppression and cruelty. He was a born rebel, a questioner of ancient traditions, a shaker of ancient tyranny. He refused to go out against tyranny with a gun, not because he acquiesced in authority, but because he did not acquiesce in any violence between human beings.

In a social state founded entirely on blind obedience to certain traditions and ideas, mental freedom means disaster, and the man who knows no obedience is the enemy.

If the unthinkable had happened and Skeffington had been in the British Army, he would not have shot James Connolly or Padraic Pearse. Not only would he have died protesting against these terrible crimes, but he would have tried to rouse the conscience of every soldier he came near. Individual conscience in the Army means mutiny. It is the deadly and most fatal enemy of militarism.

Skeffington, on fire with hatred of violence and cruelty,

attending forty recruiting meetings, speaking in the street against war, defending the cause of Labour, denouncing all oppression in the name of Liberty, Mercy and Kindness, was a greater danger to the authorities than many a more violent revolutionist. For revolutions and counter-revolutions are familiar in this weary world, but his voice was the voice of a new era, a terrible possibility, that nightmare of individual evolution and militant goodwill that shakes the dreams of militarism with a strange threat.

Truly, it was easy enough to understand "why they shot Skeffy," though the only crime they could accuse him of was an effort to persuade a hooligan crowd not to loot the shops.

Militarism has a true instinct and a short way with its enemies. But perhaps the future is with Skeffington.

Dublin was thrilling with horror that afternoon at the revelation of the murders in King Street. A deputation had gone to the Prime Minister to place the facts before him, and to insist on an investigation into how many inoffensive citizens had been dragged down into the cellars and brained with the butt-ends of the rifles of perhaps drunken soldiers. People smiled. They might indeed pretend to insist, but everyone really knew that such investigations are never made.

Meanwhile Dublin was a city of mourning and death.

Roger Casement had been taken from Arbor Hill Barracks to the Tower. There was a feeling of strain and embarrassment everywhere. People broke down and wept for very little, even in the streets. Dazed and miserable, with the sound of the bombs still in their ears, they were beginning to collect in groups and tell one another stories of individual sufferings, injustices and atrocities.

It was not till later that they began to hold up their heads in pride, thinking of the strange heroisms of the dead, and rejoicing in the fact that once again in her long struggle for liberty Ireland had shown the world that she did not acquiesce in her age-long slavery, any more than she had done in the days of Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, William Pitt, George III., or any of her old conquerors and tyrants. That was the Irish point of view. The English one was different.

On the way back to London about a week later, travelling

up from Holyhead, was a woman in the carriage with us who talked about the Rebellion. "Dreadful people the Irish," she was saying, "so cowardly too, and ungrateful, to stab us in the back like that, after all we've done for them!"

Between these points of view no reconciliation seems possible. Except perhaps in the future: that universal reconciliation of humanity in goodwill, which was the creed of that troublesome idealist, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington.

♣ AFTERMATH*

I

EUSTON STATION WAS CROWDED WITH SOLDIERS, AND ONE might have imagined it to be in the hands of the military. Very few civilians were to be seen. Only single tickets were being issued to Holyhead, and boat tickets were not being sold at all.

In the train to Holyhead a dark young soldier with an Irish accent said he had enlisted to help the Belgians, and he did not want to fire on people who were fighting for their country. The stewardess on the boat was pale-faced and serious. Her eyes were red with crying for the rebellion. She feared it was really all over and a failure. "It will be like the Germans in Belgium," she said; "and they're beginning already."

While I waited at the Town Hall, Kingstown, for my pass to Dublin, a woman, who had been detained there for more than a week, told me she had seen nothing of the fighting. All the time that she and her family had heard firing they had been so much occupied in trying to get food and a place to sleep in, and had succeeded so badly, that she connected a revolution with hunger and personal discomfort and nothing more. A man who owned a motor car offered to try to drive her into Dublin for £10, or if she could get others to share, for £2 10s. each, but she could not afford it. She was English, and thought the Irish people were inconsiderate, as usual, to start their revolution when other folk were beginning their holiday. A red-cross nurse had come over to seek for friends, from whom nothing had been heard for a fortnight. These and the others I met there were solely occupied with their own grievances. I was glad to be rid of them.

* *These two articles appeared in* Workers' Dreadnought *immediately after the Easter Rising.*

The Dublin train was crowded with soldiers, all talking of the trouble, with a complete absence of bitterness. Many hoped they would not be ordered to fire on the rebels.

Westland Row Station, in Dublin, was guarded by police, and on coming out one saw at once the shops all smashed and broken.

The barricades were still across the streets and soldiers guarding them. Men required a pass to go anywhere at all. Women needed them to go out of the city. In O'Connell Street and along Eden Quay the dust was still thick upon the ground, the air was heavy with burning, and dense clouds of smoke obscured the ruins. Even when the rain came, and after three days of it, they were still smouldering. Strangers talked quite openly to each other in the streets at first, as they viewed the damage. "Could the Germans do worse to us?" one said, and another: "They tell us to pity the Belgians; it's ourselves need pity, I'm thinking." The affair at the Post Office aroused great horror: "To turn machine guns on them and they running away!" "The English papers talk of Louvain; what'll they say of Dublin?" But after the first few days people became more cautious; everyone suspected his neighbour of being a spy or informer. Soldiers and police stood all along the pavements preventing people from going into the ruins or down the side streets. The soldiers looked like dwarfs compared with the police. Bodies were being brought out. It was more like a nightmare than reality. Women walked along, tears streaming down their cheeks. One woman spoke to me. She was elderly, dressed in black, her eyes swollen from weeping, and she stumbled against me. Her only son was a Sinn Feiner: he had been killed in the fighting. She was not grieving for the houses which had been destroyed, but for the brave young lives which seemed to have been thrown away. She did not grudge her boy to Ireland, if only she could feel that the sacrifice had not been wasted. As much ammunition was being used for one sniper as would wipe out a German regiment, she said, adding bitterly: "But then the English don't hate the Germans the way they hate us."

In the midst of the desolation the statues of Parnell and O'Connell, and the hideous Nelson pillar, remain uninjured.

Along Eden Quay the damage is not evenly distributed. The paper shop next to Liberty Hall is untouched. The windows of

Liberty Hall are smashed, and on the side facing the Liffey a small portion of the wall is bròken. Soldiers could be seen inside. It is said that its position near the railway and the Custom House saved it from being entirely destroyed.

I went one morning to get my pass at Trinity College, where a pale, nervous-looking young man talked to me and urged me to do my best to get a pass at once, for I might be prevented from leaving at all. Two soldiers took me into a room on the left-hand side of the quadrangle. I was told to go upstairs, and stood for a moment on the landing with two prisoners, one a boy of 17, very thin, poorly dressed, but holding his head erect and looking far away. The other was a mild-mannered man with clumsy clothes and restless hands. We smiled at each other, then the door was opened and I was motioned forward. I stood in the doorway, a soldier on each side of me. An elderly officer, short-necked, red-faced, with bulging blue eyes and carrotty hair, sat at a table. A younger officer, tall and slim, stood by the fire at the other end. He looked angry.

"Pass or prisoner?" shouted the officer at the table.

The soldier on my left stammered with nervousness. "P-p-pass, sir," he said.

Then my cross-examination began. When did I come over? Why did I come? Why did I travel alone? Who were my people? How long had I been in England? Who were my relations in Ireland?

I answered them all.

"Was I connected with the Sinn Fein or any other political organisation?"

Before I answered the officer by the fire took a step forward. "I object to this bullying," he said; "the question is unnecessary."

He spoke in a low tone, the officer at the table heard, turned and glared at him; but the question was not repeated.

The bull-like gentleman at the table looked for a form, found it, and a pen which he appeared to have some difficulty in using. He filled in my name, Dublin address, London address, and signed and stamped it.

"Countersigned at the Castle," he bellowed at me.

"I'll send someone with you," said the other.

As we went out I heard him say that he would see the prisoners on the landing after lunch – his lunch, I suppose.

I was marched round different departments of Dublin Castle with my pass. The soldiers were very civil, the police haughty. One official told me they were having a terrible time at the Castle, and God only knew when it would be better. After four hours I came out again into Dame Street with my pass completed.

In the restaurant where I had my lunch a waitress, pale-faced, haggard-eyed, told me that her sweetheart was a prisoner: she feared he would be shot. "They don't shoot German prisoners, although they call them 'Huns' and 'baby-killers'; they only shoot our brave Irish boys."

The charwoman at the house in which I stayed told me that, without warning, the soldiers had commenced firing at her tenement house. She lived with her four children in the cellar, and all the other inmates of the house came flocking down and huddled together during the night on the stone flags under the staircase. Afterwards they were told that it was thought there were snipers on the roof, but no one in the house knew anything at all about it. None of them were Sinn Feiners, or knew how to shoot, and if the snipers were on the roof, wasn't it queer to riddle the front of the house with bullets? But everything seemed hard on poor people. They weren't allowed out of their houses, except for a few moments in the morning to fetch milk and bread. Some who had no money, because they were prevented from earning it, had to go without, unless they could share the little that their neighbours had. The step from semi-starvation to absolute starvation is so slight to these dwellers in one-room tenements that they regard it with a measure of indifference.

Another woman who worked in the same house had been in slightly better circumstances. She, with her family, had a two-roomed flat in a turning off O'Connell Street. The Sinn Feiners turned them out of it, and the military blew it up. She could not make up her mind which party had served her worst. She hoped the Government would give her compensation, but doubted it: "They'd more likely give it to the landlord, and he a rich man," though she had lost her home, her clothes – everything.

A girl living near the North Wall, has one brother fighting at the front, another in the Irish Volunteers. The latter, when the revolution started, went off without being at all aware of what was on hand. Before he reached his destination he met a friend, who told him that ammunition was being served out, and that fighting was going to commence. He returned home, and in order to protect his family from any unpleasant consequences, gave himself up to the police at once. His sister has heard nothing of him since. She is afraid that he may be taken to England and forced to join the army.

Another young man was an ordinary member of the Sinn Fein organisation; he did not even drill, but he was arrested while out walking, together with a boy of 15 who was with him, and neither have been released.

I saw that in Ireland the attitude towards the rebels taken by many, even of those who condemn the rising, is one of esteem, admiration and love. One young woman, who had a knowledge of first aid, told me of her experiences. She lives near Merrion Square. When the firing began she went out to see if she could help, but was ordered back by the military. All night she remained alone with a dog, listening to the shots passing over the house and praying for those who were killed. But she longed to care for the wounded. Towards morning she went out, meeting another woman bent on the same charitable errand. They went towards Mount Street Bridge intending to search the houses and gardens where the fighting had taken place. A young officer assured them that there were no wounded, but she persisted. They found a young soldier lying on his back, his hands flung above his head as though asleep. They returned twice to him before they could realise that he was dead. Further on they came to a soldier entangled in some wire. They had to cut away nearly all his clothes before they could get him out. Then they found a little Sinn Feiner, barely 12 years old. He was wounded in the head, and his brains were showing. He was still conscious, and his pitiful white face, with its big dark eyes wide open with fear of the soldiers, wrung their hearts, At the women's request a soldier ran for a priest. When he came, the child's face lighted with joy, and his terror vanished, although he was dying.

This same young woman helped to carry a terribly-injured woman into a nursing home. They had scarcely put her down when a young girl was carried into the same room. She saw the woman and screamed out "Mother"; but her mother could not speak: she was dying. They told the girl she would see her mother after she had slept.

The young woman who told of these things chanced also to be present at the Battle of Boland's Mill. It has been stated that De Valera was forced to surrender by his men. She says this is not true. They loved him so much they would willingly have died with him, but he did not wish to sacrifice them uselessly. The mill was so well defended that the soldiers thought there must be some hundreds within; yet when the defenders came out there were but 50 of them, and 30 dead. She said that De Valera looked like a king when he came out – defeated but unsubdued. Although she was his opponent, she told me that she was filled with grief when she heard the incorrect report that he had been shot.

Side by side with the generous-minded people who can admire their opponents, are those well-fed, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who condemn the revolution because of the gas supply being cut off; they were compelled to go without toast for breakfast, or coffee for dinner. I heard one lady, who looked as if a little hard work and fasting would do her a world of good, speak most angrily of those poor women who exchanged their rags for silken dresses from ruined shops. She held up her plump, be-ringed hands in horror at the little boys who took sweets from the shops, and the others who put ladies' boots upon their bare feet and new suits upon their poor little bodies. I thought of her starved and naked soul, bare of all human kindness, and considered her more to be pitied than the poor looters.

I have seen the military search suspected houses; I have seen gangs of prisoners – mere boys and grey-bearded men, marched into Dublin Castle, wet, weary, haggard, but their eyes shining and their heads erect. I have seen the natural outbursts of feeling give way to caution as the fear of spies and informers grows, and I have listened to many reasons as to why the rebellion should

have taken place at all. I will give the statements of the two most influential people who gave me their views.

*The first to me is the strangest and the saddest. It is by one who has had years of dealing with officials and politicians:—

*The rebellion was engineered by those who wish to rob Ireland of Home Rule; by those who feel that the way to destroy liberty is to goad those who worship it into open revolt. The leaders of the revolution – idealistic, pure-minded, high-souled, unpractical – are their unconscious tools.

Can this be true?

*The other is the statement of a poet and philosopher – it is that Labour, neglected, oppressed, wronged, has allied its discontent to that of political enthusiasts. Poets and Dreamers alone cannot make a revolution. There must be popular unrest behind even the smallest revolt. In Dublin it is impossible for men and women of the working-class to live like human beings. The conditions under which they exist are more deadly than the trenches; out of every six children born one dies. The one-roomed tenements of Dublin are a scandal to civilisation. The wages of the women are an outrage, and all over the country it is as bad. In five years there have been two great labour revolts. For weeks men, women and children have voluntarily starved rather than be forced to half-starve all their lives. Yet their grievances, although acknowledged, remain unredressed. Give Labour a chance, said my informant, and there will be an end of armed rebellion.

In England people forget the politicians' last lie almost before he invents another. In Ireland we have long memories. We never forget a wrong, we always remember a kindness; but out history is one long story of wrong and oppression. English children know nothing of the Chartists; to Irish children the broken Treaty of Limerick, the horrors of the Penal Days, the misery of preventable famines, and the barbarities following upon the various risings, are as fresh as the placing of Home Rule upon the Statute Book. Will the British Government never learn?

* *These statements show that even in Ireland Sinn Fein was widely held to be an impossible dream in Easter week 1916. The Rebellion has effected a transformation in the general Irish outlook.*

A heroic girl marrying her lover on the morning of his execution: a beautiful countess giving up the advantages of her position to live with the working people, and, if necessary, to die with them: these strike the imagination of a race of poets and idealists. If, besides that, we set wholesale imprisonments and shooting, the paying of spies and informers, then the verdict, even of those who support the British Government in the European War and in other ways, will be that remark which I have frequently heard in ruined O'Connell Street: "The Germans could not do worse!"

Is that what the British Government desires?

PATRICIA LYNCH (1916).

II

JUSTICE CAN MAKE BUT ONE REPLY TO THE IRISH REBELLION, and that is to demand that Ireland shall be allowed to govern herself.

Differences of opinion in England, Scotland, or Wales as to what measure of self-government Ireland is to have ought not to affect the matter – by the "freedom of small nations" which the British Government has so bombastically sworn to defend, this is essentially a question for Ireland herself to decide. Let a popular vote be taken in Ireland as to whether she shall be an independent, self-governing republic, or an autonomous part of the British Empire, like Australia and New Zealand. That is the only method by which the Irish difficulty can be solved and Ireland learn content.

The "firm and vigorous administration" which *The Times* demands for Ireland, which we suspect is but another term for coercion, and such suggestions as that of the professing-Liberal, Professor Longford, that conscription shall be applied to Ireland, and that the Irish Rebels shall be set free on condition that they join the Army, will only lead to graver trouble in the near future. Ireland has been held in subjection by force too long, not to retaliate with what force she can, when provoked beyond a certain point.

Official reports in the very nature of things are, of course, one-sided, and these are all that may readily be obtained from

Ireland as yet. Therefore it is not possible to say at the moment of writing whether the time of the Irish rebellion was chosen by its leaders, or whether the outbreak was finally provoked by outside agencies, but there are various indications that the latter view may be correct.

The reasons for the discontent which has caused the rebellion are clearly apparent. In the first place the Home Rule Act fails to satisfy considerable sections of Irish men and women, who regard it as a mere extension of local government.

In the second place, the Home Rule Act itself is not secure. Should a Unionist Government succeed the present administration at Westminster (and what at the moment seems more probable?) the Home Rule Act could easily be repealed before it had ever been put into force. On the eve of the European War, Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Unionists were threatening and openly preparing revolution, to prevent the application of the Home Rule Bill. *The Times,* which supported Carson and his Ulster rebels, now declares that:

> "The country will not be satisfied with the Irish situation until the men who sat and looked on while armed potential rebels were openly trained in Dublin are removed from office."

But *The Times* is not referring to Sir Edward Carson, and Sir Edward Carson himself, though he talks very glibly of preserving Law and Order, just now, makes it quite clear that he intends to revive his pre-War threats of armed rebellion when there again appears a prospect of enforcing Home Rule, which, in a letter to the Press of April 29, 1916, he described as "a gross wrong." As a matter of fact, so far from being prepared to forgo armed resistance to Home Rule, the Carsonites are keeping their ammunition ready, and when asked by the British Government to hand over their arms for use in the present War, they refused to do so on the ground that they would need them later on. Everyone knows that it was the Carsonites who first armed to resist Home Rule. It was afterwards that the Redmonite Home Rulers set up an army; and that the Sinn Fein organisation armed to fight for the Irish Republic; whilst the working-class industrial movement, under Larkin and Connolly, also set up its Citizen Army

later than the Carsonites, and did so in the first place to protect peaceful meetings of the workers from ill-treatment by the police.

The Sinn Feiners and the Larkinites have gradually drawn together, though during the great strike in Dublin the Sinn Feiners accused the Larkinites of appealing to the Irish people "to forswear the name of Irishmen for Citizens of the World," and Larkin and his comrades declared that it mattered little to the workers whether they were enslaved by British or Irish capitalists.

To many of us, who believe that neither race nor creed should separate the workers of the world, it is a matter of regret that the old position of Larkin and Connolly should now seem to be somewhat obscured. We believe that the co-operative millenium cannot be reached till Capitalism is overthrown by the workers. Yet we know the impatience which many an earnest reformer feels with the slow growth of the proletarian movement. We understand the revolt of the impetuous Celtic temperament against being tied to slow-moving England, more conservative than either Wales or Scotland, England, who, with her strong vested interests and larger population, is always the predominant partner in the British Isles. We sympathise with the dream of so many ardent lovers of Ireland to make of her an independent paradise of free people, a little republic, famous, not for its brute strength, but for its happiness and culture, something unique in all the world, holding a position amongst the nations like that of Finland, who, until Russia trampled on the constitution which she won, not by bloodshed, but by a universal strike, was thought here to be, and probably was politically, the most free of all lands.

The Irish Rebels find to-day almost every man's hand against them, yet reckless though they may have been, their desperate venture was undoubtedly animated by high ideals. And we also know that their action will further those ideals. In proclaiming the Irish Republican Brotherhood, they declared for "equal rights and equal opportunities for all its citizens," and resolved "to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation, cherishing all the children of the nation equally." They promised that as soon as a permanent Government could be established, it should be elected by all the men and women of Ireland.

"Mad folly," perhaps, but hardly, as *The Times* calls it, a "brutal, bloody and savage rebellion." The Republic of a week was evidently set up without violence and bloodshed; the Rebels' *War News* says that it was proclaimed with cheers. When the soldiers came, there began, indeed, heartrending slaughter – slaughter perpetrated by both sides, but the Rebels, untrained men, women and boys, had for arms only "a job lot of rifles," whilst the authorities opposed them with machine guns, bombs, bayonets, and cannon.

The Rebels – condemn them who can find heart to do so – well knew, in their reckless bravery, they would be defeated, that their rebellion could be no more than a stage in the long struggle for Irish independence. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, much opposed to the Rebels, says:—

> "The Post Office was on fire. It had been shelled and was now ablaze. I have learnt something of the spirit of the garrison from two or three different sources. On Monday night, I am told by a priest who was admitted to the building, it contained 500 or 600 men and a score or so of young women, who proposed to cook and nurse. The priest heard the confessions of many of the men, and they told him they were going to die for Ireland. He counselled the young women to leave, but they replied that they would stop and die with the men; a spirit too good for so bad a cause.
>
> "When the end came and the fire drove the garrison out, they sought to escape by rushing in a body from the rear of the building. The street at the back bends a little, and beyond the bend was a machine-gun, which, as soon as the rout began, discharged its volleys into the fleeing rebels."

Can the story of scenes like that bring pride to British hearts?

Parnell, without allying himself with armed rebellion in Ireland, never publicly repudiated or criticised his countrymen, and always pointed to the fact that they fought because the justice they longed for was withheld. Mr. Redmond, on the contrary, at once placed himself in line with the British Government, and in his eagerness to do so, he declared that Ireland's grievances had been redressed, and that she had been led "from

slavery and poverty to freedom and prosperity." But no open-eyed, unbiassed person could visit Ireland in recent days without being impressed by her desolation. Dublin was obviously a city of decay, the fine old mansions, let off in tenement dwellings, were crowded with poor, ill-clad people. Five shillings a week was a wage commonly paid to adult women there. It was natural that the premises occupied by Murphy, the hotel-keeper, and Jacobs, the biscuit-manufacturer, who fought the workers in their long starvation strike for a bare subsistence wage, were amongst the first to be captured by the Rebels.

In the West of Ireland the people live in hovels built by themselves, with roofs of turf, mud floors, and walls of rough stones which the tenants hew with their own poor implements out of the hillside. For the little strips of undrained, stoney ground on which their homes are built they pay rents that are far too high. The Congested Districts Board, which is a supposed charity under the auspices of our British Government, finds work for the people to enable them to pay their way, allowing them to get 3s. 6d. to 7s. a week for making crochet or lace, and 10½d. a dozen for socks. The children are kept at home to help with this wretchedly paid work, and, as a result, Government Blue Books admit that in country districts the proportion of illiteracy varies from 35 to 70 per cent.; 50 to 65 per cent. of illiteracy being most common. The earnings of the people in these industries have fallen instead of rising in recent years. Government reports show that whereas in 1912–13 the total earnings in the lace-making trade were £29,754, they had fallen in 1914–15 to £11,680. We learn that the kelp-making industry on which the people in the West of Ireland largely exist, is improving as a result of the War. Yet the Government inspector in this year's report states that an entire family in the best districts can earn but £20 in a season, though years ago they could make £40.

Knowing these things, we understand why rebellion breaks out in Ireland, and we share the sorrow of those who are weeping there to-day for the Rebels whom the Government has shot.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst (1916)

These twenty or thirty personal accounts of the Easter Rising are merely pieces of a large jig-saw puzzle which the historians eventually will fit together; the deaths of so many of the leaders may mean that there will always be large gaps in the total design. Dublin has been necessarily at the centre of the picture; yet accident as well as design played a part in this. The failure of the attempt by sea, Casement's capture, MacNeill's countermanding order meant that outside Dublin only a few areas responded with any show of strength. In Galway perhaps 1,000 men mustered, occupied Athenry, attacked a few barracks; the Wexford Volunteers, about 600 strong, seized Enniscorthy and held it for some days; in Meath and in Louth there were skirmishes between volunteers and police. Police evidence before the Royal Commission indicated later that in the provinces, particularly in Cork, Limerick, Clare and Kerry, the rising might have been formidable had the Aud *landed her shipment. It is also probable that a bitter civil war might have developed, for Redmond instructed his National Volunteers to support the British Military, an instruction which in several parts they anticipated. But the surrender in Dublin meant the end of these stirrings in the provinces.*

The effect of the executions was nationwide, the swing of sympathy from the Irish Party to Sinn Féin comparatively rapid. The Irish prison-camps in Britain became the universities of the new movement, the batches of prisoners released from 1917 on, the missionaries of the new gospel. Thus when the really hard guerilla fighting of the War of Independence began, its fighters could operate against a sympathetic instead of a hostile background. The poets grasped the truth of this rapid shift of sympathy, expressed it lyrically. Later, through the toughening process of the "Tan War" and of the civil war there came a probing of motive, an attempt to analyse and to define which expressed itself more aptly in prose.

☘ TIDES OF CHANGE

☘ SEVEN POEMS

By W. B. Yeats

SEPTEMBER 1913

What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the halfpence to the pence
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save:
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind,
The names that stilled your childish play,
They have gone about the world like wind,
But little time had they to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
And what, God help us, could they save?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again,
And call those exiles as they were
In all their loneliness and pain,
You'd cry, "Some woman's yellow hair
Has maddened every mother's son":
They weighed so lightly what they gave.
But let them be, they're dead and gone,
They're with O'Leary in the grave.

THE ROSE TREE

"O words are lightly spoken",
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"Maybe a breath of politic words
Has withered our Rose Tree;
Or maybe but a wind that blows
Across the bitter sea."

"It needs to be but watered,"
James Connolly replied,
"To make the green come out again
And spread on every side,
And shake the blossom from the bud
To be the garden's pride."

"But where can we draw water,"
Said Pearse to Connolly,
"When all the wells are parched away?
O plain as plain can be
There's nothing but our own red blood
Can make a right Rose Tree."

SONG

Come gather round me, players all:
Come praise Nineteen-Sixteen,
Those from the pit and gallery
Or from the painted scene
That fought in the Post Office
Or round the City Hall,
Praise every man that came again,
Praise every man that fell.
From mountain to mountain ride the fierce horsemen.

Who was the first man shot that day?
The player Connolly,*
Close to the City Hall he died;
Carriage and voice had he;
He lacked those years that go with skill,
But later might have been
A famous, a brilliant figure
Before the painted scene.
From mountain to mountain ride the fierce horsemen.

**Sean Connolly*

Some had no thought of victory
But had gone out to die
That Ireland's mind be greater,
Her heart mount up on high;
And yet who knows what's yet to come?
For Patrick Pearse had said
That in every generation
Must Ireland's blood be shed.
From mountain to mountain ride the fierce horsemen.

THE O'RAHILLY

Sing of the O'Rahilly,
Do not deny his right;
Sing a "the" before the name;
Allow that he, despite
All those learned historians,
Established it for good;
He wrote out that word himself,
He christened himself with blood.
How goes the weather?

Sing of the O'Rahilly
That had such little sense
He told Pearse and Connolly
He'd gone to great expense
Keeping all the Kerry men
Out of that crazy fight;
That he might be there himself
Had travelled half the night.
How goes the weather?

"Am I such a craven that
I should not get the word
But for what some travelling man
Had heard I had not heard?"
Then on Pearse and Connolly
He fixed a bitter look:
"Because I helped to wind the clock
I come to hear it strike."
How goes the weather?

What remains to sing about
But of the death he met
Stretched under a doorway
Somewhere off Henry Street;
They that found him found upon
The door above his head
"Here died the O'Rahilly,
R.I.P." writ in blood
How goes the weather?

THE GHOST OF ROGER CASEMENT

O what has made that sudden noise?
What on the threshold stands?
It never crossed the sea because
John Bull and the sea are friends;
But this is not the old sea
Nor this the old seashore.
What gave that roar of mockery,
That roar in the sea's roar?
The Ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door.

John Bull has stood for Parliament,
A dog must have his day,
The country thinks no end of him,
For he knows how to say,
At a beanfeast or a banquet
That all must hang their trust
Upon the British Empire,
Upon the Church of Christ.
The ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door.

John Bull has gone to India
For all must pay him heed,
For histories are there to prove
That none of another breed
Has had a like inheritance
Or sucked such milk as he,
And there's no luck about a house
If it lack honesty.
The ghost of Roger Casement
Is beating on the door.

SIXTEEN DEAD MEN

O but we talked at large before
The sixteen men were shot,
But who can talk of give and take,
What should be and what not
While those dead men are loitering there
To stir the boiling pot?

You say that we should still the land
Till Germany's overcome;
But who is there to argue that
Now Pearse is deaf and dumb?
And is their logic to outweigh
MacDonagh's bony thumb?

How could you dream they'd listen
That have an ear alone
For those new comrades they have found,
Lord Edward and Wolfe Tone,
Or meddle with our give and take,
That converse bone to bone?

EASTER 1916

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our wingèd horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moorhens dive,
And hens to moorcocks call;
Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part

To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild?
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night, but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse –
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

♣ FOUR ASPECTS OF CHANGE*

By Lennox Robinson

I

AN IRISHWOMAN

IT IS HER GRIEF THAT IN HER GRIEF ONE SOURCE OF COMFORT must be forever closed to her.

It is not so with all her race. Two miles away, on the other side of the hill, lives another woman, Irish also, who said last autumn, "I'm proud to have two sons fighting for the Empire – proud!" and who, even after that dark January day, was able to say through her tears, "But I'm prouder than ever."

For her there can be no such comfort.

Since the telegram came she hasn't crossed the hill to see her friend. She would be expected, she knows, to show the same feeling of sad pride; perhaps she would hear her say, "Who dies if England lives?" And then she might suddenly lose her self-control and say cruel, violent things, things she doesn't really mean, things he would have hated her to say.

Not that they two – brother and sister – had wasted their time or energy in hating England; simply, it was seldom in their thoughts. They came of a stock that had always spent itself for Ireland with a lavish hand. Their grandfather had died, worn out, the year after the Famine year, but it proudly shone in the annals of the family that of their three thousand tenants not one had perished from hunger or fever. Their father, in the years of the land trouble, had split up his land among his tenants, reserving for his own use only a couple of hundred acres. The ring of prosperous farms around Cummeen bore witness to his generosity. When, late in life, he married, he sometimes regretted that

*Published as Dark Days, 1918.

lavishness of his early years, but neither his son nor daughter would have cared to have had things different.

The old serving spirit beat up strongly in the young generation. She – for she was many years older than her brother – caught the flame of the Irish renaissance first, but as he grew older she taught him all that it meant to her, this new movement in which poet and peasant were to combine to give their best to their country. He, too, flared to the torch. In vain Canadian cousins held out welcoming hands; he renounced all ideas of a career – splendid though it promised to be – there. It was to be Cummeen, but Cummeen made more perfect than it had ever been before, a Cummeen that would be a model to the country side, a Cummeen that would call for years of hard learning on his part.

She rejoiced in his decision. She could not count it a sacrifice. It meant for her, indeed, some years of loneliness when she must stay on alone in the big house after their father died and before her brother felt competent for the task of re-making Cummeen. But it was loneliness gladly borne, for, even from a distance, he could direct and she could work. It was her pride to follow out his instructions to the minutest detail; to break down the wrong, old-fashioned ideas of the labourers; to prove the new, strange method a success. The country-people used to say she had a "lucky hand" with cattle and crops, but she'd only smile back and say, "Ah, wait till my brother comes home."

He would be back very soon now. After Christmas he could consider himself sufficiently equipped to undertake the management of the place. After Christmas he would be ready to throw all the experience and learning of years at Ireland's service. Those last summer holidays at Cummeen flashed by in a whirl of plans and schemes for the spring.

The War came across their plans like an iceberg sailing suddenly into a sunny bay, freezing and blighting everything. The stupidity of the War, the waste – just when he was ready to get to work.

He raged at the futility of it. He wouldn't – daren't – admit at first that it could be Ireland's quarrel. After a few weeks – still raging – he joined the army.

She felt he was right to go, and perhaps, now that he had gone, she would feel some pride and enthusiasm in the deeds of the

Empire. She ought to, she knew. There were no reasons – except the most far-fetched – why she shouldn't, and yet, week by week, the sufferings, the young lives blotted out, brought her nothing but profound passionate regret.

No ray of patriotism lighted that cloud.

Did such a ray ever shine for him? She hardly could think so. A sentence out of one of his letters comes back to her, "This isn't a man's life; soldiering's supposed to be manly, I can't feel it so – it makes me feel mean. . . . . Thank God, we're bound to go out soon, I couldn't have stood this much longer – lots of us feel this way, I'm sure, but, of course, we daren't admit it – not even to ourselves. . . . . Did I tell you Con Casey is in my company? We were talking of the Tree Field. He has a clever idea for draining the north corner, we must try it when I get back."

His thoughts were always with Cummeen. She commiserated with him being under canvas during the rains of July. He wrote back "I don't matter, but I lie awake thinking of the hay. Whatever happens, don't let the men get slack and discouraged. They must open it out on fine days, even if the weather seems threatening. . . . . Anyway, it's saved the turnips . . . . . how are your flowers?"

She is kneeling in the middle of them, planting-out seedling pinks. He loved pinks, and there was to be a thick border of them next summer. A sudden nausea sweeps over her. The pinks fall from her hands on to the path. She will never grow pinks again nor any other flower. Better to give over the garden to bishop-weed and wild convolvolus. Con Casey never can tell now his scheme for draining the Tree Field. Neither can tell. The hay, after all, was safely saved, but they were not saved.

In the evening light Miskish mountain stands up very large in front of her, seeming to spring out of the end of the garden. A sentence flits back into her mind, "It's a fine rugged place, one headland reminds me of Miskish. Maybe it's the one we'll have to storm. Fancy trying to charge up old Miskish! . . . It's moonlight and so calm to-night, but yesterday the gun-fire was awful. . . . Someone says that to-morrow we're to try Suvla Bay."

Miskish, the Tree Field, Suvla Bay, Chocolate Hill, Con, in-

cessantly the names move through her mind in meaningless procession. She has read and read again the newspapers, trying to piece together the accounts and discern just where he fell; read of the Maori, the Australian and the Sepoy found dead on the crest of the hill; tried to thrill at that symbol of Empire and link it to the glorious bravery of the Irish regiments; tried to get some sort of pride that will relieve this awful agony that tears at her heart. In vain. Like the pinks scattered on the path they lie, Con Casey, her brother, the flower of Ireland cut down on that harsh shore. Other countries, she feels, can well afford to throw away some young lives to prove their manhood, but her country – Ireland? Clinging, as it seems to her, desperately to a cliff face, slipping every year a little nearer extinction, can it afford a single young life? "For us there comes no second spring." All those long years of preparation to end like this, Cummeen empty, the pinks dying on the path, the Tree Field undrained, the plans untried. And with all this grief and loss no throb of kinship with England's Empire, no beat of pride for the cause for which he died.

August, 1915.

II

A SINN FEINER

ONE SPRING DAY EIGHT, OR PERHAPS NINE, YEARS AGO, walking down the village street, the contents bill of a newspaper caught his eye. The title was not entirely unfamiliar to him; even in the columns of the Unionist papers, which were the only journals he saw, from time to time a sentence of careless scorn had been thrown at something called "Sinn Fein," but what exactly those mysterious words stood for (he knew no Gaelic) he had only the vaguest idea. So he went into the little shop and asked for a copy of the paper. The woman behind the counter could not supply it, had never had a copy, the contents bill had been sent down as wrapping paper by the Dublin newsagent, but, of course, if he wished, she would order it for him. He did wish it, and from that time onward read it weekly.

He was young then, little more than a boy. He came of Unionist parents, and the difference between his opinions and

theirs – afterwards so great – was then only shyly beginning to appear. God knows what vagrant wind sowed that strange seed in his heart, but the little paper with the queer name fostered its growth. Perhaps big things had always – in a sense – oppressed him, and he turned in relief from the big city to the village, from limitless tracts of country to local places well known, from the vast, world-flung British Empire to tiny Ireland. Whatever the reason he quickly grew to believe (in his young, ignorant way) that it was possible that Providence had not strangely unfitted Ireland to govern herself, that she even might some day exist as an independent nation, but this last was a dream too vague and vaporous to be spoken of, other things lay nearer at hand and must come first.

The other things were, often, mundane enough. There was, for instance, besides the newly-found poetry of Ireland the newly-found Irish tweed. A descent to bathos possibly, yet in a country so fruitful in religious orders it was not difficult to connect the clothing of the body with a dedication of life and mind, nor is it an exaggeration to say that with the donning of that tweed a certain conscious act of dedication had taken place (oh, not priggishly, he hoped, rather shyly and secretly), and that for the future he lived for something bigger and better than himself.

He has never once regretted that act of dedication, never tried to free himself from those vows. Religion – in the ordinary sense – as he grew older receded farther from him, it touched him less and less, and, knowing his own weakness, he is glad of that image he raised (false god though many may call it), he knows it has kept him cleaner, straighter, truer.

His work – not unconnected with that image – did not, in his opinion, allow him to join himself with any political organisation. He regretted this. It cut him off from his fellow-worshippers, and even, years later, when his work changed and left him more free, a tangle of circumstances still kept him apart. But their image, their dream was his too, and as, month by month, he saw his country grow more confused, unguided, unhelped, groping like a sick man in a darkened room, he rejoiced at the strong body of independent criticism that was rising up under the name of Sinn Fein.

The body of Sinn Feiners swept past him in an eager troop. He stood on the fringe of the crowd and lifted his hat to them. They were the youngest, the cleanest, the best of the country. . . . They swept past him, their rifles flashing in the sun. He followed them in his heart.

But only in his heart. And there lies the peculiar ache that he feels now, there is the pain-point, that so many he knew and honoured have fought, lost all for the dream's sake, died – while he has stood aloof. Aloof not altogether because of circumstances, aloof also because he believes them to have been madly mistaken, because he believes they have done to death the thing they and he loved. But the image of Pearse – most gentle of men – risking everything, fighting, wounded, court-martialled, shot, drives him to search his own heart in terror for some weakness that has preserved him safe without risk or loss.

He would be prouder and happier to-day could he count Pearse and the others as his comrades. Passed away for ever now are those words of scorn – "Gun-shy ganders," "Fine Sunday afternoon soldiers"; be their cause good or ill, they fought a hopeless fight with tenacity and high courage, and regular soldiers, without hesitation, spoke comparatively of Loos and Gallipoli. And they fought cleanly and with order, without excesses, without drunkenness. He was not mistaken in his estimation of those bright, marching lads. He raised his hat with a cheer as they passed; he raises it now, with sad reverence, standing by their graves.

May, 1916.

III

A CRAZY MAN

It was on the bridge I met him. I had stopped for a minute, and, leaning over the parapet, was listening through the dusk to the trout rising when I heard a stumbling step on the gravel below me. A figure emerged from the dark of the arches; after a moment I recognised it – it was McGowan, the crazy schoolmaster.

A minute later he had climbed the wall and was beside me on the road. I wished him good evening.

My voice coming out of the dusk startled him so violently that the water splashed out of his little tin pail. But he recovered himself, named my name, and remarked on the fineness of the evening. A few years ago, with other boys, I had delighted in tormenting him; now I was old enough to get amusement from his crazy talk, and I offered him my tobacco pouch. He took it eagerly, put down his can, and filled his pipe with quick, nervous fingers.

"Terrible doings up in Dublin," I said.

"That's so."

"The loss of life was terrible."

"There's a lot of fine fellows gone," he said.

"And beautiful houses destroyed. I'm told Sackville Street would make you cry to look at it."

"I believe you," he answered. "I met a lad yesterday was telling me with tears in his eyes of a splendid building where he used to get his dinner every day that's burned and gone."

"That would be the D.B.C." I interposed.

"Maybe. By his account it was one of the noblest buildings in the world. I suppose Greece and Rome have nothing to show so fine."

I peered at him trying to find out if he was joking or in earnest.

"I'd hardly go that far," I said. "Still, it was a fine building."

"That's what he told me. And a moving-picture house gone and a music-hall – terrible – terrible – it's a crime against civilisation."

"It was indeed; and Nelson's nose shot off."

"I didn't hear of that," he said with a wondering look. "And what was Nelson doing in Dublin, anyhow?"

"He was standing on a pillar. He's been there for years and years."

"Wisha, God help him, the poor man," he murmured with deep compassion.

"Here things were quiet enough, thank God," I said after waiting for him to forget Nelson.

"The lads round here," he observed as soon as his pipe was

drawing well "have no spirit at all. I saw that myself the time I was teaching them. That's what sickened me of it. They're for playing the safe game all the time – passing examinations – examinations, moyah! – getting a soft job. 'What matter if the money's small,' they'd say to me, 'we're safe, anyway, and there's a pension at the end of all.' Wouldn't they sicken you? Redmond's like that playing the safe game all the time, and the rest of the politicians the same way."

"Well, you can't accuse Ulster and Carson of playing the safe game."

"I do then. They were afraid under Home Rule maybe they wouldn't get their b——— five shillings a week. Those Ulster boys are great grabbers. It was different with them in the old days."

"Maybe, after all, they're right. Look round the country, how prosperous it is. Who's to say will it be the same thing ten years after Home Rule."

"You're right. Who's to say, indeed. When I was a young boy growing up the Ireland we dreamed of was a young girl walking free over the mountains; since then she's turned into a farm, bought out under the Wyndham Act, clean, well-ordered, with a proper proportion of tillage, no weeds, and worked according to the plans of the I.A.O.S."

"Isn't it a better thing to live for Ireland than to die for her? It's easier to die."

"You're talking now like an omadhaun. You talk as if it was a country of suicides, as if we were offering up every year twenty or thirty young men on the altar of patriotism. Let me tell you something. . . ." He clutched my arm and brought his face close to mine. "That altar was pulled down years ago . . . years and years ago . . . they took the stone away to build a cattle shed . . . the careful fools. . . ." He dropped my arm and turned away with a gust of crazy laughter.

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
She's with O'Leary in the grave!"

I quoted softly.

He swung round quickly.

"Who said that?"

"An Irish poet a couple of years ago."

"He was right. That lad knew what he was talking about like all the poets. But, God be praised, he couldn't say the same thing to-day."

"Do you mean to say that you're glad of all this?" I demanded.

"The destruction, the suffering, the innocent dead, the tears, the bitterness?"

"When they'd pulled down the altar the spirit wandered about homeless, in the dark night. There was no lodging anywhere, no rest for its foot except in the heart of a crazy man the like of me, until it found pure, young hearts——"

"And what good have those young, pure hearts done?" I interrupted. "Mind you, I don't deny their high motives. But what have they to show for them? Nothing, nothing at all."

"Nothing at all?" he laughed incredulously. "Meet me on this bridge a year from to-night and you'll talk different."

"But the waste, the ——"

With his foot he overturned his pail of water.

"Will you go for to say that water is wasted? Suppose I'm God Almighty, and I've thrown that there, will you dare tell Me I'd have done better with it watering cabbage plants? . . . Suppose I've power to gather that water into my little tin again, will you bid me do it? Suppose I can bring those lads back again, undo the work they did, clap the nose back on Nelson, build up your grand street, wipe away the tears, give the dead sons back to their mothers, dare you tell me do it? Are you so rich in patriotism after all, are your pockets so bursting with self-sacrifice, love of country, devotion to Ireland that you can do without this love and patriotism? Suppose Pearse stood before you the way I'm standing this minute – you knew him and you know Ireland – dare you tell him he's better living than dead? Would you bring him back from the grave, undo his mad work, put him writing papers in an office, give him a pension when he's old and grey, and say the country's the better for it? Would you – would you – would you?"

I shrank from his clutching hand, his face with its mad, gleaming eyes.

"God knows I wouldn't," I said.

He picked up his little can and stumbled down to the river. As he went I heard him muttering something about careful fools and an altar that had been made into a cow shed.

May, 1916.

IV.

"IN SILENCE AND TEARS"

THERE COMES A TIME, PERHAPS, TO EVERY FIGHTER WHEN, from sheer weariness, he ceases to be bitter, when blow after blow is received with a kind of numbed calm, a time when he is able to look at his foe dispassionately, almost without hatred, and, in this dispassionate look, realise more completely than he has ever done before the undying enmity there is between them.

I suppose, in England, the murder of Captain Fryatt has had something of this effect; certainly, I believe, that the comparative calmness with which the news of the execution of Roger Casement has been received in Ireland means that the struggle between England and Ireland has reached that stage, when mercy is no longer looked for and nothing is left but to go on with the grim, unequal fight.

Perhaps it is better so. Better for us to realise at last by naked deeds that between a certain small section of the English people and Ireland the state of war that has lasted for seven hundred years still exists, that mercy will be neither given nor expected. If Roger Casement had been reprieved, we, in Ireland, might have misunderstood that gracious act as we have misunderstood so often before. I hope we are learning at last to bear these blows as they should be borne – proudly, in silence, or (for some of us) in tears.

The truth is we have whimpered too much, struck a blow, and then cried out with horror at English brutality when the blow was returned with all the added weight of England's fist. Dublin, at this moment, seethes with stories of horror, of the condemned man who was refused cold water to wash his face a quarter of an hour before he was shot, of the long grave at Arbour

Hill that was dug *before* the courtsmartial, of the detention camps. It is time we stopped whimpering about these things. John O'Leary would always refuse to speak of his sufferings in prison. "I was in the hands of my enemy," he would say proudly.

Roger Casement's execution has closed the campaign of 1916. England has won hands down, as she was bound to do, but it is wise to recollect that Ireland was fighting against something more dangerous than England, she was fighting her own mean, huckstering spirit. And now that the campaign is over, the dead counted and the graves closed, looking round with tired eyes it is possible to reckon up our gains and losses.

One thing at least stands out clearly; the Sinn Fein Rising is the biggest moving force in Ireland since the Young Ireland movement of the 'forties. Everything in Ireland now has either taken place "Before Easter Week" or "After Easter Week," it marks the great cleavage, it commences the new epoch. Right down to the heart of Irish nationality it cut, and two generations to come will continue to feel the piercing terror of that sword-thrust. If the Rising had failed through cowardice or inertia the flame of Irish nationality would have sunk to a flicker, it blazes up to-day because in spite of its wild futility it was never ignoble.

Yet, in calling it futile, we join the ranks of the hucksters. Calvary, too, was futile.

Into a landlocked, brackish pool a great ocean breaker sweeps. It comes in flecked with sea-foam, strong with brine, with a rough power which tears the seaweed from the rocks and hurts, for a moment, all the fragile life of the pool. But the water grows still again, the damage is repaired or forgotten, and life there goes on a thousand times richer and more vigorous for the great wave's breaking. And, in Ireland, old faded brackish things have become new, words, which had once been vital, had grown stale and thumbed – suddenly, they are fresh again. . . . Not many nights ago I attended a play in Dublin. It was held in a hall not a stone's throw from one of those houses about which hangs one of the ugliest stories of murdered civilians, the play was in aid of the wife and child of a man who has gone to prison for many years, and of those concerned in the play there was not one who had not lost relation or friend. The play was one of Boucicault's

tritest, but it happens that in the middle of it "The Wearing of the Green" is sung.

Four months ago that was a faded song but, since then, the wave has broken over the pool, and sung now, very slowly, with tremendous intensity, it rose to life full of terrible meaning. As the whole audience joined in the singing of the dirge-like refrain – "For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green" – the old feeling of the unreality of the words vanished, and I saw – as I believe everyone in the hall saw – the long grave at Arbour Hill, Roger Casement lying between the malefactors, and ——. Hush! Let there be silence – or tears.

August, 1916.

♣ THREE POEMS

By Francis Ledwidge and James Stephens

THOMAS McDONAGH

He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

Nor shall he know when loud March blows
Thro' slanting snows her fanfare shrill,
Blowing to flame the golden cup
Of many an upset daffodil.

But when the Dark Cow leaves the moor,
And pastures poor with greedy weeds,
Perhaps he'll hear her low at morn
Lifting her horn in pleasant meads.

THE BLACKBIRDS

I heard the Poor Old Woman say:
"At break of day the fowler came,
And took my blackbirds from their songs
Who loved me well thro' shame and blame.

No more from lovely distances
Their songs shall bless me mile by mile,
Nor to white Ashbourne call me down
To wear my crown another while.

With bended flowers the angels mark
For the skylark the place they lie,
From there its little family
Shall dip their wings first in the sky.

And when the first surprise of flight
Sweet songs excite, from the far dawn
Shall there come blackbirds loud with love,
Sweet echoes of the singers gone.

But in the lonely hush of eve
Weeping I grieve the silent bills."
I heard the Poor Old Woman say
In Derry of the little hills.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

SPRING
1916

I

Do not forget my charge, I beg of you;
That of what flowers you find, of fairest hue
And sweetest odour, you do gather those
Are best of all the best –

A fragrant rose;
A tall calm lily from the waterside;
A half-blown poppy hanging at the side
Its head of dream,
Dreaming among the corn:
Forget-me-nots, that seem
As though the morn
Had tumbled down, and grew into the clay;
And buds that sway,
And swing along the way,
Easing the hearts of those who pass them by
Until they find contentment –

Do not cry!
But gather buds! And, with them, greenery
Of slender branches taken from a tree
Well bannered by the Spring that saw them fall:

And you, for you are cleverest of all,
Who have slim fingers and are pitiful!
Brimming your lap with bloom that you may cull,
Will sit apart, and weave for every head
A garland of the flowers you gatheréd.

II

Be green upon their graves, O happy Spring!
For they were young and eager who are dead!
Of all things that are young, and quivering
With eager life, be they rememberéd!
They move not here! They have gone to the clay!
They cannot die again for liberty!
Be they remembered of their land for aye!
Green be their graves, and green their memory!

Fragrance and beauty come in with the green!
The ragged bushes put on sweet attire!
The birds forget how chill these airs have been!
The clouds bloom out again in limpid fire!
Blue dawns the day! Blue calm lies on the lake,
And merry sounds are fitful in the thorn!
In covert green the young blackbirds awake;
They shake their wings, and sing upon the morn.

At springing of the year you came and swung
Green flags above the newly-greening earth;
Scarce were the leaves unfolded, they were young,
Nor had outgrown the wrinkles of their birth:
Comrades they thought you of their pleasant hour,
Who had but glimpsed the sun when they saw you!
Who heard your song ere birds had singing power,
And drank your blood or e'er they drank the dew.

Then you went down! And then, and as in pain,
The Spring, affrighted, fled her leafy ways!
The clouds came to the earth in gusty rain!
And no sun shone again for many days!
And day by day they told that one was dead!
And day by day the season mourned for you!
Until that count of woe was finishéd,
And Spring remembered all was yet to do!

She came with mirth of wind and eager leaf;
With scampering feet and reaching out of wings;
She laughed among the boughs and banished grief,
And cared again for all her baby things:
Leading along the joy that has to be!
Bidding her timid buds think on the May!
And told, that Summer comes – with victory!
And told the hope that is all creatures' stay.

Go, Winter, now unto your own abode,
Your time is done, and Spring is conqueror!
Lift up with all your gear and take your road!
For she is here, and brings the sun with her!
Now are we born again, and now are we,
– Wintered so long beneath an icy hand! –
New-risen into life and liberty,
Because the Spring is come into our land!

III

In other lands they may,
With public joy or dole along the way,
With pomp and pageantry and loud lament
Of drums and trumpets; or with merriment
Of grateful hearts, lead into rest and stead
The nation's dead.

If we had drums and trumpets! If we had
Aught of heroic pitch, or accent glad,
To honour you – as bids tradition old –

With banners flung, or draped in mournful fold,
And pacing cortège! These should we not bring
For your last journeying!

We have no drums or trumpets! Naught have we,
But some green branches taken from a tree,
And flowers that grow at large in mead and vale!

Nothing of choice have we! Nor of avail
To do you honour, as our honour deems,
And as your worth beseems!

Wait, drums and trumpets, yet a little time!
All ends, and all begins! And there is chime
At last where discord was! And joy, at last,

Where woe wept out her eyes! Be not downcast!
Here is prosperity and goodly cheer,
For life does follow death! And death is here!

IV

Joy be with us, and honour close the tale!
Now do we dip the prow, and shake the sail,
And take the wind, and bid adieu to rest!

With gladness now we re-begin the quest
That destiny commands! Though where we go
Or guided by what star, no man doth know!

Unchartered is our course! Our hearts untried!
And we may weary ere we take the tide,
Or make fair haven from the moaning sea.

Be ye propitious, winds of destiny!
On us at first blow not too boisterous bold!
All Ireland hath is packed into this hold!

Her hopes fly at the peak! Now it is dawn
And we away – Be with us, Manandn!

James Stephens

♣ NEWS IN EXILE

*Mary Colum in New York**

THEN, ONE MORNING, WE WENT DOWN TO BREAKFAST and, picking up the newspaper laid at our place, saw that what we knew was going to happen had happened – the Irish once more had taken up arms in a fight for independence; the leaders had seized government buildings and railway stations; the fight was on, the fight that Pearse and others had so often spoken of, similar to those our ancestors had vainly engaged in. The names of the leaders stared out at us from the paper, the young men I had worked with, had danced with, had read poetry with – Padraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Willie Pearse, Joseph Plunkett; older people we knew well – Countess Markeivicz, Roger Casement, The O'Rahilly, Eamon De Valera. I felt the eyes of the room on us. Tremblingly I looked up; everybody seemed to be talking of the happening; the Lebedeffs alone were sympathetic; the French were disapproving if not entirely inimical; the South Americans, all from countries in a perpetual state of revolution, were angrily hostile, and a Señor Savaadra expressed himself in violent language; M. Froissard delivered himself of an oration – while France was fighting for her life, why should the Irish, who had fought for her at Fontenoy, now go into rebellion and play into the hands of her enemies? What horrified him above all was that some of the people revolting were *gens de titre*. His sense of the fitting was outraged – *le peuple* revolted, but not *la noblesse – les gens de titre*. Hearing the inimical voices around me, I had difficulty in restraining my tears. "Do you know these people?" someone asked. "They are our friends." "But how imprudent they are!" said the French munitions buyer gravely. "How imprudent! For England will either shoot

**From* Life and the Dream, *1928*.

them or give them life imprisonment." I thought of how Pearse used to say laughingly, "Prudence is the only vice." Caution, self-preservation, timidity, fear – they are all vices. M. Froissard's telephone began to ring; the newspapers were asking my husband questions about the leaders of the revolt. We went out and walked the streets and bought other papers, of which New York had then many more than now. The accounts were frequently inimical during the week the leaders held out, and even contemptuous. One correspondent described the insurrection as an *opéra bouffe* affair in which schoolmasters got themselves up in high decorated boots and fancy uniforms. Without being sympathetic the correspondents could have been disinterested, but some of them seemed to be either unwilling or unable to get the facts. Many of the reports showed a grave concern, for though America was not yet in it, the war was supposed to be fought for the freedom of small nationalities. However much in theory people believe in fighting for freedom, when it comes to action a great many can find reasons for not allowing one or another nationality to have its own way.

I paid but little attention to the friends who kept saying to us, "It is all foolish and reckless, for of course they cannot win", I knew perfectly well the leaders did not believe they could win against the might of England, but I knew also that they thought of their action as symbolic and that it would in the end have a psychic victory. "This country will be one entire slum unless we get into action," MacDonagh had said, "in spite of our literary movements and Gaelic Leagues it is going down and down. There's no life or heart in the country." The sequel to the rebellion came soon. British battleships bombarded Dublin, British forces went into action, and the leaders surrendered. Boatloads of their followers were sent to prison in England. On a May morning, a fair sunny day, as I got off the subway at Grand Central on my way to see Mrs. Moody, who had come to New York, I saw the headlines of the early afternoon papers. Pearse, MacDonagh, and Clarke executed. I must have sat for long in the waiting room in a dream or a semicoma, for when I looked at the station clock it was late in the afternoon and I saw my husband standing in front of me. Day by day the roll of the executed continued, a

few each day – Joseph Plunkett, Count Plunkett's son, a delicate idealistic poet boy, John MacBride, Maud Gonne's husband, who had been in so many fights that when they wanted to bandage his eyes before he faced the firing squad he waved them aside with the remark, "I have looked down the barrel of a gun too often to bother about one now". There was the strong labour leader and organizer, James Connolly, who was shot seated because he could not stand on account of his wounds; there were the others, all those who had signed the proclamation or who had led battalions.

One, Roger Casement, was not taken in arms but captured after he came off a German submarine, for he had gone to Germany to get aid for the rebellion, as other Irish leaders had gone to other countries for aid in other rebellions. He was held in prison in London, and his trial was so dramatic that the war news seemed secondary. The lawyer who defended him, fittingly enough, was George Gavan Duffy, the brother of my friend Louise, who had taught with me in Pearse's school, and the son of the famous leader, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Dramatic were the accounts of Casement's standing in the dock, on trial for treason. "It is impossible for a man to commit treason against a country to which he does not belong. I am an Irishman; not an Englishman. If I am to be tried for treason it should be by my own countrymen." The New York *Evening Post*, commenting on the tragic dignity of his utterance, said that both the language and the trial was Shakespearean; it quoted a line Casement said in defence of one who was captured with him, as Elizabethan in its drama, "The indictment is wrongly drawn, my lords; the man is innocent". The trial dragged on. Then one August morning early a newspaper telephoned us, "Casement was hanged this morning". That was the last of the executions, and with it some part of our youth ended. Our generation in Ireland, or what remained of it, seemed to be like survivals of a past after this. The work they had set for themselves was by no means completed, but it was well on the way, and there could be no going back on it.

The effect of the revolt and the executions on American Irish and even on other Americans was activating: they started to

organize; formidable associations and leagues came into being; at that time there were many more outstanding Irish-Americans than now in public life – Dr. Emmett, Judge Goff, Judge Cohalan, Frank P. Walsh, John D. Ryan, Nicholas Brady, and a great many Irish journalists in many American cities. There was a national organization called the Friends of Irish Freedom, headed by the composer, Victor Herbert, the grandson of the Irish novelist, Samuel Lover; there was the young people's association called the Irish Progressive League; there were other societies with strange names – the Protestant Friends of Irish Freedom, which included a clergyman who became an archimandrite in the Russian Orthodox Church. The present head of the Iranian Institute, Dr. Upham Pope, was also one of the Protestant Friends. There were other organizations with figures more comic than useful, stage Irishmen and Irishwomen; then there were idealists of the purest kind who in the interest of freedom worked themselves to death. There were politicians whose chief interest in the cause was to catch votes. Up high on the roll of idealistic workers were such men as Oswald Garrison Villard, William Allen White, Norman Thomas. When the war was over they organized a deputation to the Peace Conference, they interviewed President Wilson, they got Congress to pass a resolution, and not only in America but all over the world people helped. Long as it takes to upset the policy of an empire, it was only about five years after the young men revolted before old men and women, lining the streets at O'Connell Bridge, saw the British army of occupation march away to the boats at Kingstown, then become Dunleary. They saw the Union Jack taken down from government buildings and, miracle of miracles, the flag of the Irish revolution hoisted over the oldest English stronghold in Ireland, Dublin Castle, where so many Irishmen had rotted away in captivity. The long fight was almost over. There was a setback during the civil war: for England still held six Ulster counties as a foothold; but the old hatreds were dying. Irishmen began the job of governing themselves, and with this, for all the setbacks, a fresh epoch in Irish history began. That they withdrew from the rest of the world to work out their problems was, I believe, right. Yeats had prophesied that, in the struggle he saw

approaching, Ireland would be saved. But he bade the poets to be mindful of their heritage and write of their country:

> *Cast your mind on other days*
> *That we in coming days may be*
> *Still the indomitable Irishry.*

☘ POSTSCRIPTS

I

By George Bernard Shaw

THE SEQUEL TO THESE EVENTS CONFIRMED MY UNHEEDED warning with a sanguinary completeness of which I had no prevision. At Easter 1916 a handful of Irishmen seized the Dublin Post Office and proclaimed an Irish Republic, with one of their number, a schoolmaster named Pearse, as President. If all Ireland had risen at this gesture it would have been a serious matter for England, then up to her neck in the war against the Central Empires. But there was no response: the gesture was a complete failure. All that was necessary was to blockade the Post Office until its microcosmic republic was starved out and made ridiculous. What actually happened would be incredible if there were not so many living witnesses of it. From a battery planted at Trinity College (the Irish equivalent of Oxford University), and from a warship in the river Liffey, a bombardment was poured on the centre of the city which reduced more than a square mile of it to such a condition that when, in the following year, I was taken through Arras and Ypres to shew me what the German artillery had done to these cities in two and a half years, I laughed and said, "You should see what the British artillery did to my native city in a week." It would not be true to say that not one stone was left upon another; for the marksmanship was so bad that the Post Office itself was left standing amid a waste of rubbish heaps; and enough scraps of wall were left for the British Army, which needed recruits, to cover with appeals to the Irish to remember Belgium lest the fate of Louvain should befall their own hearths and homes.

Having thus worked up a harebrained romantic adventure into

a heroic episode in the struggle for Irish freedom, the victorious artillerists proceeded to kill their prisoners of war in a drawn-out string of executions. Those who were executed accordingly became not only national heroes, but the martyrs whose blood was the seed of the present Irish Free State. Among those who escaped was its first President. Nothing more blindly savage, stupid, and terror-mad could have been devised by England's worst enemies. It was a very characteristic example of the mentality produced by the conventional gentleman-militarist education at Marlborough and Sandhurst and the conventional gentleman-diplomatist education at Eton and Oxford, Harrow and Cambridge. Is it surprising that the Russian Soviet Government, though fanatically credulous as to the need for popular education, absolutely refused to employ as teachers anyone who had been touched by the equivalent public school and university routine in Russia, and stuck to its resolution even at the cost of carrying on for some years with teachers who were hardly a day ahead of their pupils?

But the Post Office episode was eclipsed by an event which was much more than an episode, as it shattered the whole case for parliamentary government throughout the world. The Irish Nationalists, after thirty years of constitutional procedure in the British Parliament, had carried an Act to establish Irish Home Rule, as it was then called, which duly received the royal assent and became a statute of the realm. Immediately the British officers on service in Ireland mutinied, refusing to enforce the Act or operate against the northern Orangemen who were openly arming themselves to resist it. They were assured of support by their fellow-officers at home. The Act was suspended after prominent English statesmen had taken part in the military manoeuvres of the Orangemen. The Prime Minister publicly pledged himself that Belfast, the Orange capital, would not in any case be coerced. In short, the Act was shelved under a threat of civil war; and the Clan na Gael, which in America had steadfastly maintained that the constitutional movement was useless, as England would in the last resort repudiate the constitution and hold Ireland against the Irish by physical force, and had been rebuked, lectured, and repudiated by the parliamentary Home Rulers for a whole generation for saying so, was justified. The

Catholic Irish accordingly armed themselves and drilled as Volunteers in spite of the hostility of the Government, which meanwhile gave every possible assistance to the parallel preparations of the Orangemen. An Irish parliament (or Dail) sat in Dublin and claimed to be the national government. Irish courts were set up for the administration of Irish justice; Irish order was kept by Irish police; Irish taxes were collected by Irish officials; and British courts were boycotted. Upon this interesting but hopeless attempt to ignore British rule the Government let loose a specially recruited force (known to history as the Black and Tans) with *carte blanche* to kill, burn, and destroy, save only that they must stop short of rapine. They wrecked the Irish courts and produced a state of anarchy. They struck at the Irish through the popular co-operative stores and creameries, which they burnt. The people found a civil leader in Arthur Griffiths and a military one in Michael Collins. The Black and Tans had the British Government at their back: Collins had the people at his back. He threatened that for every creamery or co-operative store or cabin or cottage burnt by the Black and Tans he would burn two country houses of the Protestant gentry. The country houses that were not burnt were raided at night and laid under contribution for needed supplied. If the occupants reported the raid, the house was burnt. The Black and Tans and the ordinary constabulary were treated as enemies in uniform: that is, they were shot at sight and their stations burnt; or they were ambushed and killed in petty battles. Those who gave warnings or information of any helpful kind to them were mercilessly executed without privilege of sex or benefit of clergy. Collins, with allies in every street and hamlet, proved able to carry out his threat. He won the crown of the Reign of Terror; and the position of the Protestant gentry became unbearable.

Thus by fire and bullet, murder and torture and devastation, a situation was produced in which the British Government had either to capitulate at the cost of a far more complete concession of self-government to Ireland than that decreed by the repudiated Home Rule Act, or to let loose the military strength of England in a Cromwellian reconquest, massacre, and replantation which it knew that public opinion in England and America would not

tolerate; for some of the most conspicuous English champions of Ulster warned the Government that they could stand no more of the Black and Tan terrorism. And so we settled the Irish Question, not as civilized and reasonable men should have settled it, but as dogs settle a dispute over a bone.

from *Prefaces.*

II

By Frank O'Connor

In April 1916 a handful of Irishmen took over the city of Dublin and were finally surrounded and overwhelmed by British troops with artillery. The daily papers showed Dublin as they showed Belgian cities destroyed by the Germans, as smoking ruins inhabited by men with rifles and machine guns. At first my only reaction was horror that Irishmen could commit such a crime against England. I was sure that phase had ended with the Boer War in which Father had fought, because one of his favourite songs said so:

You used to call us traitors because
of agitators,
But you can't call us traitors now.

But the English were calling us traitors again, and they seemed to be right. It was a difficult situation for a boy of twelve with no spiritual homeland but that of the English public schools, and no real friends but those imaginary friends he knew there. I had defended their code of honour with nothing to support me but faith, and now, even if the miracle happened and Big Tim Fahy returned from Chicago with bags of money and sent me to school in England, I should be looked on with distrust – almost, God help me, as if I were a German who said *Donner und Blitzen,* which was what all Germans said.

The English shot the first batch of Irish leaders, and this was a worse shock, for the newspapers said – the pro-British ones with a sneer – that several of them had been poets, and I was in favour of poets. One of them, Patrick Pearse, on the night before

his execution had written some poems, one of them to his mother – which showed him a man of nice feeling – and another, which contained lines I still remember:

The beauty of this world hath made me sad –
This beauty that will pass.
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy
To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,
Or a red ladybird upon a stalk . . .

What made it worse was the most of his poetry had been written in Irish, the language I had abandoned in favour of Flemish. And Corkery, who had introduced me to Irish, I had not seen for years. But I still had an old primer that had been thrown into a corner, and I started trying to re-learn all that I had forgotten. A revolution had begun in Ireland, but it was nothing to the revolution that had begun in me. It is only in the imagination that the great tragedies take place, and I had only my imagination to live in.

. . . . . .

Once again I was without a job. Like the old men whose landladies and daughters-in-law turned them out in the mornings, I made the Public Library my headquarters, and continued to read through the advertisements for a smart boy, though I realized that I was ceasing to be a boy and would probably never be smart. Then I went out and wandered aimlessly about the town in hope of meeting someone who would talk to me, and even maybe give me a cigarette. It was a dreary existence, because Father kept on asking what I was going to do with myself, and I had no notion. It was no use telling him that eventually I hoped to find a job that would suit my peculiar brand of education or meet some rich girl who would recognize my talents and keep me in decent comfort till I established myself. She didn't have to be *very* rich; my needs were simple; only a trousers without a patch on the seat of it, so that I could be seen with her without embarrassment, and an occasional packet of cigarettes. Father, having returned from the War with a disability pension to add to his service pension, was past arguing with – a man who had really set himself up for life!

It was a period of political unrest, and, in a way, this was a relief, because it acted as a safety valve for my own angry emotions. Indeed, it would be truer to say that the Irish nation and myself were both engaged in an elaborate process of improvisation. I was improvising an education I could not afford, and the country was improvising a revolution it could not afford. In 1916 it had risen to a small, real revolution with uniforms and rifles, but the English had brought up artillery that had blown the centre of Dublin flat, and shot down the men in uniform. It was all very like myself and the Christian Brothers. After that, the country had to content itself with a make-believe revolution, and I had to content myself with a make-believe education, and the curious thing is that it was the make-believe that succeeded.

The elected representatives of the Irish people (those who managed to stay out of gaol) elected what they called a government, with a Ministry of Foreign Affairs that tried in vain to get Woodrow Wilson to see it, a Ministry of Finance that exacted five or ten pounds from small shop-keepers who could ill afford it, a Ministry of Defence that tried to buy old-fashioned weapons at outrageous prices from shady characters, and a Ministry of Home Affairs that established courts of justice with part-time Volunteer policemen and no gaols at all.

It all began innocently enough. People took to attending Gaelic League concerts at which performers sang "She Is Far from the Land", recited "Let Me Carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord", or played "The Fox Chase" on the elbow pipes, and armed police broke them up. I remember one that I attended in the town park. When I arrived, the park was already occupied by police, so after a while the crowd began to drift away towards the open country up the river. A mile or so up it re-assembled on the river-bank, but by this time most of the artistes had disappeared. Somebody who knew me asked for a song. At fourteen or fifteen I was delighted by the honour and tried to sing in Irish a seventeenth-century outlaw song about "Sean O'Dwyer of the Valley". I broke down after the first verse – I always did break down whenever I had to make any sort of public appearance because the contrast between what was going on in my head and what was going on in the real world was too

much for me – but it didn't matter much. At any moment the police might appear, and this time there could be real bloodshed. It was sheer obstinacy that had driven respectable people to walk miles just to attend a concert they were not very interested in, and they paid their sixpences and went home, rightly feeling that they were the real performers.

It was the same at Mass on Sunday. The bishop, Daniel Coholan – locally known as "Danny Boy" – was a bitter enemy of all this pretence, and every Sunday we had to be ready for a diatribe at Mass. It was as upsetting as discovering that the Invisible Presences still regarded us as traitors, for, though I knew that Ellen Farrell and her husband had defied the Church in Parnell's day, I had had no expectation of ever having to do so. The priest would turn on the altar or ascend the pulpit and start the familiar rigmarole about "defiance of lawful government", and some young man would rise from his seat and move into the nave, genuflect and leave the church. Suddenly every eye would be turned on him, and even the priest would fall silent and wait for the interruption to end. Then there would be a shuffling of feet in one of the aisles, and a girl would rise, genuflect and leave as well. Sometimes this went on for minutes till a considerable group had left. They stood and talked earnestly in the chapel yard, all of them declared rebels, some perhaps marked down for assassination, till the priest finished his harangue and they went back. Naturally, I always joined them, hoping for a nod or a smile from one of them.

It was childish, of course, but so was everything else about the period, like the little grocery shop you saw being re-painted and the name on the fascia board changed from "J. Murphy" to "Sean O'Murchadha". One can still almost date that generation by its Liams, Seans, and Peadars. I suspect that in those few years more books were published in Ireland than in any succeeding twenty years. Not good books, God knows, any more than the little papers that kept on appearing and being suppressed were good papers. But they expressed the mind of the time. One paper I still remember fondly because it proposed that English as a "secondary" language be dropped in favour of French. In those days it struck me as an excellent idea. The impossible, and only

the impossible, was law. It was in one way a perfect background for someone like myself who had only the impossible to hope for.

Then the real world began to catch up with the fantasy. The Lord Mayor, Thomas MacCurtain, was murdered by English police in his own home before the eyes of his wife; another Lord Mayor, Terence MacSwiney, was elected in his place and promptly arrested. He went on hunger strike and died in Brixton Gaol. Mother and I were among those who filed past his coffin as he lay in state in the City Hall in his volunteer uniform; the long, dark, masochistic face I had seen only a few months before as he chatted with Corkery by the New Bridge. Years later I talked with a little country shop-keeper from North Cork who had organized a company of Volunteers in his home town, and been so overawed by the tall, dark young man who cycled out from the city to inspect them that he was too shy to ask where MacSwiney was spending the night. Long after, cycling home himself, he saw someone lying in a field by the roadside, and, getting off, found MacSwiney asleep in the wet grass with nothing but an old raincoat round him. That vision of MacSwiney had haunted him through the years of disillusionment.

Curfew was imposed, first at ten, then at five in the afternoon. The bishop excommunicated everyone who supported the use of physical force, but it went on just the same. One night shots were fired on our road and a lorry halted at the top of the square. An English voice kept on screaming hysterically "Oh, my back! my back!" but no one could go out through the wild shooting of panick-stricken men. Soon afterwards the military came in force, and from our back door we saw a red glare mount over the valley of the city. For hours Father, Mother, and I took turns at standing on a chair in the attic, listening to the shooting and watching the whole heart of the city burn. Father was the most upset of us, for he was full of local pride, and ready to take on any misguided foreigner or Dublin jackeen who was not prepared to admit the superiority of Cork over all other cities. Next morning, when I wandered among the ruins, it was not the business district or the municipal buildings that I mourned for, but the handsome red-brick library that had been so much a part of my life from the time when as a small boy I brought back my

first Western adventure story over the railway bridges. Later I stood at the corner by Dillon's Cross where the ambush had been and saw a whole block of little houses demolished by a British tank. One had been the home of an old patriot whom my grandparents called "Brienie Dill". A small, silent crowd was held back by soldiers as the tank lumbered across the pavement and thrust at the wall until at last it broke like pie crust and rubble and rafters tumbled. It made a deep impression on me. Always it seemed to be the same thing: the dark, shrunken face of MacSwiney in the candle-light and the wall that burst at the thrust of the tank; "the splendour falls" and "There is no such thing in business as an out-and-out free gift". It was like a symbolic representation of what was always happening to myself, and it seemed as though Ireland did not stand a much better chance. The material world was too strong for both of us.

All the same I could not keep away from Ireland, and I was involved in most of the activities of that imaginative revolution – at a considerable distance, of course, because I was too young, and anyway, I had Father all the time breathing down my neck. In the absence of proper uniform our Army tended to wear riding breeches, gaiters, a trench coat, and a soft hat usually pulled low over one eye, and I managed to scrape up most of the essential equipment, even when I had to beg it, as I begged the pair of broken gaiters from Tom MacKernan. I conducted a complicated deal for the Ministry of Defence and bought a French rifle from a man who lived close to Cork Barrack, though, when I had risked a heavy sentence by bringing it home down my trouser leg, all the time pretending I had just met with a serious accident, it turned out that there wasn't a round of ammunition in Ireland to fit it. When the British burned and looted Cork and encouraged the slum-dwellers to join in the looting, I was transferred to the police and put to searching slums in Blarney Lane for jewellery and furs. In a back room in Blarney Lane we located a mink coat which the woman who lived there said had just been sent her by her sister in America. Being a polite and unworldly boy of seventeen, I was quite prepared to take her word for it, but my companion said she hadn't a sister in America, and, shocked by her untruthfulness, I brought the coat

back to its rightful owners. That she might have needed it more than they didn't occur to me; I remembered only that I was now a real policeman, and acted as I felt a good policeman should act. When Belfast was boycotted during the anti-Catholic pogroms, I was sent with one or two others to seize a load of Belfast goods at the station where I had worked a year before. The Belfast goods mysteriously turned out to be a furniture van, but you couldn't take me in like that. Belfast businessmen were very cunning and besides I had my orders. So we made the poor van driver and his horse trudge all the way to Glanmire, miles down the river, and only when he opened it up did we realize that it contained nothing but the furniture of some Catholic family flying from the pogroms.

from *An Only Child.*

III

By Sean Ó Faolain

I MUST SAY MORE ABOUT OUR IRISH TEACHER, PADRAIG O'Domhnaill: young, handsome, eager and quite uncowed. He, too, had his own self-image, as we all discovered the day the news ran through the school that he had been seen in the streets dressed in the full dark green uniform of the Irish Volunteers (forerunners of the I.R.A.) leading a band of what, I fear, the Man would have called *canaille*, on some military exercise. Had he been any other man I would have scoffed at him. I was on the Man's side, the saintly-worldly side, with Foch and his cuirassiers, with the Indian Civil, Sandhurst, gallant little Belgium, brave little Montenegro, and so on, beside all of which these Irish Volunteers were nothing but vulgar "cornerboy" nonsense. But I so admired O'Domhnaill as a man that this wind of rumour about him ran over me with the shiver of a question and a doubt. Besides, I gathered that he had worn a handsome uniform with a hat pinned up on one side. "Was there a plume in it?" I asked eagerly, and felt disappointed when they said, "No, no plume."

I have talked earlier of pools brimming and fountaining. The brimmings one can more or less easily recall and record; not so easily the last glorious moments of pouring-over, of fountaining revelation, chiefly because they so often come not with a sense of triumph but of surrender. So it was with me and the revelation of the Rising of 1916 for which young O'Domhnaill was preparing.

My heart did not burst with excitement and joy when I heard that a rising had broken out in Dublin that Easter Monday morning of 1916. I had not more than a week before seen somebody, who might have been Padraig O'Domhnaill, drilling a shamble of forty or fifty men in the open place beneath our windows in Half Moon Street – rudely accoutred fellows, with no uniform other than a belt around their ordinary working clothes, only a very few bearing rifles. As I watched them fumble and stumble my blood had curled against them, they were so shabby, so absurd, so awkward, so unheroic-looking. They were, as my father said, as the Man would have said, disgracing our country: and this while real war was flashing and booming in Flanders and France. When we heard of the Rising my father and I raged at its betrayal. The British Army would clean "those fellows" up in twenty-four hours. Then they would all get what they damn well deserved – the low ruffians, the common corner-boys! Only bit by bit did my loyalties veer as the days passed, one by one, and I found that they were still holding out. Dublin was shelled and burning, that noble city I had traversed with poor Tom Boyhan, now dead in France, but still they were still holding out. There was a charge by British cavalry down O'Connell Street, in the best G. A. Henty, Light Brigade tradition of gallant lunacy, and I, who should have been all for that splendid gesture, felt the world turning around in my stomach when I heard, with satisfaction, that the ruffians and corner-boys had mowed them down. I continued to resist until the final surrender, and that broke me. Irishmen were surrendering to Englishmen, with dignity. That day I stole away up to my attic, and knelt on the scrubbed floor and looked out over the roofs of Cork under its tent of clouds, and I wept for them. When, in the following weeks, the British took out the leaders and shot them in ones, and twos, and threes, everybody and everything I

had believed in began to tumble about me. Henty, my father, my home. The man held out longest, because although he disapproved of the whole thing he was mild in his reproof. "Foolishness!" he said. "Foolishness on all sides!" For another long time, two years and more, I held out with him . . . I had not been up more than a term or two when a student approached me one morning in the quad and asked me if I would join the college company of Irish Volunteers. (We had not yet begun to speak of the I.R.A., which sprang from the Volunteers.) Straightway my whole life changed. The university became a conspiracy. I was now both a student and a revolutionary. Never will I forget the first day I stood in a field, in a deep glen, somewhere to the southwest of the city, with a score of other raw recruits, being given my first drill by some older student, while along the two hills overlooking the glen other Volunteers stood on the lookout for police or military. Before we were dismissed our captain, Ray Kennedy, a lecturer in the Chemistry Department, spoke to us about what we were, and were there for, about the coming fight, about secrecy and loyalty. It was an autumn day of sun and shower, and just as he began to speak to us a faint, gentle sprinkling rain began to fall on us, and then the sun floated out again and sparkled on every leaf and blade of grass as if some invisible presence had passed over us with a lighted taper, binding us together not only in loyalty and in friendship but in something dearer still that I am not ashamed to call love. In that moment life became one with the emotion of Ireland. In that moment I am sure every one of us ceased to be single or individual and became part of one another, in union, almost like coupling lovers. It was a supreme experience to know that you may not only admire your fellow men, or respect them, or even like them, but that you can love them so much that they have no faults, no weaknesses, so that you will never distrust them even for a second, and will forgive them every slightest minor fault or flaw as they will yours. This extraordinarily heart-lifting revelation, this gaiety, this liberation of the spirit, was to stay with us all through the exciting years to come. If any of the youths and young men of those days should chance to read these lines to-day I am sure that he will make no wonder of them. He will acknowledge that I am describing some-

thing very simple that happened to us all when we were not bald or grey, paunching, tired or sceptical, when in our generous youth we lived and were ready to die for one of the most wild, beautiful and inexhaustible faiths possible to man – faith in one's fellows.

"Yes, yes, no doubt!" the testy spirit of Sir Bertram Windle might say, still our president in University College on this eve of the Troubles. "But you might have found and felt this faith anywhere! If you had been young enough you might have known this love of man on the fields of Flanders or the beaches of the Dardanelles. You might have even had your I.R.A. if you had never gone to University College. All this has nothing whatever to do with that dreadful place!"

It is true. I might have. As a matter of autobiographical history this gift of faith came to me within those battlements of unlearning. It was not printed in the University Calendar. It never is. Students the world over write it in.

From that time on my life at home became, often, more than irksome because of politics. Every time some chap in a trench-coat (the symbol of the I.R.A. for years) knocked at our hall-door and, if I were not at home, tactlessly said to my father or mother: "Tell Sean to report to his Section to-night at 8 p.m.," there would be a hell of a row. I see my father, the Old Grenadier, standing in the kitchen with his palms joined and his eyes raised to heaven, or to the electric-light bulb, intoning: "O God, save and protect the British Empire that gave me a medal and my little pension. May the sun never set on her glorious power. May she live and thrive . . ." Turning his agonised eyes sideways at me: "No matter what scallywags like you, blackguards, young fools . . ." And I answering back furiously. And my mother coming between us in tears.

A student's war memoirs? One thinks of Fabrizio del Dongo's hussar's-eye view of the Battle of Waterloo. His experience of it lasted three minutes, and afterwards he said, "Was that a battle, and if so was it Waterloo?" Fabrizio could, however, have said, years after, "I once took part in a big battle," whereas many a man trained for guerrilla fighting has had to wait a year and more before taking part in even a small action, and most such men never fire

a shot. I have met several men who were commandos in the last war and asked each of them how many men he had killed. One said one; the others said none. In my six years as a rank-and-filer of the I.R.A. I shot nobody and I was briefly under fire once. I have no war memories to record except to say: "Were those the Troubles? And if so was it a revolution?"

I was never cut out to be either a soldier or a killer. I did not feel like one, and I never looked like one. In my college days I opted finally not for rugby and a pipe, or tennis and flannels, but for a black poet's hat, long poetic hair, and Irish tweeds. I had grown so fast that I was as lanky as a stork. I think I looked like someone halfway between James Joyce and Willy Yeats when they were in their twenties. To have cast me for the role of gunman would have been like casting either of them as a bullfighter.

The great majority of us rank-and-filers were given such undemanding if essential jobs as the gathering of more or less useful information, watching over the billets of the fighters, scouting, carrying dispatches, doing police work, helping to trench roads or fell trees across them in order to hold up reinforcements when an ambush was due, marching in the public streets to defy some military order against it, perhaps standing guard at the public lying-in-state of some patriot, as it was my honour to do over the body of our Lord Mayor Terence MacSwiney, who died after seventy-four days of hunger strike in Brixton Prison in London. Otherwise we hung around, drilled, waited, felt nervy, groused, and were supremely proud and happy whenever even the most modest task made us feel we were really doing something positive in the struggle for independence.

There was only one thing that every one of us knew he could do well, and must do well if called on to do it, the least active rank-and-filer, the humblest citizen. If arrested and condemned for any or no reason, each man knew that he could die – "For Ireland!" This is not romanticism; the time for being romantic about those years has long since gone; and any young man of those years, and they were enough, who died facing a firing squad may well have been white and terrified at the end. But it must surely have helped him to know that he was dying for something he believed in as fervently as we believed in Ireland then. I wish to God I could

believe in anything as fervently now. I think there was only one thing we really feared deep in our bones – torture. The Black and Tans in their dark jackets and khaki trousers, and the Auxiliaries, generally a much finer body of men physically, in their Glengarry caps, tight waists, riding breeches and puttees, their guns strapped to their thighs, could be bastards at this. Nobody wanted to contemplate being stripped, having his testicles rhythmically beaten with a swinging revolver butt, his eyeballs persistently rapped with the ends of fountain pens, bayonets stuck in him, his feet stamped to pulp, his toenails pulled out, and more: all the things that English gentlemen just do not do, nor French, nor Jews, nor Irish, nor Americans, nor anybody, but are done by them all, are being done, one need have no least doubt, somewhere at this moment, and will always go on being done in time of war.

The Irish Troubles have been overdramatised, partly because they were the first successful fight against colonialism. In fact we got off lightly by comparison with later anti-imperialists like the Cypriots, Algerians and Africans. What would our lot have been supposing we had been a Mediterranean island fighting France after Europe had become thoroughly inured to the savage techniques of total war? It is true that our fighters often had to live under conditions of almost unbearable strain; but for most of the people the Troubled Times, as they were modestly called, bore no comparison to the experiences endured so long and so tenaciously by later revolutionaries elsewhere. Think alone of the mere length of the Algerian struggle against France. In point of time our people did not have to suffer the full voltage of British military oppression for much more than the one year and a half that lay between the spring of 1920 and the truce of 1921. I remember the happy holiday Eileen and I spent in Cape Clear Island even as late as the summer of 1920. We were, indeed, aware, along the way, of the occasional presence of those new strange-looking units, half soldiers, half policeman, in khaki trousers and black police jackets, but we had as yet no suspicion of the brutalities of which this scum of England's earth was capable.

To give a fair measure of the strain during the full-voltage period I take two typical incidents. I remember the anger with

which we read of the first in the newspapers – a shocked report that British troops had burned a village to the ground in County Tipperary. It transpired that a bunch of the local Black and Tans had burned down the market house of this small country town. No doubt the townsfolk were frightened and in grave danger. But after all, we *were* at war. Not, God knows, that I want to minimise what the country people endured: even one murder is infinite, one riddled and mangled body a total horror. When things really hotted up, any ambush was at once followed by a descent of Tans, Auxies and military on the whole area, and while they were berserk every village cowered, every lonely cottage was sleepless, the horizon glowed with some house or houses burned and looted in reprisal. The other incident, one of the most outrageous lootings and burnings of the whole period, came to be known, and is still known, as the burning of Cork. That terrifying night military, Auxiliaries and Tans, infuriated by an earlier I.R.A. attack, decided to inflict their own private reprisal. One lot descended howling and shooting like a posse of brigands on the main shopping street of the city after curfew, set a length of one side of it on fire and looted the shops wholesale; another lot, less interested in looting, burned the city hall. It all made a blaze as comparatively wicked, destructive and terrifying as a bad blitz attack on central London. It has been claimed that £3,000,000-worth of goods and property were destroyed. Two I.R.A. men were murdered near the city that night. Yet it is not accurate to say that "Cork" was burned. And we *were* at war. If this be "war."*

It is difficult neither to exaggerate nor to minimise when remembering such things. The Troubles were like a fever chart, away up to-day, smooth enough tomorrow, blazing here, happily quiet there, every day unpredictable, and one tends to telescope them all in the memory. They have, too, been painted in overdark colours by later writers. Nobody reading, say, O'Flaherty's fine novel *The Informer*, or coming away from O'Casey's famous play *The Plough and the Stars*, would guess that really for so many

**For vivid accounts of this and other contemporary events see* Rebel Cork's Fighting Story (*The Kerryman Ltd., Tralee, Co. Kerry*). *Also – a more measured book –* Guerrilla Days in Ireland *by Tom Barry* (*Mercier Press, Cork*).

young men "bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." As my friend Dr C. S. Andrews, now top man in Irish Railways, then known as Tod Andrews, as active a fighter as Dublin ever produced, has shrewdly pointed out, the albums so assiduously compiled in the internment camps during those years show that these men loved Ireland and loved life with equal fervour, loved poetry and song, were gay, not gloomy all through those troubled years.

The truth of it is that they were both wonderful times and nightmare times. Even still, after forty years have blunted my worst memories of them, I, a Fabrizio who was never any nearer to real fighting than he, still frequently awake sweating from a nightmare that has whirled me back among them again. The worst of it was the war of nerves, for, in the long view, the aim of the British was not only to break the nerve of the fighters but to break a whole people; and before the end came they had, by countless devices, come dangerously close to doing just this. They closed life in on us tighter and tighter every month through a varied, incessant and inventive terrorism, constant and often pointless raids and arrests, humiliating and brutal beatings-up in city streets, casual murders on country roads, reprisals both unofficial and official – which usually meant the burning down in public of a sympathiser's home and business – early curfews that locked us up in our houses and reduced the city to a desert hours before the sun set, after which the Tans, who operated outside every known law and war-convention, roved the dark streets in search of victims or loot. The order of the nights was sleep broken or made shallow by rifle bursts, or by one sudden single shot in the street below which might well be followed by a scream, or by the ominous rumble of a patrolling armoured car or truck with a searchlight sweeping slowly across the faces of the houses, pausing perhaps at one's own particular home or window; and then, it might be an hour later, another crackle of fire followed by the sound of running feet had you sitting up wide-awake, tense, imagining what might be going on, wondering fearfully if Running Feet had got safely away. Holidays were, of course, quite out of the question; indeed, all prolonged respites, and even the smallest of them that one could invent, were likely to be shattered by an explosion of the war of nerves.

One had to work hard to hang on to normal life. I remember the college dances we held in the later afternoons, during those curfew periods, fitting blackout curtains to the tall Tudor windows to create an artificial night. In complete gaiety we would forget everything outside for the first couple of hours. Then the men would begin to look at their watches calculating how long it would take to see the girls home and then get back to their own own homes before the lorry loads of military and Tans rolled into the streets to close them down for the rest of the night. I recall one such evening when, having seen my girl to her home I was hurrying along my already empty quay off Half Moon Street with just five minutes to go. A Lancia truck, wire-netted against bombs, loaded with Tans, drew up behind me; three of them jumped out, revolvers drawn, and grabbed me. Then, while the rest of them leaned over the side of the truck with expectant grins, they searched me and questioned me, told me that all students were fucking Sinn Feiners, laughed at my protests that I was a loyal citizen of the Empire ("Wasn't my own father a Royal Irish Constabulary man?"), threatened to shoot me in the guts, to strip me, to throw me in the river, to kick my balls flat, to throw me into the Lancia as a "hostage" – a common trick of theirs, meaning that I would be tied with my wrists over my head to the peak of the netting, and that if they were attacked during the night by the I.R.A., I would pay for it – and finally, tiring of their fun, they ordered me to prove my alleged loyalty by singing "God Save the King." I thanked my stars for the days when I used to be a good, pro-British little boy, and used to go with my father on Sundays up to the Victoria Barracks to see the church parade, which always ended with the band blaring out the royal anthem. I threw out my chest, in imitation of those days, and sang it for all my lungs were worth:

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

"Right," one long black-visaged fellow said. "Now run, you bastard! You've one minute by my watch to get to that corner."

Not much assisted by a boot in my behind I ran, remembering how many men had been found with a bullet in the back and announced later to the press as "shot while attempting to escape." The truckload cheered and roared with laughter. I reached the corner just as the bullets crashed after me. But they were, after all, humane. They had not meant to shoot to kill. They were just encouraging a little more nerves. It was not even a story worth telling afterwards, except to raise a laugh. The stories that were worth telling produced grim silence or whispered curses: they had blood on them.

The only men to whom the Troubles gave no lease respite were our regular fighters or guerrillas, few in number, who carried the full strain of the fight, day in and day out, on their backs, whether in risky ambushes in city streets or in the open countryside. For these men every day was intense, exhausting and relentless: they could never slacken. They had to be few because they had so few arms. One of the most able and active of the guerrilla leaders in West Cork, Tom Barry, records in his published memoirs, *Guerrilla Days in Ireland*, that in his entire brigade area, in that spring of 1920, all he could muster against some three thousand war-hardened British military and police, Auxiliaries and Black and Tans, was thirty-five rifles and twenty revolvers or automatics, with about thirty rounds for each rifle and twenty rounds for each small arm. There never was an Irish Republican Army constantly in the field. The fight was carried through by those tremendously gallant few, darting here and there for an ambush, folding back into their "normal" lives until they could get another crack at the enemy. They could not, it must always be said, have done anything without the silence, patience, and loyal help of the whole people.

Since, then, I did nothing worth recording between 1920 and 1921, when did I ask myself: "Was that a battle, and if so was it Waterloo?" My "battle" began in 1922 after the first stage of the Troubles was over, and we broke into civil war amongst ourselves in bloody disagreement over the conditions of peace accepted at the end of the first stage of the Troubles by the majority. This battle of mine was to oppress me traumatically for many years. It centred and spread out from my growing realisation of our

leaders' folly, which reflected the folly of all of us, in having entered the revolutionary fight in the years after 1916 unprepared for its political outcome. But why do I say "after 1916"? I believe that we do not even yet clearly understand the origins of our struggle, which, one presumes, must have determined its ultimate harvest; and I say this knowing well, and partly because I do know it so well, that nine Irish readers out of ten will at once prove its truth by denying it – by going back, if necessary, to the immorality of the Norman invasion and moving forward in waves of justifiably passionate anger through the Tudors, Cromwell, and the penal laws to the monstrous cruelty of the land laws of the nineteenth century, which resulted in the Great Famines. By 1916, however, all this had become past history. Through one reform after another the British had, under the pressure of Irish agrarian unrest, removed all, or almost all, of the agrarian injustices and disabilities resulting from the original colonisation of Ireland, and the effects still remaining were either so few, or so obviously fated to die away in the course of time, or were even so beneficent – such as the investment of capital – that when we got our autonomy it would have occurred only to our half-dozen crypto-Communists to touch them. Most historical motivations of the 1916 Rising and the armed fight that followed had by that date become purely emotional impulses. As for the other and far more powerful impulses behind our fight – for, since it took place, they must have existed – I confess that I still am unsure about them, since they have not, even to this day, been investigated by any modern-minded historian; that is, by a man concerned only to identify and record the complex of social and economic pressures on the depressed urbanised surplus of the countryside who really decided the beginning of our last fight for freedom, determined its course and fore-ordained its outcome.

To such matters only one of our leaders, the socialist James Connolly, shot in 1916, paid any real attention. The attitude of the others recalls the wry story of the English journalist who, soon after 1916, plied the general secretary of Sinn Féin, Paudeen O'Keeffe, with so many insistent questions on the lines of "What are the practical aims of this movement?" and got so many unsatisfactory answers that, in the end, he said in some slight ex-

asperation: "Mr O'Keeffe, would you at least say what exactly you yourself want?"

At this O'Keeffe, a small, dark fiercely moustached Celt, banged his desk and roared: "Vingeance, bejasus!"

That was about as far ahead as any of us saw the course before us. We took it fence by fence, a rough-riding, indecorous, hell-for-leather point-to-point. Fight first, think afterwards. Get rid of the British, and all the rest would follow naturally.

We began with the noblest dreams of undefined liberty. To recall how noble and how indefinite they were I reread last night *Principles of Freedom*, Terence MacSwiney's essays. They are high-minded essays, their ideals are as pure and generous as the life he gave for them, and nothing that he there said presents a human picture of a demonstrable, different, desirable mode of life in a free Ireland. An early Garibaldian might have written those essays and lived on after 1870 to wonder at the distance between his noble aspirations and the actuality of united Italy. Our leaders after 1916 were not thinkers. They played their revolution by ear. They were almost to a man gallant, idealistic, untutored, inexperienced and unworldly.

It may be asked, in some surprise: "But surely your leaders had a social or democratic programme for the future Ireland?" I do not know whether to say they had or they had not, because the fact is that they did produce in the Sinn Féin parliament or Dail of January 21, 1919, a slight document, in Irish and in English, covering less than five pages of print, called a democratic programme. Since the entire proceedings of this parliament of such elected representatives as were not then in British jails lasted from 3.30 p.m. to 5.20 p.m., and the entire record of everything said and read out during that one hundred and ten minutes occupied some twenty-six pages of print in the published reports thereof, the proposed democratic programme of the Revolution – which was never again reverted to – was listened to and discussed for precisely twenty minutes and fifty seconds, and then buried forever. In any case, its terms were of a purely pious and general nature that committed nobody to anything in particular. The policy of Sinn Féin had always been since its foundation that simple formula: Freedom first; other things after. Not unnaturally what happened

after was that when "freedom," thus undefined, did come a civil war came afterwards. We have not been the only anti-imperialists to make the same mistake. I doubt if any of our successors made it with such a vengeance as we did.

If ever a revolution was run on faith, hope and charity ours was. It was a heartening experience while it lasted. We saw men and woman at their best, transformed beyond all mortal frailty. It was a time that made one, afterwards, when the glowing bubble broke, look about one unbelievingly, asking, "Can these be the same people?" So might a man look at an old love thirty years after it was all over, unable to comprehend her former beauty and power.

The payoff was in proportion on that glorious day when the fighting stopped in the silence of a truce offered by the British and accepted eagerly by our leaders. At that moment we heard a quietly ominous voice in our celestial omnibus say: "Please fasten your safety belts, we shall be landing in a few minutes." The first man to alight was Mr de Valera. Behind him, one by one, step by step, we all came slowly down to earth: down, that is, to the cold consideration of what he, after much preliminary sparring in private and public, defined as the problem of "how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire might best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." Then, and only then, did we begin to consider in a pragmatical way how much of whatever it was that we thought we wanted we might reasonably hope to get: a mental and moral adventure which was to prove far more demoralising for all of us than anything that had gone before. Shaw once said to me that Savonarola – whom on the same occasion he rightly called "a political failure and a fool" – thought that everybody should live forever on top of Mont Blanc because he had found that he could live there for five minutes. In that bitter truce-year of 1921–1922 and more so in the two years of civil war that followed it, my fellow men and myself came down from Mont Vert and revealed ourselves on more temperate altitudes as mortal men. I do not regret the experience – if only because its conflicts gave me something to mull over and write about – but I confess that I have been much more contented since I put things in their place. It took me thirty years to do it.

The least intelligent I.R.A. man in 1921 knew that what he ideally wanted in political terms was a free Irish Republic; that is, a completely autonomous, all-Ireland, Republican parliament completely cut off from that source of evil, the British Empire. From the start it became clear that this was out of the question, since, apart from valuable trade connections, which we did not want to lose, neither the British nor our fellow countrymen in the northeast, mainly Protestant and imperial-minded, would tolerate it for other reasons, political, religious and strategic. Mr de Valera frankly admitted as much in his outline draft for "A Treaty of External Association with the British Commonwealth" which, with the full agreement of his cabinet, he drew up and presented to each of the five envoys plenipotentiary who crossed over to London in October 1921 to negotiate the final settlement with Britain. This draft treaty accepted the principle of "association," albeit external, with the Commonwealth. He provided, in a later modification, for local autonomy, under an all-Ireland parliament, for the Protestant northeast. Still later, his cabinet agreed that as a symbol of the proposed association the Irish delegates might recognise His Majesty as head of that association. Still later, under the fierce pressure of the negotiations, Mr de Valera agreed that he would accept an oath recognising His Majesty as head of the association he proposed. And there trouble at once began.

Somebody has said that we Irish have an Oriental passion for abstract argument, adding that Arabia begins at Dublin. If so, we had our bellyful of it from then on as we began to wonder, to discuss, to argue crossly, and finally to quarrel bitterly over what each of us might mean, and all must agree to mean, by such unfamiliar terms as association, external association, oath of recognition, of acknowledgment, or even of allegiance to a head or to the headship of an association, and so on, blinded and dazzled as we were by our icons, caught in the labyrinth of our dearest symbols – our Ancient Past, our Broken Chains, our Seven Centuries of Slavery, the Silenced Harp, the Glorious Dead, the tears of Dark Rosaleen, the miseries of the Poor Old Woman, the sunburst of Freedom that we had always believed would end our Long Night and solve all our problems with the descent of a

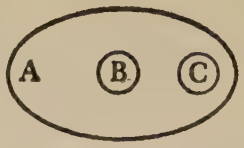
heavenly human order which we would immediately recognise as the reality of our never-articulated dreams.

The result was what one might expect. After some three months of negotiations in London, and constant goings and comings between London and Dublin, discussing fine constitutional points of honour, the harder-headed men among our envoys plenipotentiary took the bit between their teeth, turned their backs on Mr de Valera's honourable subtleties, broke their agreement to sign nothing until he had agreed to the final details (he had most unfortunately chosen not to be himself one of the envoys plenipotentiary), and all five of them unanimously signed certain articles of agreement which the British produced as their final offer. The plenipotentiaries frankly signed them under duress after the British Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, entered the council room on the final evening and help up two envelopes explaining solemnly that one envelope contained his final offer, the other a dispatch which a courier was waiting outside the door to transmit to the British H.Q. in Dublin ordering "immediate and terrible war" if the offer were rejected. It was probably a bluff, but it worked.

I hasten, almost with averted eyes, over the rest. When the five envoys returned to Dublin the next day Mr de Valera battled gallantly but in vain to persuade the cabinet to disown them and to reject the articles they had signed on the grounds that they made Ireland an internal unit of the Commonwealth, agreed to an oath of allegiance to His Majesty, and envisaged an Irish Free State which did not explicitly include the northeast. The articles were duly put to the Dail. There an orgy of word-combat at once began and went on for several weeks. It went on day after day. It was repeated night after night beside every fireside in the country. It ended with the ratification of the articles by a majority vote.

Perhaps the main reason for Mr de Valera's defeat was that he then was and always remained too subtle a politician for common understanding. Or the popular feeling may have been that he had himself gone so far in subtle compromise that he had reduced everything to an abstraction beyond common understanding. His idea of "external association" certainly puzzled most people.

It is said that he was at one stage driven to explain it by means of a diagram, like this:



Here, A represented the Commonwealth, B represented Ireland residing within it, but in a different apartment from C, representing Great Britain. As an idea it is quite intelligible. In practice it struck the British as leaving out of account the one element which they considered essential to all political and many other "associations" – loyalty to a common interest. They had a point. A priest and his curate could not run a parish on those lines, nor a man and woman succeed in marriage; no confederation of states, or cantons, has ever existed on this basis; and insofar as the British Commonwealth of Nations is approaching or has arrived at this attitude of mutual detachment it is ceasing or has ceased to be a commonwealth. Mr de Valera's opponents were more cynical. They recognised the common interest, but with unstated, private reservations, and treated the hated oath of allegiance to the British Crown, which became the main symbol dividing them from him, as an empty formula implying neither contractual obligations nor loyalty to the Crown.

Civil War now threatened, between the forces of the new government of the Irish Free State and those recalcitrant forces of the I.R.A. who had since the truce occupied public buildings and barracks in Dublin and various parts of the country, and now claimed the right to represent the symbolical Living Republic first declared during the 1916 Rebellion and set up as a *de jure* if not *de facto* underground government during the Troubles. I took the Republican side. The only Ireland I knew and loved was the Gaelic-speaking West, its hard ancestral memories, its ancient ways, its trackless mountains, small cottages, lonely lakes, ruined hermit chapels, wild rocky seas, and what on earth, I asked myself, had this primordial world to do with oaths of allegiance to rich, exploiting empires? The idea seemed incongruous, shameful, and a base betrayal. If I had been pressed to say for what,

humanly speaking, did I stand, I might have held up my ragged gown and said I stood for the historical Underdog – for Wolfe Tone's "men of no property." If I were asked what exactly the Republican ideal could do for this old, beloved Ireland and for these poor that could not be done under the constitution of the Irish Free State, I would not have quite known how to say it. If some visible, human alternative had been put imaginatively before us, it might have been different – a choice, say, between slavery, and antislavery as a base for society, like the polarity in Lincoln's day, or between socialism and capitalism, or between privilege and equality, even between clerical domination and secular rule, even between such urgent ideas (had they then been urgent) as freedom of speech and state censorship . . . No such polarities presented themselves to us in the Ireland of 1921. I had nothing to guide me but those flickering lights before the golden ikons of the past, and a feeling that their natural enemies were all so-called hard-headed men whose icons are indeed also golden – but not of the value, not all of them put together, of the simplest pieties of the old Ireland for which these same men would once have died rather than by one least compromising word betray it.

But all this is me looking back, an ageing man, "a paltry thing" as Yeats says, turned to a pillar of salt by bitter memories. All I now know for certain is that all I then had was a feeling for what I considered the side of pride and honour, with a deep suspicion that the men on the other side were letting material things get in the way of principles or realism smother ideals, and that the upshot of their canny policy of compromise would be to destroy all our symbols. I am not even now sure that I was entirely wrong, or entirely right, for the sad and bewildering irony of this continuing doubt is that it has been both our "realists" and our "idealists" who have kept it alive by their two different modes of evasion. The subsequent history of Ireland is no great credit to the "realists," as I shall have occasion to say more fully later. And when I met and worked with a number of our "idealist" leaders in Dublin, as I shall also describe presently, they struck me as being half crazed by the impossible task of holding to their ideals in a pragmatical world.

My final thought now is that as in religion and the arts, so in

politics; if men do not balance feelings and intelligence they lose command of both – and worst still, of their object. I fear that in 1922 our realists said goodbye to too many of their feelings. I cannot say that we idealists said goodbye to our intelligence, because, alas, if we had any worthy of the name I saw but little sign of it in those disheartening days of civil war.

from *Vive Moi!*

☘ SEVEN POEMS

THE OLD WOMAN REMEMBERS

An old woman is sitting in an almost dark room. She has placed seven candlesticks on the table. At the end of the first verse she lights a candle and puts it in a candlestick, and after that lights each one from the candle last lighted. She sits by the table and speaks as to herself:

Seven hundred and a half of years
Are gone since Strongbow took the sway,
Put Ireland under grief and tears,
A ball struck here and there at play.
When the white cities turned to flames
Who lived to hear the Masses said?
Now on the beads I'll tell out names,
And light a candle for the dead.

When John mocked in his jibing youth
Men had big names e'er he was born;
Laid on hard burdens, breaking truth,
Donald O'Brien blew the horn.
It's Munster held the flail that day;
The scattered scoffers ran for life;
They found that no great year for play,
Eleven hundred eighty-five.

(*She lights a candle.*)

Rebel and King, a Connacht lad
Stood in the gap at Athenry;
Phelim O'Connor, proud and glad
To shout the Connacht battle cry;
But in the losing fight he went
The hard high way that rebels go;
And so his score of years was spent
Five and six hundred years ago.

(*She lights the second candle.*)

When Art MacMurrough joined the rout
And faced the King of England's sword
The cards were shuffled and showed out
The trumps upon the Leinster board;
For Richard's credit ran to naught,
His fortune's fatness turned to lean;
But Art MacMurrough reigned and fought
Till fourteen hundred seventeen.

(*She lights the third candle.*)

O'Neill took Ulster in his hand
In fifteen hundred fifty-one;
He'd have no meddlers on his land
He kept their armies on the run;
Beat Sussex on the open plain –
It's little but the Gael were free –
It was no man that put down Shane
But Scottish treachery and the sea.

(*She lights the fourth candle.*)

Five hundred blessings on your head
And blessings on the earth you trod,
It's well you earned the prayers are said,
Sarsfield, that was a man with God.
When King and broken Treaty lied
You brought your Wild Geese through the sea,
And out in foreign, conquering, died
In sixteen hundred ninety-three.

(*She lights the fifth candle.*)

With five and five score years gone by
Tone and Lord Edward struck the ball –
My grief such hurlers had to die
And leave the goal to the Gall!
So each new age breaks each new hope,
And so in eighteen-hundred-three,
Another twisting of the rope
Set Robert Emmet's spirit free.

(*She lights the sixth candle.*)

In Easter Week the wisp was lit
Waked Dublin from her drowsy years;
I moan the battle-anger, yet
What did we ever win by tears?
The ballad singers long have cried
The shining names of far-away;
Now let them rhyme out those that died
With the three colours, yesterday.

And later yet. That quick quenched flame,
Thin rushlight in the dipper's hand,
Burnt out before his fulness came,
His name[1] a Saint's, with Saints to stand.
Or him the skillet and the mould
Had rounded right to Nature's plan;
Teherence,[2] who waned, while moons grown old
Thrice gazed on an unconquered man.

(*Having lighted the seventh candle she stands up.*)

This is our rosary of praise
For some whose names are sung or said
Through seven hundred years of days
The silver beads upon the thread.
When near the Company of Heaven
The wondering shadow-armies stand,
The barren shadow-weapons fall
The bitter battle-angers cease;
So may God give to them and all
The blessing of His lasting peace!

LADY GREGORY

[1] *Kevin Barry, aged 18, led an attack on an armoured force in Dublin in 1920. He was hanged in Mountjoy Jail.*
[2] *Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who died on hunger strike in England.*

FRANCIS SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON

DUBLIN, APRIL 26, 1916

No green and poisonous laurel wreath shall shade
  His brow, who dealt no death in any strife,
Crown him with olive who was not afraid
  To join the desolate unarmed ranks of life.

Who did not fear to die, yet feared to slay,
  A leader in the war that shall end war,
Unarmed he stood in ruthless Empire's way,
  Unarmed he stands on Acheron's lost shore.

Yet not alone, nor all unrecognized,
  For at his side does that scorned Dreamer stand,
Who in the Olive Garden agonized,
  Whose kingdom yet shall come in every land,

When driven men, who fight and hate and kill
  To order, shall let all their weapons fall,
And know that kindly freedom of the will
  That holds no other human will in thrall.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

SALUTATION

Written for those who took part in the 1916 Rebellion

Your dream had left me numb and cold
But yet my spirit rose in pride,
Re-fashioning in burnished gold
The images of those who died,
Or were shut in the penal cell –
Here's to you, Pearse, your dream, not mine,
But yet the thought – for this you fell –
Turns all life's water into wine.
I listened to high talk from you,
Thomas MacDonagh, and it seemed
The words were idle, but they grew
To nobleness, by death redeemed.

Life cannot utter things more great
Than life can meet with sacrifice,
High words were equalled by high fate,
You paid the price. You paid the price.

The hope lives on, age after age,
Earth with her beauty might be won
For labour as a heritage –
For this has Ireland lost a son,
This hope into a flame to fan
Men have put life by with a smile.
Here's to you, Connolly, my man,
Who cast the last torch on the pile.

Here's to the women of our race
Stood by them in the fiery hour,
Rapt, lest some weakness in their blood
Rob manhood of a single power –
You, brave as such a hope forlorn,
Who smiled through crack of shot and shell,
Though the world look on you with scorn,
Here's to you, Constance, in your cell.

Here's to you, men I never met,
But hope to meet behind the veil,
Thronged on some starry parapet
That looks down upon Inisfail,
And see the confluence of dreams
That clashed together in our night,
One river born of many streams
Roll in one blaze of blinding light!

George William Russell (A.E.)

CONNOLLY

In the poem a Welsh "Tommy" speaks.

The man was all shot through that came to-day
Into the barrack square;
A soldier I – I am not proud to say
We killed him there;
They brought him from the prison hospital.
To see him in that chair
I thought his smile would far more quickly call
A man to prayer.

Maybe we cannot understand this thing
That makes these rebels die;
And yet all things love freedom and the Spring
Clear in the sky!
I think I would not do this deed again
For all that I hold by;
Gaze down my rifle at his breast – but then
A soldier I.

They say that he was kindly – different, too
Apart from all the rest;
A lover of the poor; and all shot through
His wounds ill drest,
He came before us, faced us like a man,
Who knew a deeper pain
Than blows or bullets – ere the world began;
Died he in vain?

Ready present! And he just smiling – God!
I felt my rifle shake.
His wounds were opened out and round that chair
Was one red lake;
I swear his lips said "Fire"! when all was still
Before my rifle spat
That cursed lead – And I was picked to kill
A man like that.

LIAM MACGOWAN

THE ORATOR

"Remember Pearse", he said; "if we
Lose Irish we lose Ireland". They
looked and listened stupidly
Like country folk on holiday.

If Yeats were still alive maybe
He could breathe vigour into clay,
Conjure an aristocracy,
And add grandeur to decay.

But he too was responsible
For this dull ash of men, for he
Was often as contemptible
In bartering all for poetry.

Yes, I have heard some people tell
Of petty spite and tyranny,
For psychic sight and psychic smell
Both failed to teach him charity.

If Yeats were still alive maybe
Ireland would cut a dash again.
But men can starve on poetry
And bullets break the poet's pen.

We need another death. Who knows –
Before the resurrection –
Instead of arrogance and pose
We'll need a Sheehy Skeffington.

Roy McFadden

THE VETERANS

Strict hairshirt of circumstance tears the flesh
Off most delicate bones;
Years of counter and office, the warped mesh
Of social living, dropping on stones,
Wear down all that was rough and worthy
To a common denominator of dull tones.

So these, who in the sixteenth year of the century
Saw their city, a Phoenix upturned,
Settle under her ashes and bury
Hearts and brains that more frantically burned
Than the town they destroyed, have with the corrosion of time
Spent more than they earned;

And with their youth has shrunk their singular mystery
Which for one week set them in the pulse of the age,
Their spring adventure petrified in history,
A line on a page,
Betrayed into the hands of students who question
Oppressed and oppressor's rage.

Only the dead beneath their granite signatures
Are untroubled by the touch of day and day,
Only in them the first rich vision endures;
Those over clay
Retouch in memory, with sentiment relive,
April and May.

DONAGH MACDONAGH

THE CITY

Over the tall houses, drowsily cool,
The blue dusk flows
Like Cathvar's sorcery, till the city lies
Drowned in a blue pool.
Some deep secret the hour knows.

Dream has taken the city: it has grown wise,
Remembering men who trod,
Death-haunted, the dust that is over their bones,
And echoes rise
Of strange, proud talk that they held with God.

There is memory in the stones,
And prophecy in the shadows; the houses know,
They know but they are dumb, –
Things were dreamed in the city ages ago,
And things will come.

DOROTHY MACARDLE

APPENDIX

A CONFLUENCE OF IDEAS

I

PEARSE: Graveside Panegyric on O'Donovan Rossa

A Ġaeḋeala,

Do hiarraḋ orm-ra labairt indiu ar son a bfuil cruinniġte ar an láṫair so agus ar son a bfuil beo de Ċlannaiḃ Ġaeḋeal, ag molaḋ an leoṁain do leaġamar i ġcré annso agus ag ġríoraḋ meanman na ġcarad atá go brónaċ ina diaiḋ.

A ċáirde, ná bíoḋ brón ar éinne atá ina fearaṁ ag an uaiġ so, aċt bíoḋ buiḋeaċas againn inar ġcroiḋiḃ do Dia na nġrás do ċruṫuiġ anam uasal áluinn Diarmuda Uí Donnaḃáin Rosa agus ṫug sé fada dó ar an saoġal so.

Da ċalma an fear ṫu, a Diarmuid. Is tréan d'fearaiṁ caṫ ar son ciṁ do ċine, is ní beag ar fuilingiṁ; agus ní déanfaiḋ Ġaeḋil deaṁad ort go bráṫ na bheiṫe.

Aċt, a ċáirde, ná bíoḋ brón orainn, aċt bíoḋ miṁeaċ inar ġcroiḋiḃ agus bíoḋ neart inar ġcuirleannaiḃ, óir cuiṁnigiṁíd naċ mbíonn aon ḃár ann naċ mbíonn airéiriġe ina diaiḋ, agus ġuṁab ar an uaiġ so agus ar na huaġannaiḃ atá inar dtimċeall éireoċar saoiṁre Ġaeḋeal.

It has seemed right, before we turn away from this place in which we have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one among us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I, rather than some other, I rather than one of the grey-haired men who were young with him and shared in his labour and in his suffering, should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you then that, here by the grave of this unrepentant Fenian, we renew our baptismal vows; that, here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in to-day's task and duty, are bound together and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the

freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of freedom: it is Tone's definition it is Mitchel's definition, it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.

We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendour and pride and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity of devotion to Ireland, to all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland, the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Clery or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man almost alone in his day visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her: not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before or perhaps ever again, in a spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything? but the fools, the fools, the fools! they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

II

CONNOLLY: from *Labour in Irish History*

As we have again and again pointed out, the Irish question is a social question, the whole age-long fight of the Irish people against their oppressors resolves

itself in the last analysis into a fight for the mastery of the means of life, the sources of production, in Ireland. Who would own and control the land? The people or the invaders; and if the invaders, which set of them – the most recent swarm of land thieves, or the sons of the thieves of a former generation? These were the bottom questions of Irish politics, and all other questions were valued or deprecated in the proportion to which they contributed to serve the interests of some of the factions who had already taken their stand in this fight around property interests. Without this key to the meaning of events, this clue to unravel the actions of "great men", Irish history is but a welter of unrelated facts, a hopeless chaos of sporadic outbreaks, treacheries, intrigues, massacres, murders, and purposeless warfare. With this key all things become understandable and traceable to their primary origin; without this key the lost opportunities of Ireland seem such as to bring a blush to the cheek of the Irish worker; with this key Irish history is a lamp to his feet in the stormy paths of to-day. Yet plain as this is to us to-day, it is undeniable that for two hundred years at least all Irish political movements ignored this fact, and were conducted by men who did not look below the political surface. These men to arouse the passions of the people invoked the memory of social wrongs, such as evictions and famines, but for these wrongs proposed only political remedies, such as changes in taxation or transference of the seat of Government (class rule) from one country to another. Hence they accomplished nothing, because the political remedies proposed were unrelated to the social subjection at the root of the matter. The revolutionists of the past were wiser, the Irish Socialists are wiser to-day. In their movement the North and the South will again clasp hands, again will it be demonstrated, as in '98, that the pressure of a common exploitation can make enthusiastic rebels out of a Protestant working class, earnest champions of civil and religious liberty out of Catholics, and out of both a united Social democracy.

III

MACDONAGH: from *Literature in Ireland*

All of us find in Irish rather than in English a satisfying understanding of certain ways of ours and the best expression of certain of our emotions. So we are expressing ourselves in translating from the Irish. When we translate from the French we express Ronsard, say, a man of a different climate at least and of a different complexity of civilization, a man who warns his lady that her maids long hence of a drowsy evening, carding wool, will start at the name of the poet who sings her praises now, warns her that she will regret her proud disdain while he, a pale phantom, will haunt the myrtle shades. This is a different world, even in the version of Mr. Yeats, from that of Raftery the poet full of hope and of love, playing music to empty pockets, from the deck

of Patrick Lynch's boat sailing from the County of Mayo, different from Cashel of Munster, different from the Hill of Howth, "clear Ben above a sea of gulls", different the whole distance between comfort and the outlawry of our kith, from the world of that untranslateable *Eamonn an Chnuic*, which yet we would all translate. The national rose of Ireland is *An Róisin Dubh*, the Little Black Rose, not the tender red flower to be plucked with the joys of life.

At present a large amount of translation is natural. Later, when we have expressed again in English all the emotions and experiences expressed already in Irish, this literature will go forward, free from translation. Through the English language has come a freshening breath from without: with the Gaelic Renaissance has come a new stirring of national consciousness: these two have been the great influences in all new literatures. At that I can leave it, at that freshening and that stirring of it. It is well for us that our workers are poets and our poets workers. "The more a man gives his life to poetry", said Francis Thompson, "the less poetry he writes". And it is well too that here still that cause which is identified, without underthought of commerce, with the cause of God and Right and Freedom, the cause which has been the great theme of our poetry, may any day call the poets to give their lives in the old service.

35
F66